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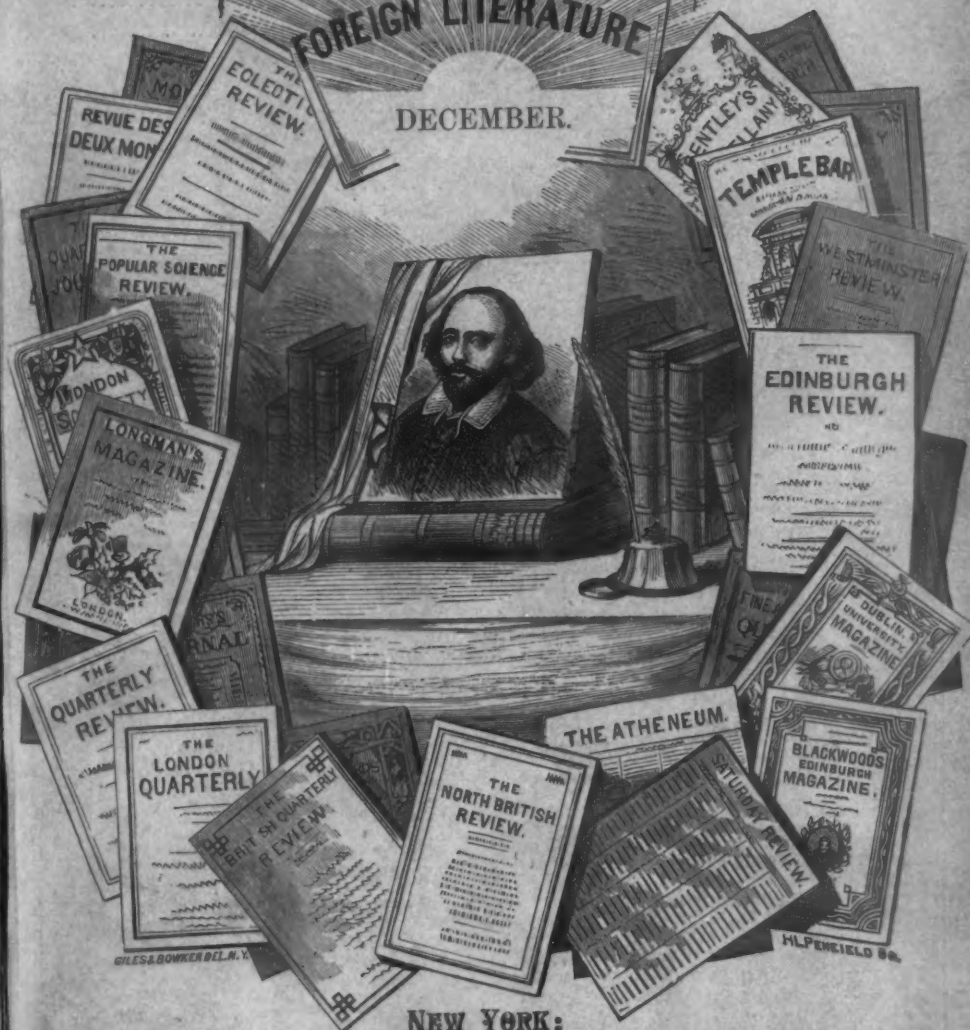
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Vol. XLIV.—No. 6.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE

DECEMBER.



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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

This number of the *ECLECTIC* closes the forty-fourth volume of the new series.

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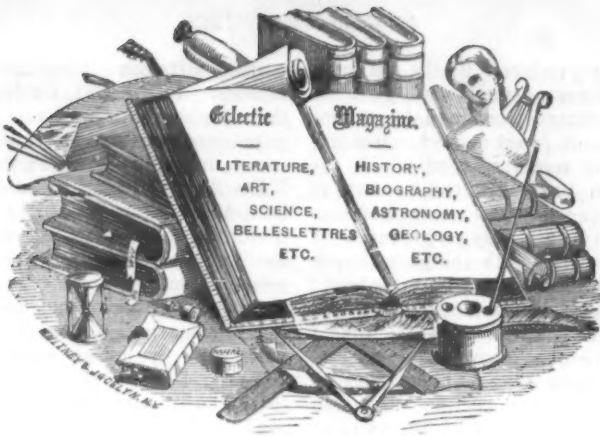
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series. }
Vol. XLIV., No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1886.

{ Old Series complete in 63 vols.

ENGLAND REVISITED.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

AN interval of four or five years is a day in the life of a nation, and hardly suffices for the observation of change; but it suffices for the observation of tendency, especially if the observer is one looking from without, like a colonist in England, and not one who is gliding with the stream. England, however, even in outward aspect changes rapidly. An artist requested to make a set of drawings of things in a district forty miles from London which were as they had been in the boyhood of a man of sixty had some difficulty in finding his subjects. In the cottages brick and slate had supplanted clay and thatch; the face of the homestead had been altered by the new style of farming and machinery, which had also put an end to many of the old country sights and sounds; in the old market-town, which had become a railway centre and doubled in size, only one street remained as it

had been, and this was on the point of being pulled down. The innovating though revivalist hand of Neo-Catholic restoration had been busy on every church in the neighborhood but one. The great Tudor manor-house alone, like the cathedral, had defied change.

I do not know whether rural England grows more beautiful, or whether it is that one is more struck with its beauty every time one returns to it from a newly-settled land of promise, with its raw look of recent clearance, its denuded fields, its stumps, its snake-fences instead of hedge-rows with trees, its unpicturesque though thrifty-looking homesteads, its horizon fringed with the gaunt trunks of pines blackened by the forest fire, its landscape which by the absence of finish shows that no labor has as yet been spared for anything but the absolutely useful. Surely this English union of the highest cultivation, and

the trimness produced by the outlay of vast wealth on a small area, with the sylvan character maintained by the interspersions of parks and pleasure-grounds, the reservation of which the same wealth has permitted, as well as by the hedge-row trees; this conjunction of all the smiling evidences of present prosperity with the gray church towers and immemorial oaks of the past; and the richness of this landscape, which presents a charming view from almost every rising ground, have nothing equal to them in their kind. There may be many lands more romantic, there can hardly be one so lovely. In America the dwellings of the people look like structures, and are indicative only of present prosperity; here they look like growths, and are suggestive of a history. In America you see from the windows of the railway carriage at nearly equal distances the nearly equal homesteads of the agricultural democracy; for, there being no such thing as a county gentleman, and little use of hired labor, there are no mansions and few cottages. Here we have the variety of hall, farm, and cottage, which is unquestionably more interesting, though perhaps not economically so wholesome. Yet one cannot help thinking that a life outwardly so beautiful must inwardly be pretty healthy if the different members of the rural community do their duty. There are flowers, the symbols of cheerfulness, on the walls and in the garden of the cottage as well as on the walls and in the garden of the hall. Over this landscape and life Radical agrarian reformers propose to drive the plough. If they are to have their way, one is glad to have had one more look.

The plough, however, not of the agrarian reformer, but of destiny, seems likely to be driven over the parks and pleasure-grounds. Everywhere one hears the same story of reduced rents, overwhelming incumbrances, and county families sinking under their losses and burdens. Many mansions are shut up, more would be shut up if the owners had not sources of income besides land. Farms are everywhere on the hands of the landlord, who is lucky if he manages them without loss. Nor is there any prospect of a change; the vast Canadian wheat-field is only just being opened,

and exportation from India still increases. In the end, no doubt, land in the neighborhood of vast masses of population must have a value, but in the mean time the squire may be ruined. "Divide the farms," say some; "small holdings will pay rent." It is easier to divide the farms than to divide the farm buildings, or find money to build new sets. Others preach a change of crops, and certain it seems that, unless freights rise immensely, England can never compete with boundless expanses of the richest soil and stable climates. But a total change of system, whether in regard to holdings or crops, will take time.

The squire has too often been a mere game-preserver and fox-hunter. I remember one who in his decrepitude had no food for his soul but bearing the hounds called over by the huntsman at his bedside; and another who, being paralyzed in his old age, preserved rabbits, which must have eaten up no small portion of the crops, and went out shooting them in a cart, seated on a music-stool which enabled him just to turn enough to get his shot. Of late, too, absenteeism has increased. It has been almost as common in some parts of England as in Ireland. The squire spends a great part of his life in London or abroad, and the parish lacks its head. On my saying to a bishop some time ago that a friend of mine who had taken a living in his diocese was unlucky in having no resident gentleman in the parish, the bishop replied that there was scarcely such a thing as a resident gentleman in his diocese. Of two great noblemen whom I remember, the father, though immersed in public business, used to come down as much as he could to his country-seat, see his neighbors at dinner, go among his tenants, and show at all events that he recognized and wished to perform his territorial duties. The son used now and then to come down from town with a London party to a battue. Only men made of Nature's finest clay do their duty without compulsion. Still, almost everywhere I go, farm, cottage, and field show the improver's hand; there might be a worse institution than quarter sessions, except in poaching cases; and though "Summer Hall" may be poetry, there are

some lives, those of young Parisian or New York millionaires for example, out of which no poetry can be made. One cannot think without a pang of those mansions being left to decay, or haunted rather than inhabited by decayed families living in a corner of the pile, like the French *châteaux*. I shall not repine if some of them pass into the hands of rich Americans, who are only British colonists coming to enjoy their fortunes at home. But I shall repine if they pass into the hands of Jews, who seem to be beginning to supplant the English gentry in some districts. Squire Western was at all events an Englishman. The Jew, while he carries upon him the mark of tribal separation, though he may be a Montefiore in beneficence, will always be a Jew, and can never be one in heart with the Gentiles among whom he dwells.

There seems to be no doubt that between the action of conscientious squires and economical influences, such as the opening of employment or railways, the introduction of machinery which demands more skilled labor and access to an extended labor market, the lot of the farm laborer has been greatly improved. Whether his brick and tile cottage is really more comfortable, warmer in winter and cooler in summer, than clay and thatch, may be doubted, but it belongs to a higher civilization. As a small freeholder, he would have the dignity and the stimulus of ownership; but Lady Verney, with whose extensive observations my own much less extensive observations agree, has made us doubtful whether he would be a gainer in other respects. His life might be precarious and anxious, whereas his wages at present are safe; his bread might be black, his raiment scanty, and his existence somewhat troglodytic. At all events, experiment on a small scale will be safest; the remark might be extended to the political sphere, where, in extensions of the franchise and innovations of every kind, neck or nothing is now the rule.

Will the squire remain at his post, or will he fly from it, as the French aristocracy did when the day of trial came, and vegetate on the remnant of his income in a city or abroad? If he remains at his post, happiness may yet be in

store for him; perhaps greater happiness than he has known in his idle state. Of the three orders, landlord, farmer, and laborer, one, we are told, must go, for the land can no longer bear all three. But the landlord and farmer may be fused into one, and rent may become the salary for superintendence. Of course, the landlord must receive an agricultural training. As an absentee receiver of rents his situation is likely to become perilous; for the author of the Land Act has loosened an agrarian avalanche which will roll when he is gone. Of fox-hunting and game-preserving there is likely before long to be an end. The squire will have other things to fill his time; the hunting farmer will cease to exist; and when farming becomes a very serious business there will be no land to spare for cover, nor will the small holder let you ride over his land.

But what is to become of the squire's younger sons and of the young gentry generally? The professions and the genteel callings seem to be glutted, and now the women are pressing into them as well as the men. You will have a set of men bred in luxury, refined, sensitive, and wanting bread, than which nothing can be either more wretched or more dangerous. In the older colonies not only the professions, but all the more intellectual and lighter callings, are almost as much overstocked as they are here. At Toronto an advertisement for a secretary at 120*l.* a year, which is not practically more there than it is here, brought seventy-two applications, and it is very difficult to get a boy a clerkship in a bank or a store. A man bringing out a little money and buying himself a farm in Ontario may do very well, if he will make up his mind not only to manage but to work with his own hands. But otherwise we have no room in Canada for any one but farm laborers and domestic servants. Colonization, however, if it is to be the resource, will have to be taken up as a regular calling. The youth must learn not only farming, but a little of carpentering and everything else that may be necessary in a country where the farmer cannot be always going to the mechanic. Athletics will not do: they may give muscle and pluck, but they do not give industry; rather, they make against it, being, as they are,

merely a healthy sort of dissipation. Your young athletic comes to the colony, shoots and hunts, spends his money, and drifts into the mounted police.

If England in general looks more lovely every time one sees it, less lovely, it must be confessed, every time one sees it, looks manufacturing England, with its firmament of smoke, its soil devoid of verdure, its polluted streams, its buildings and chimneys supreme in hideousness, its dreary lines of dingy cottages, its soot and grime, its distracting din, its myriads spending their lives in the monotonous toil in which they have no more interest than the other part of the machinery, its employment of women in factory labor, which must be hurtful both to home and to the health of the race, make what Factory Acts you will. One may marvel at the industry, the skill, the almost miraculous inventions of mechanical genius, the organizing power here displayed. One may rejoice over the immense production, and the benefit not only material but moral which it confers upon mankind. Ascetic prejudices against money-making no man of sense shares: wealth honorably made and well used is as pure as were the streams which once ran sparkling and babbling through Lancashire and Yorkshire dells. Master manufacturers I have known whose characters were as beneficent and as noble as human characters could be. Co-operative stores, it seems, are doing every year an increased business, and besides the direct benefit are spreading thrift and the elevating sense of ownership among the people. Popular education no doubt is doing its part; music may do its part also. Still, one cannot help feeling that manufacturing England is unlovely, and wondering that all the nations should so vie with each other in forcing factory life into existence. Happy, one would think, would be the nation which could get others to do work of this sort for it, while itself enjoyed its sky and verdure, its well-balanced union of urban, rural, and maritime character and life. The skilful artificer has an interest in the work of his hands; even the farm laborer sees the harvest; the mechanical tender of a machine has nothing but his wages, and he is not to be blamed if on them his heart is fixed.

Who can be surprised if these masses are not national in spirit, or even if they would be ready, for some object of the Trade-Unions, to surrender not only Ireland but Kent? The Black Country is hardly a part of England; it belongs to the carboniferous strata. That the increased wages of its people should be largely spent in sensual indulgence is not wonderful; nor would it be wonderful if their political character was violent and sour. The operatives' creed, too, it seems, is in an increasing degree Secularism, which may be enlightenment, but is not poetry or comfort.

Trade is complaining of depression, almost as loudly as the landowner complains of reduced rents. It is very likely that British commerce has passed its zenith. After the great war England was left the sole possessor of manufactures and a mercantile marine; now rivals are coming up with her in the race; and perhaps have some advantage in starting afresh with the new lights, whereas her commercial system was very much fixed half a century ago. That commercial prosperity as well as victory has wings, is proclaimed by the grass-grown Londons of the past. Up to the middle of the last century the bank of the world was Amsterdam. Still England has her coal, her vast armies of skilled industry, her immense investments in machinery and buildings. If she is destined to decline, her downward step will be slow, though where everything is on so vast a scale a slight depression is enough to cause much suffering, and to add to social and political danger. Evidently the country is still full of wealth. I thought I saw some falling off in the number and splendor of the equipages in the Park, and at Brighton there were a good many houses to be sold or let. But I find an expensive watering-place in the North quite full; and pictures, old books, china, *bijouterie*, still bring fabulous prices, though here perhaps American wealth comes in.

Nothing seems more certain than that the largest portion of the newly-made wealth has gone to the class which lives by wages, and that this class has suffered least by depression. Profits have fallen and wages have risen, as political economy, now so much despised, said that they would. Low profits and reduced

rents to the people mean cheap clothing and cheap bread. Articles of popular consumption are very cheap, while the range of popular consumption is evidently growing larger. Economic laws have done, and are doing, what the Labor agitator wants to do by industrial war. The thrifty artisan, so far as I can see, is just as well off here as he is in the United States, saving that the line is harder and sharper here between the employing class and the employed. That "the rich are always growing richer and the poor poorer" seems to be the reverse of the truth. With population the positive amount of poverty from various causes must increase. The low quarters of London are still wretched; the people no doubt multiply with the recklessness of misery, while to aggravate their case and render any attempt to improve their habitations futile, there is a perpetual influx into the overcrowded districts of wanderers from without, not only Irish, but Germans, and Polish Jews. The wheels of the vast machine, alas, often grind cruelly, and in this land of political freedom there is practical slavery as well as suffering. John Woolman, the American Quaker, visiting England in the last century, was shocked by the sacrifice of the post-boys' life and health to fast travelling. I had a talk with an old cabman, and true, I fear, as well as sad, was his tale of precarious earnings, dear and narrow lodgings, days passed on the driving-box in the wet, rheumatism, and the workhouse at the last. He said some of the men preferred the night work, though the harder, because otherwise they could never see their wives and children. If there is not another world for cabby, his horse may perhaps be almost as well off. Yet these men are rarely uncivil; and they bring to Scotland Yard things innumerable that have been left in the cabs.

There is a set of population toward the cities: London, that prodigious tumor, still grows. In some of the rural districts population has decreased. This tendency seems not healthy. It prevails in America too, and there is ascribed by Conservatives to education, which makes the people disdain manual labor and long to exchange the dulness of the farm for the excitements and

pleasures of the city. I suspect, at all events, that Mr. Chamberlain, in educating the people and at the same time seeking to make them tillers of the soil, is playing one hand against the other.

Wealth, rapid development, the stress and drive of life (which appear to me almost as great here as in the United States), and facilities of travelling, have begotten a restlessness which crowds all the railway stations and seems to have almost banished the idea of repose. Every one "wants a change." Every one, when he has a holiday, sets off and travels as far as he can by rail and boat, exchanging for the cares of the counting-house those of time-tables and luggage. One man I have found passing his holidays in his home. Society has become migratory, and therefore less social. In the old country town as I remember it in years gone by, the people spent their lives at home, only going to the sea-side when they needed it; and they enjoyed intimacy, which is surely a part of the happiness of life, for no passing acquaintance can be so interesting as even a very ordinary friend. Some such towns there still are in England, out of the tide of traffic, and especially under the peaceful shadow of cathedrals, where the people seem to have leisure, the streets sleep in the summer sun, and new rows of houses are not going up; places where old age might find a quiet haven. The men in the country town of former days were not idlers or dreamers; the banker had amassed wealth, though not in a wild-cat way; the old Indian had governed an empire; the old admiral had commanded a crack frigate. But they knew repose, which is now a lost art. Some day, perhaps, it will be revived, and a new generation will enter into the labors of this unresting one and rest. As a set off against what is for the time lost from the sociability of the private circle, it may be said that, through the multiplying agencies of communication and sympathy, all men and circles are being more welded together into a community, the ideas and interests of which are brought home to every fireside.

Wealth of course brings luxury, the apparatus of which is always growing vaster and more elaborate. In case of a pinch England has three margins to

draw upon—waste, which is still greater here than in France, though not so great as in America; the cost of distribution, which is excessive; and luxury. Among luxuries are not to be counted the healthy amusements which are made more than ever necessary by the pressure and tension of commercial life. In travelling I have been struck with the number of cricket-matches and local festivities of all kinds that were going on. The bicycle, too, is evidently a most happy invention; it must not only give healthy pleasure to city youth, but take it away from city pleasures which are not so healthy. England has roads suited for the bicycle, which America has not. Excursionism, which began with the Exhibition of 1851, has now assumed immense proportions, and though it is in some degree indicative of restlessness, and tends to become a mania, it must be, on the whole, a vast addition to the enjoyments of the people, and civilizing at the same time. It denotes increased leisure, in which respect, as in that of wages, the working classes have unquestionably gained. On the other side of the Atlantic we have few objects for excursions, though we indulge largely in outings, under the guise of conventions of all sorts and under all possible pretences. Life seems to be growing softer in England, and more refined. There is an increased love of art, of flowers, and of music. I was struck at Oxford with the flowers in the windows of students, and the sounds of music from their rooms. Lawn-tennis, at which women play, is sapping, and will in the end kill, cricket, unless it has in it, like croquet, the seeds of its own death. Cricket requires too many hands and too much time, especially since the defence of the wicket has become superior to the attack. American base-ball is a thoroughly manly game, is very lively, and is played in an afternoon. The loss of a manly game would tell on English character.

With luxury may be coupled, as arising out of the same moral conditions, combined with the electric and telegraphic state of the world, the passion for excitement, which seems to threaten the sobriety and steadiness of English character as much as its fortitude is threatened by luxury. It is having a

sinister effect on politics. The first duty of a political leader now is to excite and amuse, and he who can do this may mount without wisdom or character to the high places of the State.

There are ominous mutterings about the growth of vice, especially in London society. Luxury, great cities, and deferred marriage are sure to produce their effect. Probably whatever corruption there is extends to all classes, though, the scandal sticks to the higher, and especially to members of the House of Lords, which would do well to introduce a censorship. Beyond this, too, there are abysses here and there in human nature. But we need not listen to the tocsin of the sensation-mongering alarmist. English homes, apparently, in general are pure, and man and wife are true to each other. In the country, where the young squires must have opportunities, one hardly ever hears of cases of seduction. But it would surely not be wonderful if in the moral interregnum between the reign of religion and that of science, supposing that a reign of science is coming, self-indulgence should become more unrestrained. Bishop Fraser, who was a man of sense and no bigot, used to say positively that it had. Nor would it be surprising if this were to extend to the political and commercial as well as the social sphere. There is another quarter, besides that in which "Minotaurism" arises, to which the attention of those who specially concern themselves with these questions might be turned. A female writer told us the other day that life was poorly spent in bearing babies, preparing to bear babies, and suckling babies. If the revolt against maternity spreads in England, it must produce, besides the decay of the race, sinister consequences of other kinds. Against impurity pure union alone can guard. The mightiest and most irresistible of human passions will not be chidden out of existence by homilies and oburgations in however shrill a key. There are alarms, too, about gambling. Betting on races, the most demoralizing to the people of all kinds of gambling, is certainly at least as rife as ever. If Mr. Arch and Mr. Labouchere would drive their plough over the race-courses they would confer a great benefit on the nation, even if all

the jockeys and trainers were handsomely pensioned at the same time. How any man with a heart and a conscience can patronize this system and gild it with his name it is hard to understand. The growth of scandalous journalism is also a bad sign.

Luxury and love of excitement cannot be favorable to a seriousness of character or to vigor of national spirit. In the late crisis I think it was impossible not to note a want of seriousness, and to feel that national spirit was at rather a low ebb. A race or a cricket match seemed to fill the public mind as much as the peril of the nation; and men appear to be at liberty to commit with perfect impunity every sort of outrage against patriotism, even to the extent of openly sending advice to foreign conspirators against British power as to the best mode of effecting their designs. We have learned that above all nations is humanity, and nobody expects or desires a narrow and selfish patriotism, any more than an obsolete parochialism, to prevail in a highly civilized community. But England is still something to humanity as well as to Englishmen, and if there is such a thing as a rational and generous patriotism, it is a duty which ought to be upheld. I heard a story told of a Radical destructive who, being asked what would become of his own wealth if his doctrines should ever take effect, answered, that all his securities were convertible and he would have only to change his country. If the story was true, the answer was probably intended as a jest, yet it conveyed a serious truth. The careless love of pleasure or absorption in commercial pursuits, or whatever it be which weakens national spirit and makes people willing to see the nation discredited and dismembered if anybody wishes it, is delivering the race which is the guardian of civilization and all that it enfolds into the hands of a comparatively uncivilized race which is united and animated by a passionate feeling of clanship.

Volunteering, however, seems to flourish everywhere, except, alas, at the Universities, where, it may be hoped, the young gentlemen would hardly be willing to stand by and see the shopmen, in case of need, march out to defend the country. That the institution may

continue to prosper is devoutly to be wished, not only on military grounds and on account of its excellent social influence in binding men and classes together, but on political grounds also. It may be a safeguard against possible dangers to public liberty. The legislative omnipotence to which Radicalism is now pretending is the divine right of kings turned upside down. It would hardly be an improvement on Ship Money, if a demagogue at the head of a Parliament elected by the caucuses were to be at liberty, for the furtherance of his political ends, to pronounce a sentence of confiscation on a whole class of innocent citizens. Power is claimed for any faction which may for the time have the upper hand in the House of Commons, to override by its will public morality, and to tamper with the life of the nation; to despoil people of their property in order to purchase popularity for itself; to thrust a great body of citizens out of their nationality and into one alien and hostile to them; to employ the national force in compelling loyalty to submit to the decrees of a foreign conspiracy, with which the faction is allied for the disintegration of the realm. Submission to Parliaments is right; so was submission to kings; but submission to Parliaments is not, any more than was submission to kings, without its moral limit. The authority of Parliament rests on votes, often on a bare majority of votes; and voting, at bottom, is but a comparing of forces in order to decide the question without combat. It is well, at all events, considering the means by which elections are carried, that those who have in their hands that particular kind of force should be kept aware of existence in the hands of national worth, manhood, and intelligence, of another kind of force which, in case of extreme necessity, might interpose for the salvation of the country.

Whatever weakness there may be in politics, in all the ordinary walks of English life there must be still plenty of worth, integrity, conscientious performance of duty, and submission to rational discipline. Of this, the marvellous railway service, carried on day and night and in all weathers, with such a multiplicity and so intricate a combi-

nation of trains, yet with so few accidents, the almost equally marvellous postal service, the London Commissariat, and all the parts and functions of this vast machine which runs so smoothly and exactly, are sufficient proof. Everybody seems to say that the army and navy are sound, and that the British soldier never displayed his fortitude and discipline more magnificently than he did, though under an evil star, in the Soudan. One is apt to forget the mercantile marine, though the seaman is the noblest part of England, albeit he alone is, by the accident of his calling, excluded from her political life, and never repines at his exclusion. Carlyle must not tell us that as yet we are living in the decadence of English duty.

The churches are well filled, and the men are in full proportion to the women; large sums of money are given for church purposes, and there is every outward sign of an increase rather than a falling off, of religious life. Restoration has gone on till, though there are many churches in an old style, there is hardly an old church left. This does not look like a decay of faith. But, to say nothing of social influence and the force of habit, men who have ceased definitely to believe will cling to the associations and the comforts of religion. In America there is a crust of church-going and church-building which looks equally well, but which, I am persuaded, is growing hollow. In literature, in the scientific world, and in intellectual society, the progress of scepticism is manifestly rapid. The passion for ritual itself, I suspect, is not seldom symptomatic of a loss of interest in prayer and preaching which makes show and music needful. When the Agnostic goes to church it is to a Ritualist church that he goes. Ritualism, at all events, has been rapidly gaining ground, though I find it difficult to imagine that it can ever become a permanent form of belief apart from Roman Catholicism, its connection with which cannot be mistaken. Evangelicism is nearly dead, and the Broad Church seems to have few representatives of any power and eminence left, though I suspect that Broad views with regard to doctrine and the canon sometimes lurk beneath the Ritualistic cope. Religious Nonconformity is los-

ing ground, Scepticism telling most on the churches which are sustained neither by endowment nor by ritual. In the cities the Ritualistic clergy seem to be gaining a hold upon the people. They have found out the grand secret of Methodism, which is the enlistment of as many people as possible in the services and lay ministrations of the Church; and they have put themselves at the head of the social life and the amusements and excursions of the people. But among the people in the country Ritualism does not seem to take. The æsthetic and historic predisposition is totally wanting in the rustic mind. Considering how much more active in the performance of duty, and especially in their ministrations among the poor, the country clergy of late have been, I am surprised to hear it generally said that the laborers are hostile to the clergy, and that the rural constituencies would vote eagerly for disestablishment. Disendowment is likely to come of itself, for agricultural depreciation has terribly lowered clerical incomes, especially where the endowment was glebe. This again will be a tremendous change in the life of the parish; for the parson being always resident, and always educated, has been more of a centre of civilization than the squire. Tithe, I suspect, is doomed, and I find that even dignitaries of the Church begin to speak of disestablishment as a thing that in one form or other must come. It will behove statesmen to take care that it comes in such a form as to give the least shock possible to the spiritual life of the people.

Between the subversion of religious beliefs, the startling discoveries of science, and the general whirl of progress, English Conservatism seems to have given way at last, and to have been succeeded not only by an openness to innovation but by a sort of fatalism of change which hastens to assent to every new scheme as destiny. This is in some measure also the effect of demagogism, which is always grasping at the vote of the future. I was told that in once Eldonian Oxford Socialism boasted two hundred adherents; Socialist lecturers at all events find large and sympathizing audiences there. Partly this may be ascribed to the sudden jerk forward

which ensues upon the sudden bursting by the emancipated University of the old Tory and clerical tie. But the student's heart leaps up at Socialism as in my day it leaped up at Neo-Catholicism, as to-morrow it will leap up at the next bright vision whatever it may be. It appeared that Socialist Fellows of Colleges continued provisionally to draw their dividends; and the Socialism of the Undergraduates, so far as it is practical, seems to take the form of philanthropy and missions of improvement among the London slums rather than of a reconstitution of society. Probably in the wealthier classes Socialism, so far as it is a real tendency, is generated by the craving for brotherhood which the Church no longer satisfies. Among the mechanics it is generated by a hope of increased wages, less work, and the abolition of all envied superiorities. It involves a revival of confidence in the wisdom and goodness of "the State," which nothing in the present character and conduct of that entity in any country very visibly justifies. It is curious that such faith in the power of government to transform society should find a lodging in the same minds with the belief that society is an organism, which implies that society though capable of growth and of gradual improvement is incapable of transformation, and that you might as well decree the perfection of the human body as the perfection of the community. So it is, however, that political economy has, as somebody said, gone into exile, while paternal government and Protraction are apparently going to have one more innings. Transatlantic experience warns you at all events to keep your economical or anti-economical measures clear of political demagogism, and as far as possible of politics altogether. My own impression is that in investing municipalities with the power of expropriation for the purpose of creating a small proprietary you would open a great scene of corruption. Still expropriate if you think fit, but do not allow a demagogue to expropriate or to tamper in any way with the economical arrangements of society for the purpose of buying himself votes.

It is impossible to doubt that since my youth there has been an immense growth of the sense of social duty and

of kindly feeling on the part of the rich toward the poor. I see it every time I come here, not only in the multiplication of benefactions and philanthropic enterprises, but in the increased kindness of intercourse. This may be partly policy; it is entirely so in the case of the Primrose League; but there is a good deal in it which is not policy, and of which Labor agitators ought to take note.

Democracy is finding its way into the family, and the relations between the sexes. Paternal authority has been visibly diminished, and the bearing of children toward their parents has become much more free; let us hope, for the sake of family life, that the bond of obedience is being replaced by an increase of affection. Women are more and more asserting their independence and their right to compete in all things with men. Some of the male professions and callings they have already invaded; the rest they intend to invade. They usurp man's headgear and ulster; some of them man's cigarette. Their appearances on the platform become more numerous, and they talk regularly of "going into public life." Whether Nature showed good judgment and taste in making two sexes is a question which, instead of being left to be settled by tradition, is apparently to be submitted to the test of experience. I have not observed any signs of the growth of democracy in the outward demeanor of domestics, but there are loud complaints of trouble in that quarter. In America democracy has so thoroughly taken possession of the kitchen that, were it not for the constant inflow of domestics from less democratic countries, domestic service must cease to exist. Almost any employment is preferred to calling anybody mistress. The next two or three generations are likely to see great change in the mode of living.

Nowhere has there been a greater change than that which has been wrought at Oxford by the abolition of clerical restrictions, the opening of fellowships, the marriage of fellows, and the introduction of science. I can imagine no more delightful place of residence than this, where you have now the very best and most cultivated society, with every facility for real intimacy, and, at the

same time, as incomes are limited, on an easy and reasonable footing. Some say that watchfulness may be required to guard endowments against the excess of paternal, and still more of maternal, love.

Of art I can speak only as one of the crowd. In looking at the pictures in the Academy I felt, not for the first time, that there was a lack of interest in the subjects. The technical power of expression, I doubt not, is there in the highest degree, but there seems to be a want of something to be expressed. Some of the subjects had been laboriously sought in the most out of the way places; and as to some of the others, I would almost as soon that the artist had shown his technical skill in painting my hat. Of the vast improvement in architecture, public and domestic, there can, I suppose, be no doubt, though the new styles are revivals, and the style of the future is still in the womb of time. Some of the great commercial cities, such as Bradford and Birmingham, are embodying their wealth in public buildings not less magnificent or monumental than those of Florence or Ghent. The private palace of the merchant prince cannot rise again, any more than the soul of civic life can be revived, since the merchant prince dwells not in the city but in a suburban villa. London has now in it the elements of magnificence; but all is marred by the smoke; and into every group of fine buildings intrudes some hideous railway shed or some Hankey Tower of Babel. It strikes me that the mansions of the new aristocracy, though ample and sumptuous enough, are wanting in stateliness compared with those of the Tudor or even of the Hanoverian era. Eton itself, though most ample and most sumptuous, is not stately; it is an aggregate of parts, each, no doubt, excellent in itself, but not imposing as a whole; it has no grand front. Gothic, in domestic architecture, seems not to lend itself to a façade.

In literature there appears to be a pause. Fiction has come down to sensational stories, such as "Solomon's Mines," "The Treasure Island," or "Called Back," and no new poet appears. The drama, too, seems to languish. I went to the two pieces of the

day, and found the acting excellent, but the plays themselves naught; there was scarcely a stroke of art, scarcely a touch of wit or pathos, and the plots were tissues of improbabilities the most crude and revolting. Is this falling off in art and literary production which everybody notes merely a temporary accident, or is the world about to pass definitively from its æsthetic, poetic, and literary youth to a maturity of science? If it is, we are lucky in having at all events enjoyed the last of the youth. It is not easy to conceive poetry co-existing with a strictly scientific view of all things, including the character, actions, and emotions of men. However, the experiment has yet to be tried, and human progress is like the path in the Gemmi Pass, always coming to some apparently insurmountable barrier and always opening out anew. The growing ascendancy of science and scientific men is not an English but a universal fact; it is the great fact of the age; only in politics it is not yet seen. Strangely enough the Radical Agnostics, who elsewhere dance before the triumphal car of science, in politics are the least scientific and the most inclined to settle all questions, especially those relating to the franchise, by reference to absolute principles and the natural rights of man.

In English journalism assuredly there is no falling off. Its ability and power have been steadily on the increase; more and more it draws away the real debate from Parliament to itself. The increase of force is especially remarkable in the great provincial journals. To a great extent the future of England will be in the keeping of its Press, and who are the masters of the Press becomes a question every day of greater importance. It is true that the number of great journals, all of which people see in reading-rooms, though a man may take only his party paper, insures a balance of power. What newspapers the agricultural laborer reads is a momentous question since he has got a vote, and stands between the two parties almost the arbiter of the destinies of the state. In some districts, I was told, are halfpenny local papers of a very unsatisfactory kind; in others, sporting papers which are not likely to be much more wholesome. Labor papers also there are, and

they are too apt to be full not only of industrial fallacies, but of social bitterness. Cottage journalism, not propagandist but wholesome, is a field for capital which alone can float anything that is to depend on a very large circulation.

About English politics I will say no more. The sum of what I have long been saying is this—The old Constitution, with the Crown as the executive

and the Houses of Lords and Commons as co-equal branches of the Legislature, has ceased to exist, though the illusory forms of it remain. It has not been in any way replaced, while the franchise has been blindly extended; and England is now without a Constitution or a Government. She must provide herself with both or in the end confusion will ensue.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

OUR CRAFTSMEN.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, MECHANICAL ENGINEER.

THE existence of "England's Greatness" of course requires no demonstration, however opinions may differ as to its causes. In a poetic or patriotic spirit this greatness has been attributed to a variety of things—to the Bible, to our wooden walls and meteor flag, to the insular position secured to us by the streak of silver sea, to the special excellence of the roast beef of old England, and the still more special excellence of our malt liquors.

There have been those who have respectively argued that the secret of our greatness lay in the possession of our magnificent national debt, a State Church, a House of Lords, the alleged stability-giving see-saw of party government, the addition of Empress to the title of Queen. That in giving us an empire upon which the sun never sets—by many accounted our greatest greatness—our sailors and soldiers also have been prime causes, there can be no doubt. In this connection it is no less true that the Bible has been an instrument of greatness in a sense—in the sense, that is, that where civilization has taken the form of subjugation or annexation, the missionary has often been the precursor of those instruments of such civilization, rum and rifles; the sense in which, as fishers of men, we have, as Bulwer Lytton somewhere puts it, baited with a missionary and impaled with a bayonet. The other supposed leading factors of England's greatness mentioned above may be passed over in having been named.

As a prosaic matter of fact, the present-day greatness of the mother country

is chiefly the result of our supremacy as a manufacturing nation. We are a manufacturing, even more than we are a shopkeeping or carrying, nation. Indeed, our shopkeeping and carrying are to a great extent the mere outcome and complement of our position in relation to the manufacturing industries. Rightly considered, it will be found that our national greatness and manufacturing greatness are something very like convertible terms. With us coal is the uncrowned king, iron the emblematical sceptre of power. Our machinery is our best war material, our craftsmen our most powerful troops. It may be said that such talk as this might be all very well for weak piping times of peace, or if the millennium had arrived, but that it is out of harmony with an age of wars and rumors of wars, an age in which it has become axiomatic that the best security for peace is always to be prepared for war. To such objection I would answer that on this point a question of race comes in. It is not a boast but a truism to say that the English are a hardy and high-mettled race, constitutionally brave, and with an historical record and a national prestige which make a feeling of *noblesse oblige* a common possession even to those who may never have heard the phrase. In actual warfare, whether by land or sea, the English have always shown dauntless courage and unconquerable resolution, and there is no reason to suppose that we have fallen from the standard of our fathers either in physique or pluck. With such a breed of men to fall back upon, should the banners of

war be unfurled, the modern nation which has the greatest resources for bringing the arts of peace to bear upon the operations of war will in the long run be the most successful in battle; and in this respect, if not in tariff arrangements, England is "the most favored nation."

Taking it, then, that we are a manufacturing nation, and that much of our national greatness arises from such being the case, it naturally follows that our artisan classes constitute one of the most important as well as one of the most numerous sections of the community. They are the *élite* of the working classes, the portion of those classes most capable of making themselves felt in political and social movements. In practice it will generally be found, indeed, that when the working classes are spoken of in association with "movements" it is really the artisan classes that are meant. In such an association their name—if skilfully worked—is one to conjure with, and many are the strange and contradictory things that have been done or attempted in their name.

The typical artisan is the "working man" *par excellence*, and the working man, as every one knows, is a man of many friends. He has candid and sugar-candied friends of every variety, from the self-constituted censor calling himself a friend, and posing as a blessing in disguise, to the one who takes the line of friend to the working-man and foe to all above him. A friend or leader of the working classes has come to be a profession, and a paying one, while the methods of the friendship have attained almost to the dignity of a fine art. Between their own occasional acts and the regular operations of their professional friends, the working classes are on some points kept well before the public. Their importance in respect to their numbers, their potential political power, their demands—actual or alleged—their social rights and wrongs, and so forth, are fully recognized.

But their importance as craftsmen, as the backbone of our manufacturing industries, is for the most part left wholly out of account. Yet this is the ground upon which they are the most important in relation to the momentous question

of national prosperity, in which of course is involved the question of their own material welfare. While they are not less important as craftsmen than as—say—voters, neither are they less interesting. There need, therefore, be the less hesitation in entering upon a consideration of their position and characteristics in the former capacity, as it is the purpose of the present paper to do. Never, perhaps, was there a time when the subject could be discussed more profitably.

England is still the first among manufacturing nations—a long way the first. Her workmen are still the best in the world, tried by the most practical standards; for, working fewer hours and receiving higher pay than Continental workmen, they enable their employers to undersell Continental producers, and so hold the premier position in the markets of the world. Nevertheless, it is no longer a case of England first, the rest nowhere, as was practically the case a generation or so ago. The total of our manufacturing production to-day is infinitely greater than it was twenty or thirty years back, even allowing for increase of population, but it does not represent the same overwhelming proportion of the manufacturing production of the world that it did at the earlier period. Manufacturing enterprise in foreign countries has been advancing. Nations formerly entirely dependent upon us for certain classes of goods now manufacture them for themselves. Others go beyond this and compete with us in foreign and some even in home markets—a thing they are enabled to do with a greater chance of success by reason of the extent to which the spirit of shoddy has been imported into the practise of our manufacturing arts. Shoddy—using the word in its representative sense—is a curse that has come home to roost. It has degraded the once proud trade blazon of "English manufacture," has deservedly depreciated its selling power.

Foreign artisans, too, are picking us up, partly owing to the extent to which mere machine-minding has been substituted for handicraft skill, partly to the schooling they have received at the hands of the English managers, foremen, and leading men whom the more

enterprising among Continental employers have with a wise liberality imported, and of course in some measure to continued practice. Meanwhile it is, to say the least of it, an open question whether modern developments in manufacturing systems have not tended to lessen the special skill and special value of English artisans. Here again the spirit of shoddy exerts its baneful influence. Under its operation thousands of workmen are compelled in their own despite to adopt a sloppy style of workmanship, are never allowed to acquire, much less practise, any higher style. Their pay is so arranged that to live, to obtain or retain employment, they must think of quantity only; and experience teaches them that under this state of affairs he is held to be the cleverest workman who is best not at avoiding but at concealing scamped work from the trustful, but unskilled, ultimate purchasers of the work. Frequently, too, shoddy is a means of subjecting bodies of workmen to injustice from public opinion. Outsiders are led to believe that some depression or disturbance of trade is due to the action of the men, when as a matter of fact it really results from users or consumers having at length detected the bad workmanship, or the adulteration of material, or both, which are the characteristic features of the shoddy principle as applied to manufactures. In such circumstances it is scarcely to be supposed that the workmen concerned can take any special pride or interest in their craft, and the lack of such feeling upon their part is an element of weakness to a trade.

Again, as already hinted, machinery is a great leveller. On the whole, it is of course a boon and a blessing to men. It multiplies the powers of production and ultimately increases the demand for labor. Still, from the point of view here in question it is not an unmixed blessing. The greater the degree to which a machine is self-adjusting and self-acting, the greater the extent to which it requires as an attendant a minder rather than a mechanic, the more perfect it is as a machine. If the machine-minder chances to be also a mechanic, so much the better. He will be able to make his mechanical experience or intelligence tell in his minding.

At the same time, there is neither expectation nor necessity that he should be a mechanic. Even among minders who are nothing more than minders, there are varying degrees of skill; but, speaking broadly, the machine-attendant is rather the slave than the master of his machine—has to feed rather than work it. Machine hands, like machine work, can be turned out in quantities. The manufacture of such hands is a very different thing from the making of mechanics. It is to our success in the latter process that we are in a great measure indebted for our superiority over competing nations. Unfortunately, however, the vital importance of keeping up the "breed" of our artisans is in these later times being overlooked. Employers as a rule think only of what will pay for the passing season, while State provision for mechanical training appears to be a thing undreamed of in our philosophy of national duty or interest.

Subdivision of labor, like machinery, greatly increases productive power, but also, like machinery, it has its drawbacks where the formation of the craftsmen is in question. In England the system of subdivision is carried out very thoroughly and minutely and with great results as to output, but under it the all-round workman is disappearing. And the all-round workman in his own trade—who, be it marked, is a very different person from the Jack-of-all-trades—is the best of all workmen. "The one-job man may be a very good man at his work and yet be little better than a human automaton—be almost as much a mere machine as the machine he works. But to become a good all-round workman a man must have good mechanical aptitudes of eye, and hand, and intellect; and with these aptitudes and a varied experience he gains the self-confidence and readiness of resource which are among the most valuable qualities of an artisan. The workman of this stamp is not a machine, he is a mechanic. He puts brains into his work, thinks and plans, and in a rough-and-ready way invents. He understands the capabilities of tools, whether they be simple hand-tools or complicated machines. He can make the fullest use of the automatic adjustments and self-

acting gearing which reduce the one-job man to the level of a machine-feeder and nothing more. Where, however, any such accessories are wanting, he is not, like the one-job man, "floored" by their absence. He can "rig up" substitutes for them or so vary the methods of executing his work as to be able to dispense with their aid. He is a Mark Tapley among artisans, coming out strongest under circumstances that would simply "flabbergast" workmen who have allowed themselves to become blindly obedient to, and helplessly dependent upon, automatic appliances.

I remember meeting with a very good illustration of this point in a stray copy of an American trade journal. A chief engineer of a steamer, an "educated" engineer, one who had passed his Board of Trade certificate examination and would therefore be learned in reading and obeying the various self-registering indicators and gauges with which marine engines are fitted—an engineer of this stamp found himself fifty miles from port with a broken vacuum gauge; a very important gauge to those whose sole trust is in gauges without any reserve of trust in self. Under the loss of his gauge this particular engineer "showed utter helplessness and proposed immediate return." The assistant-engineer, however, was another manner of man. He "saw nothing amiss in a broken gauge or in the absence of one. He traded places with his chief and made the run by feeling. When his condenser felt too hot he gave it more injection." If the necessities of the situation had required it, this assistant would probably have been able to have done an effective stroke of ship-carpentry, while his chief, if applied to, would no doubt have replied that he was an engineer, and that wood-work was out of his line.

Here we have exemplified the essential difference between the true mechanic and what may be called the machine-made man. The one can turn his hand to anything broadly within the range of his own particular craft, or if need be to more or less cognate work in other crafts, and he has a practical if not scientific knowledge of first principles in relation to the mechanical appliances used in his trade. The other is cribbed,

cabined, and confined, alike as to manual skill and intelligent self-resource. The all-round workman requires as a rule very little foremaning, and this enhances his value to employers. On the other hand, his value to himself is greatly increased by the fact that his versatility makes it easier for him than for others to secure employment. If he is a blacksmith, he is equally ready to take work in a marine or locomotive engine factory or to go into a tool shop or an agricultural implement-making establishment; and, the question of wages and personal comfort apart, it is a matter of indifference to him whether his shop be a new, a repair, or a general one. In the same way, if a carpenter, he can take anything from coffin-making up to cabinet-making or pattern-making. If an engineer, he is prepared to take vice or lathe or to go into the erecting shop.

In practice there are unfortunately difficulties in the way of such a man turning himself to the best account in this respect. Occasionally an employer, or a "putting-on" manager or foreman, wedded to extreme views upon the system of subdivision of labor, may be prejudiced against a workman of the all-round type. They may have an idea that the man who has heretofore wrought in a marine shop will not be able to hold his own on locomotive work, but, as they have the remedy in their own hand, in case their doubt should be, or appear to them to be, justified, they do not allow their antipathies to become operative if they really want men.

The greatest difficulty of the all-round workman on this point lies not in the objection of employers, but in the bigotry of fellow-workmen, many of whom have a blind, unreasoning belief in the doctrine of "each man to his trade"—trade in the mouths and minds of such men generally meaning some single sub-section of a trade. This is emphatically a narrow-minded view, and those entertaining it, acting after the fashion of their narrow-minded kind, strive to frustrate those who seek to give practical effect to wider views of trade limitations.

The policy of obstruction and occasionally of terrorism resorted to for this end makes itself felt chiefly in those

trades which are more or less strictly localized. In such trades as the building and engineering, which are carried on all over the country, and which involve a considerable amount of "knocking about" upon the part of many of those engaged in them, more liberal ideas have a greater though not a complete ascendancy. Altogether, the feeling here referred to is materially detrimental to the interests of the best class of workmen, and in individual cases often inflicts great hardship. Foolish action is generally supported by foolish argument. When the artisan class or any considerable body of them are blamed for indulging in this form of restriction of trade, they frequently reply as though two blacks *did* make a white. They retort that the learned professions—and more particularly the law—set them the example, and argue that a course of action that is right for the legal profession can scarcely be wrong for working-men.

Whether or not it is demonstrably true that the legal profession does strictly enforce the principle of each man to his (branch of) trade, whether under the euphemism of legal etiquette they are guilty of practices that are charged as sins against trades-unionism, I cannot say. If it is true, so much the worse for the profession, and especially so much the worse for those members of the public whom an evil fate casts upon the tender mercies of the profession. But also so much the greater the mistake of working-men in following their example to do evil. To the cry of "Every man to his trade," in the sense of once that trade always that trade, may fitly be applied the saying, "It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder."

On the Continent, I am told, and still more in America, it is no uncommon thing to meet with artisans who have worked not only at two or three branches of one trade, but at two or three distinct trades. Having regard to existing conditions in the mechanical crafts, there is no good reason why such workmen should not be common, though in England such a man in a workshop would be quite a phenomenal personage. In this country there is, as a rule, only one means by which an artisan can benefit by the ability and skill to practise more

than one handicraft. If he chooses to become a trade "Hal o' th' Wynd," and work for his own hand by uniting in his single self the positions of jobbing master-man and journeyman, he can work at as many trades as he likes, which will mean in practice as many as he can show himself sufficiently competent in to obtain employment. I have known men who in this way respectively combined carpentry and watch-making, house-painting and shoe-making, plumbing and bird-stuffing, cabinet-making and sign-writing, and blacksmithing and coopering. In each case these men turned their hands to the second trade at times when they were out of work at their original calling, and in each case they came to do well between the two trades. When they had not a job at the one, they had at the other, and while thus having constant employment, their earnings, time for time, were greater than they would have been as journeymen at either one of the trades. In the same way, I knew a bricklayer who turned monumental mason, and a moulder who became a sewing-machine and bicycle repairer. In these cases, the men were so successful, that from their single-handed and make-shift beginnings, the one in a backyard, the other in a back kitchen, they became master-men in the fuller sense of the word—were able to organize workshops and employ journeymen.

After this fashion it may be said that it is open to English artisans to change or multiply their trades as often as their tastes, ability, or necessities may make them wish to do so; but practically this fashion is available to but a very limited extent. The leading trades of the country cannot be carried on in a general jobbing-hand style. It is an unavoidable condition of their continued existence that they must be carried on by bodies of journeymen, gathered together in workshops and factories; and to the ordinary factory journeyman desirous of changing his craft and still remaining a journeyman, the unwritten but powerfully operative law of each man to his trade offers an almost insuperable obstacle. The point is perhaps not one of first-rate importance, but, so far as it goes, it may safely be said that it is bad for the trades and for

workmen in them that it should be so. A young fellow on coming out of his time, or even before, may discover that he has mistaken his vocation, or that those who apprenticed him had mistaken it for him. He may know, moreover, or at least believe that he knows, for what trade he has true vocation. He may be willing and anxious to undergo all the struggle and sacrifice legitimately incidental to a change of trade; to work as a learner or improver at low wages, and abide the risk of peremptory dismissal if he does not show unmistakable aptitude for his new calling. In the case of his not showing such aptitude, the journeyman of a trade need not fear his competition.

On the other hand, if a man who comes into a trade edgeways proves himself to be the right man in the right place, he is one who is likely to do credit to the trade and strengthen it. The perseverance, energy, self-reliance, and instinctive sense of the fitness of things which enable him to conquer the trade, make him a valuable member of it, a living argument for a good rate of pay. On the same principle, the man who is compelled to remain at a trade in which he is, and is conscious of being, a mistake will always be more or less of a hard bargain in it, and will afford a pretence, if not a justification, for low wages.

That this is so, that the changing about of round and square pegs till they find their right holes would strengthen the pegs *en masse*, should be, one would think, self-evident. As a matter of fact it is not. A majority of the artisan classes "do not see it." "Every man to his trade" blocks the way to change. The cobbler must stick to his last, though he may be a bad shoemaker, and might make a good craftsman of another kind. The chief argument brought forward in support of the "each man to his trade" policy is that it is not right that men who have served a regular apprenticeship to a trade should be subjected to competition from men who have picked up the trade by some irregular and shorter method. There is something in this, though hardly in the direct sense in which the contention is generally applied. Men who pick up a trade must in effect serve an apprenticeship.

However clever they may be, they cannot become full-fledged journeymen at a single swoop. Their apprenticeship may be irregular and comparatively short, but in one way or another it is made correspondingly sharp, the path of the picker-up being always a more or less thorny one. That men of mechanical proclivities and with a fair share of *nous* could, if they were allowed, pick up a trade in a relatively short period of time, is no reason for preventing them from acquiring a craft for which they feel themselves fitted.

The conclusion to which such opposition points is, as it seems to me, that the ordinary period of regular apprenticeship is in the circumstances of the present day too long. It exacts a payment from the artisan classes too high and too hard for the value received, a price so high and hard that to men not used to draw fine distinctions it appears to justify a spirit and policy of monopoly and exclusion. When the "seven long years" which is the usual period of a "bound" apprenticeship was fixed, the contracting master craftsman expressly undertook to teach the apprentice or cause him to be taught the whole art and mystery of his craft. For this the time was not too long, in some cases might be all too short. We are still within very measurable distance of a time when a boy who was bound to such a trade as the engineering was "put through the shops." He went from department to department, gaining a general knowledge of and a certain degree of handiness in each, and only settling down to the branch to which he was found best suited during the last year or two of his "time." Consequently, during the greater part of his seven years he was really a learner, and as such probably earned no more than the small rate of wages paid him, any gain that there might be on his work during his last year or two being regarded as in the nature of counterbalance to loss upon him in his first year or two.

Upon those conditions, apprenticeship was an equitable and effective arrangement. The trained journeyman entered upon his career specially qualified for one branch of his trade, and so far qualified in the other branches that he could readily turn his hand to them,

could honorably and confidently either seek or accept employment in them. In whatever branch of his trade he did work, his general knowledge of its other branches added to his value, and, being able to change from branch to branch himself, he had less reason than has the one-job man of the present day for holding monopolist views.

But we have in a great measure altered all this. Under the operation of the subdivision of labor, what were formerly branches have in many instances now come to be classed as trades. Where this is not the case, it is a common practice to stipulate that the apprentice to be, or his parents or guardians for him, may select the branch to which he shall be bound, but that, having selected it, he must keep to it, and to it alone. This is a definite arrangement, and, where it is honorably carried out, all that can be urged against it is that it is much more profitable to the masters than to the apprentice. In a great number of cases, however, the understanding is not honorably carried out upon the part of the employer. The letter of the contract is fulfilled, but not the spirit. The apprentice is not only kept to one branch of the trade, but to some single machine or piece of workmanship in it. At the one thing to which he is thus tied he of course becomes specially expert—and to the masters specially profitable. So much is the latter the case, that employers who in this way evade a fair fulfilment of their contract generally become apprentice farmers as well as—and often more than—manufacturers. Individually they may be successful men, but there can be no doubt that their proceedings tend to injure the manufacturing interests of the country. It is not simply that injustice is done to the particular apprentices whose misfortune it is to be bound to such masters. Apprentice farming for profit, as distinct from journeymen making to meet the legitimate demands of skilled industry, has the effect of overcrowding the trades concerned, and that with incompetent workmen, of lowering their tone and quality, and of weakening them in the battle of international competition. Conscious of this state of affairs, many artisans prefer, if they have the choice,

not to have their sons apprenticed. They get them into the workshops simply as boys, letting them take their chance as to the branch of trade to which they may be put. Where this is permitted by employers, the boys are by the goodwill of foremen and workmen virtually in the position of apprentices as to opportunities for learning. At the same time they have the substantial advantage over bound apprentices, that if before they are twenty-one years of age they "fancy themselves," they can go elsewhere either as journeymen or improvers. In the latter capacity they are likely to obtain varied experience, while their wages, though below journeymen rate, are above apprentice rate. The possibilities of acquiring a trade in this manner are if anything on the increase, and it may be that the question of apprenticeship will settle itself in this manner. If it does not, I would strongly commend the subject to the serious consideration of the artisan powers that be. It is one of vital importance to their class.

As a broad suggestion, I should think that the seven long years of the good old times might be equitably cut down to four in those cases where it was expressly stipulated that the apprentice was to be taught not the whole, but a part only of the art and mystery of his craft. This would tend to induce employers to revert to the practice of teaching the whole mystery. Where it had not that effect it would qualify an artisan as a branch man at a fairer cost than he is now compelled to pay. It would give him fewer years of apprenticeship and more of journeymanhood, or, if he were of that inclining, afford him a wider latitude for picking up a second branch while still young. It may be taken for granted that the narrow-minded among those who had paid a seven years' price for their own trade would be opposed to any reform of this kind; but those who wish to establish reforms must be prepared, not only to meet with, but to ignore narrow-minded and vested interest opposition.

In speaking as I have done of the subdivision of labor, I have of course had no thought of suggesting that it should be done away with. Any such idea would savor of insanity. The sys-

tem is a general and national benefit, a prime source of wealth and comfort. Without the immense multiplication of productive power which it gives us, our supremacy as a manufacturing country would be at an end. All that I have wished to point out is, as I have said, that though a great, it is not an unqualified good. As there is some spirit of good in things evil, so most great goods have their attendant drawbacks. To this rule the good thing that we have in the division of labor is no exception, and I have only laid stress upon the fact because it so happens that here the drawbacks tell chiefly against the artisan classes. The workman who under the subdivision system is trained and kept to one piece of work (perhaps the hundredth part, and not an important part), of some elaborate engine or process, will become wonderfully expert at that work. The celerity and accuracy with which he makes use of the special appliances which in such a case are certain to be provided will probably be as remarkable as the mechanical ingenuity of the appliances themselves. But away from this particular piece of work, or deprived of his special appliances, he is comparatively useless. He has no general knowledge or experience, no facility in turning his hand to different though related operations, no adaptability, no talent for mechanical makeshift or improvisation. There are individual exceptions to this position. Some may have been general hands before settling down as single-job men. Others, appreciating the significance (to them) of the situation, may have privately been at pains to qualify themselves for varying their usefulness, or they may be blessed with a faculty for adapting themselves to modifications of trade environment. Generally speaking, however, the single-job man finds himself very disadvantageously situated in these present times of trade fluctuations and revolutions. The range within which he can hope to find employment at which he can be confident of approving himself of market value is strictly limited, and if by some new invention or change of fashion his special work is superseded, he finds himself in a very unfortunate predicament.

By those who have no practical

knowledge of the workshop life of the artisan classes a good deal of trade romance is indulged in. When some merchant makes it known that in answer to an advertisement for a clerk at a hundred a year he has had a thousand or more applications, newspapers are given to improve the occasion in social leaders. They adorn the tale in a great variety of ways, but they almost invariably point the same moral. This moral is addressed to parents and guardians and runs—Do not put your sons to clerking, apprentice them to handicrafts. The conclusion here may be a sound one, but some of the premises from which it is usually deduced are certainly mistaken and misleading ones. It is assumed that mechanics, unlike clerks, need never be out of employment save by their own will or through their own fault. But this is only intermittently true of any, and is very rarely true of all trades at the same time.

In periods of trade depression—and such periods have increased in frequency and length of late years—thousands of artisans are out of employment, and, as with clerks, some individuals are more unfortunate than others in this respect. Even when trade is moderately brisk it will be found that a considerable percentage of craftsmen are still out of employment. In all the large trades there is a margin of men over and above the average demand. Otherwise it would be impossible to meet the exigencies of occasional spurts and rushes in trade. The latter condition is what constitutes the actual "pull" of the mechanic over the clerk. In most trades there do come times when the demand for skilled workmen in them is fully up to and even in excess of the supply; times in which there is not only work for all hands, but in which wages rule high and there is overtime to be made—times, therefore, which afford an opportunity of in some measure making up for out-of-work periods. Whether such good times would continue to come if the numbers of the surplus clerk population were added to the ranks of the mechanics, is a question that need not be debated here.

The newspaper moralizers speak off-handedly of the skilled workman earning his two or three pounds a week.

That there are artisans who do earn such a rate of pay is most true, but as a general estimate this is decidedly too high. I am not aware that there are any exact statistics bearing on the point, but I feel quite certain that, taking London and the provinces, large towns and small, one trade with another, it would be fully stating, not to say over-stating, the case to put the average earnings of artisans at thirty-five shillings a week.

Again, it is said that the clerk is bound to "keep up an appearance," however inadequate may be his means to that end; the inference left to be drawn being that the artisan has not an appearance to keep up. This impression is a thoroughly erroneous one. True, there are no formulated sumptuary laws regulating artisan apparel either in or out of the workshop, but there are laws of wont and custom that are none the less powerful because they are unwritten. Dress with the mechanic is not a matter of respectability of appearance only, it is an indication of his character as a workman, and is so regarded. The slouchy, out-at-elbow, down-at-heel craftsman will be slouchy, and coarse, and careless over his work. The slouch is the *bête noire* of managers and foremen, the butt of fellow-workmen. He is the last to be taken on, the first to be dismissed. To him are most frequently applied the "tongue dressings" in which some foremen are given to indulge, and he is the man of all others most conscious of deserving and least well situated for resenting such dressings. Other things being at all equal, the man who shows up each Monday morning in clean overalls will be taken on or kept on in preference to the one whose only anxiety—supposing he has any anxiety upon the point at all—is that his unwashed, unwashable, unworkmanlike garments may originally have been of a color calculated "not to show the dirt." Out of the workshop, in what stands to the working class as society, the well-paid artisan who did not dress better than, and differently from, the poorly-paid unskilled laborer would lose caste. Not only his fellow-craftsmen, but the laborers also, would despise him.

With artisans it is *de rigueur* to have

a "customary suit of solemn black" for Sundays and best, and a second-best suit for evening wear. When to the cost of these is added the cost of wear and tear, both by work and washing, of working clothes, it will be evident, I think, that the charges upon the artisan under the head of keeping up appearances must be to the full as heavy as those upon an ordinary clerk. I am not writing in correction of the mistaken notions here adverted to with any view to dissuading parents from putting their sons to trades rather than to clerking. I am no advocate for keeping trades close by anything in the nature of artificial restrictions. There is no need for any policy of that kind. The evolutionary method is distinctively operative on this head, and is all-sufficient. In the breeding of artisans only the fit and fittest develop and survive, and their competition, though it is with each other, is also with employers, and tends on the whole to extend trade and keep up wages. The mere "sticket" or incompetent clerk is not of the fibre of which mechanics are made. As to the stronger grained kinds of youth, if they have any pronounced natural bent for a mechanical calling, they will probably be put to it. If they are indifferent as between clerking and handicraft work, they are quite as likely to succeed—or fail—in the one as the other. At any rate, in the trades there is room enough for all who are fit. In the nature of things the skilled workmen of the country cannot be few, but also in the nature of things they must be fit, otherwise they will as *craftsmen* perish in the struggle for existence.

The above points of relation between clerks and artisans are well worthy of consideration; still, here they are to a certain extent merely by the way. The point of the general comparison, more immediately in the present connection, is that in which the superior *interest* of a mechanical calling is dwelt upon. The advisers of the crowded-out clerks picture the workman rather as an inspired artist than a commonplace artisan. They speak of him as regarding as almost living things the machine which he works and the wonderful engine or apparatus he is helping to construct. They dwell upon the feeling of delight

and consciousness of power which he must experience as the crude material takes form and function under his skilful hands, and suggest that his work must excite in his mind an interest second only to that which agitates an inventor working out his models. His labor is represented as affording him an infinite variety, under which it is impossible for his trade to stale upon him, and contrasted with which the routine work of an office must indeed be wearisome.

This is a very pretty picture, and one of which personally I can only say, Would that it were true! Unfortunately it is not true. Applied to the bulk of the artisan classes, it is the reverse of true. By the system of subdivision of labor, a man is trained to some single piece of work without any reference to a knowledge of the complicated whole of which it may be a simple part. He is kept to that piece of work day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, until—if he is the kind of man who would take an interest in his work under more favorable circumstances—it becomes a weariness of the flesh to him. His limbs and mind become almost automatic in relation to it. He is rung in and out to work at fixed times, is constantly doing the same thing in the same fashion, and working alongside of other men subject to like conditions. He is not allowed to show—in any practical form, at any rate—interest in any work other than his own, as it is accounted a fault for him to be found away from his own post, and much more from his own department.

In this way workshop life becomes thoroughly monotonous, becomes, in Mr. Mantalini's phrase, "One demd horrid grind." A man may work for a lifetime in a tool shop without having any general knowledge of machine construction, or any opportunity of acquiring such knowledge so far as his life in the shop is concerned. Or he may be engaged in a marine or locomotive engine factory, with a similar lack of knowledge of the mechanical principles underlying steam propulsion. So far as his individual powers of output are in question, he may be no worse a workman for this want of general knowledge. Indeed, there are extreme partisans of

the subdivision system who contend that he is all the better a workman for it, just as there are people who will tell you that a household servant is all the better for being unable to read or write, as in that case she will not waste time in reading or be able to possess herself of the contents of your postcards. To an easy-going man the circumscribed conditions and monotony of much of our workshop life may not be particularly irksome, any more than a monotonous office routine would be irksome to an easy-going clerk. Still this does not alter the facts that many of our artisans have to work in a changeless millhorse-like round which is depressing to their intelligence; that the fancy portrait of the British artisan set before the out-of-work clerk as a picture of what he might be is not true to life; and that men, like materials, are deteriorated more by rust than wear.

If as a general thing work could be made interesting to the men and the men be brought to take an interest in the work, it would be better alike for work and workmen; would add to our power and resource as a manufacturing nation. But if it is admitted that only by availing ourselves of the advantages unquestionably inherent in the system of the subdivision of labor can we expect to maintain our lead in international competition—if this is admitted, how, it may be asked, is an intelligent and pleasurable interest in their work to be created in the minds of our craftsmen? The question is an obvious one, not so the answer. Probably there is no complete answer to it. It would be too much to hope that the drawbacks to the subdivision system could be altogether removed. To a certain extent they are, like the advantages of the system, inherent. Moreover, the imperfection of "poor human nature" forbids so full a hope. In the multitude of artisans there are and always will be some weaker brethren, men of muscle and manipulative skill, but so constituted mentally that they have no desire and but little capacity for bringing intelligence to bear upon their work. These are the kind of men, who, if they are by any accident moved out of the one groove in which they have been set running, spoil work for want of putting

a few grains of thought into it, and then tell you that they are not paid to think. They have no trade ambition, no desire for trade knowledge beyond being able to turn out the regulation quantity of work, in the execution of which they have attained an automatical efficiency. The *degree* to which such men become mere machines, mere human tools directed in use by the intelligence of others, is less the fault of the system under which they work than of their character. In a lesser—a much lesser—degree even the better and best types of artisans are mechanicalized by being constantly kept at one piece of work. That as a matter of course, is what is aimed at by and expected from the modern methods of manufacturing organization.

It is more or less true of all men that "their nature is subdued to what it works in." Were it not so, the advantages of subdivision of labor would be non-existent. But with the utmost allowance made on this head it still remains true that our skilled workmen would be more efficient specialists if opportunities were afforded them of acquiring a wider general knowledge of the respective crafts in which they are engaged. The great bulk of them are quite capable of assimilating such knowledge, and would be perfectly willing to acquire it under conditions adapted to their environment. That the acquisition of such knowledge would be beneficial to themselves is certain, and it is equally certain that it would be highly beneficial to the manufacturing interests of the country at large.

That the diffusion of such knowledge among our craftsmen is a consummation devoutly to be wished, none except a few bigots will for a moment doubt. The question is, How is the desirable consummation to be effected? Alterations in the conditions of apprenticeship and more liberal views on the part of artisans themselves with regard to the "every man to his trade" idea would, as already incidentally hinted, tend to increase the sum of technical knowledge among our working mechanics.

The one thing most needful, however, is some well-considered imperial measure of technical education. I say this being quite aware that we already have

what it pleases the official mind to call a Science and Art Department. Three hundred and fifty thousand a year of public money is voted to this department. Its cost of administration is abnormally high even for a Government department, while the effective results of its executive operations are abnormally low—even for a Government department. Its supposed *raison d'être*, or at any rate its supposed chief function, is to afford technical education, in the shape of science and art teaching, to the working classes at large. The intention with which the department was originally instituted was therefore a commendable one, but in relation to the fulfilment of that original intention the department is a delusion and a snare, more particularly in the metropolis. It does plenty of work of a kind, makes a fairly good show on paper, and official persons or some of them would no doubt claim that it has been, and is, a successful institution. But unofficial persons who take an interest in the matter, and are in positions for forming a judgment upon it, are unanimously of opinion that the Science and Art Department, as at present constituted, is a failure. It not merely does not do the work it was intended to do, but the known fact of its existence, coupled with the complacent assumption in official circles that a Government department against which there happens to be no general outcry must of necessity be fulfilling its functions, the lack of evidential results notwithstanding, blocks the way to reform.

The most and best that can be said for the Science and Art Department as it stands, is that it might serve as a basis for some such organic measure of reconstruction as would make its potential means effectively operative to the attainment of the desired end of promoting technical education of a practically applicable character among the working classes.

Within the compass of this article there is not space, nor is there any great need, to discuss the shortcomings of the department in detail. It is sufficient here to point out that as now organized it has resolved itself into a machine for apportioning and distributing grants earned on passes by cramming teachers,

and awarding certificates to cram passed students. These certificates have a certain commercial use and value. They are a necessity to those qualifying for, in their turn, becoming cram teachers under the department; they have a distinct monetary value to elementary teachers taking service under school boards, which pay a few pounds a year more to teachers holding some certain number of science certificates; they are valuable for advertising purposes to the private coach for competitive examinations, and may occasionally be useful to persons associated with mechanical industries in some other than a handicraft capacity. But in the workshop they are in themselves of neither use nor value.

If a working man joins a science class, it is with a wish to obtaining knowledge, not a cardboard certificate. Were the certificate of the department a proof that its possessor had acquired a practical knowledge of a science related to his trade, it would be prized not only for the honor of the thing but on material grounds also. As a matter of fact it is not a proof of this. What in nine cases out of ten it does prove is that the holder was a fairly good "study" for examination business, and that his teacher was a clever crammer and successful at forecasting the run of the examination questions for the year. At cram examination work, in which no room is left for their practical knowledge to be brought to bear, artisans are not good. Compared with other classes of students in Government science and art classes they come out badly in the matter of passes, and though numbers of them join the classes because nothing better of the kind is open to them, they know as a body that these classes as a means of technical education in connection with the handicraft industries are a dismal failure.

And yet such classes, properly organized, might be of incalculable service to the country. The engineering is, I take it, a trade that would be as largely benefited as any by a sound and generally available system of technical education, and that trade has gained more in the way of such education from the institution of the Whitworth scholarships than from all the efforts of the Govern-

ment Science and Art Department. The scholarships have been founded with a princely munificence, but their successful results are less due to this fact than to the judgment and common sense displayed by their founder, Sir Joseph Whitworth, the well-known engineer, as an organizer. The competitive examination for these scholarships is not in the "bookish theoretic" alone, is not mere paper-work answers to a string of examination questions. Here theory and practice are compulsorily combined.

Each candidate has to give proof of his skill in handling the tools and using the materials of his craft, and that in no amateurish fashion. That is the prime condition, and the manipulative skill and the bookish knowledge are so arranged as to act and react upon each other in such a fashion that the competitor whose technical knowledge on the whole is the most practical and the most readily susceptible of being practically applied stands the best chance of success.

Unlike the Science and Art Department certificate, a Whitworth scholarship carries weight with the initiated. A man holding one of these scholarships may with a considerable amount of confidence aspire to the higher positions in the trade, and on this ground men of social standing above the artisan classes, and who aim only at the higher positions, compete for the scholarships. But to qualify for competition they must go into the workshops and acquire a fair degree of manual skill, and if in course of time they do become masters or managers, they will act all the more efficiently in those capacities by reason of their workshop experience. On the other hand, the weight given to practical skill and knowledge in these competitions induces large numbers of apprentices and young journeymen to become competitors; and though of course all cannot obtain scholarships, the large majority of them benefit greatly by the study and practice they undergo in the attempt to win. As workmen they are more capable and intelligent than they would otherwise have been, and their increased worth in these respects is so much gain to the trade generally as well as to themselves individually.

Here we have technical education properly so called wisely and fitly conditioned to the actualities by which alone it can be made nationally of practical effect. From an extension of this method we might reasonably hope to see our artisans improve in value as artisans. It would give an impetus to mechanical invention, and would beyond question increase the extent and prolong the period of our manufacturing supremacy. Here is a pattern for the Government Science and Art Department to remodel itself upon. Seeing that as a Government department it is supported by Imperial funds, it is but just that the educational facilities afforded by it should be so varied as to give others beside the working classes opportunities for benefiting by them. At the same time, the last-named classes should be the chief and special consideration with the department.

The technical instruction of those classes as a work of national importance in relation to our position as a manufacturing country was avowedly the justification for calling the department into existence. That it has not in any adequate fashion fulfilled its beings, end, and aim, that as at present directed it cannot hope to fulfil it, is matter of common notoriety among those who have the best means for forming an opinion upon the point. If it would justify its continued existence, it must show a much greater regard than it has hitherto done to the first principles of its constitution. It must establish science and art classes to which only artisans and apprentices shall be eligible for admission. Not in any spirit of exclusiveness, but with the object of making the instruction practical and specific, of making it bear as directly as may be upon the trades in which the students are engaged, and so arranging it that it may illustrate or receive illustration from the actual or possible operations of the workshop—this is the direction in which the Government department should be made to move if it is to accomplish really satisfactory work, and the sooner it begins to move the better it will be for all concerned.

Already a great deal of valuable time has been lost. Ever since the International Exhibition of 1851 the cry for

technical education for our artisans has been heard in the land, but as yet it has been a case of much cry and little—very little—wool. If peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war, she has also her struggles for victory, little less severe than those of war and often more persistent. Never before have these struggles been so keen, determined, and in their kind so bitter as they are now. In the modern industrial war of nations it may be said there is "no discharge." No country can afford to rest on its laurels. There is no standing still; not to go forward is to go backward.

In so far as we are without a national system of technical education, in so far as we leave our armies of industry unconstructed and untrained in the higher arts of their war, we are not going forward in the fight. So far, England is wanting in her duty to herself. Her slackness here no doubt arises from failure to realize the immense importance of the subject; but the consequences resulting from continued neglect will be none the less dire on that account. Our present attitude in respect to technical education is preparing the way for disaster, if not defeat or disgrace, to our artisan legions. It is foreshadowing a day of lamentation, a time wherein there will be but too good cause to cry that England's industrial glory—and with it much of her national greatness—has departed. With Government the promotion of technical education is clearly a duty. With employers of skilled labor it may not be strictly a duty, but it would certainly be to their interest to aid in the work, and they could, and they would, render very valuable aid.

It is not every employer who has the means, even if he had the will, to follow the example set by Sir Joseph Whitworth. Most masters, however, employing any considerable number of operatives might at very little cost establish evening classes for technical instruction in connection with their workshops. It might be made obligatory upon apprentices to attend such classes, and no doubt numbers of journeymen would join them when they were thus "handy." Teachers and demonstrators could in most instances be found among the

leading *employés*, and the workshops could be made the best of all demonstration theatres.

That the artisan classes as a body have shown themselves unwisely, not to say culpably, apathetic in the matter of technical education is unhappily but too true. They require a good deal of rousing on this head, but they are rousable. If a technical education movement specially adapted to their needs and upon anything like a national scale were organized, they would move with the movement, especially when they began to find—as they soon would do—that those who did not avail themselves of the educational facilities offered would have to take “back seats” in their trades. I have repeatedly heard it argued that all that is required in respect to the scientific training of our artisans is to bring them to see their need of such training and to understand the advantage it would be to them. This done, it is said there would be comparatively little necessity for national effort, the means for individual self-education being abundantly accessible to all who had a desire to attain, and capacity to acquire, technical knowledge. This is true in a measure, but only in a measure. To the average student—and it is the average student who must be considered—systematic instruction under competent teachers is much more fruitful in results than unaided self-study.

Moreover—and this is the important point here—means for scientific self-instruction *suitable to artisans* are not so plentiful as seems to be generally supposed. Technical text-books and treatises abound, it is true, but they are compiled without any reference to the special wants in this wise of operative artisans. They are for the most part mere cram books. The more advanced ones are too purely and absolutely theoretical to suit working-class students, while the elementary ones are too elementary for them, generally being full of descriptions or definitions of the tools with which craftsmen are already perfectly familiar. The classes of students, considered in the existing scientific self-help manuals are not artisans but those who are either cramming for certificate examinations, or those desirous of amusing themselves

with “the guinea box of tools.” So far as book assistance is concerned, the working man’s pursuit of (technical) knowledge is a case of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. What should working men read—with a view to technical culture—is a very difficult question to answer at present. The theorist and the amateur are provided for, but the artisan is not. It would probably not be the least of the benefits resulting from a national movement in favor of technical education, that it would lead to the production of artisan text-books that would justify their title.

In speaking of the absence of technical knowledge among the rank and file, I am not forgetting that our captains of skilled industry stand in the very forefront not only as organizers of labor, but also as practical scientists and mechanicians. But this in itself is no longer sufficient to afford assurances of our being able to maintain our pride of place. The tactics of destructive warfare have not altered more greatly than have the conditions of industrial competition. Prominent among the new conditions is the necessity for rapid changes and modifications in the application of manipulative skill; and to be prepared for this, while still retaining the system of subdivision of labor, it is absolutely essential that our men should have a wider range of technical knowledge. They require to have their trade drill extended, to be—as well as their tools—easily “convertible” to new uses. It is desirable that as troops they should be made capable of more varied movement and combination, that they should by being more technically intelligent be more plastic in the hands of their commanders. And the needed plasticity, the more ready adaptability to the circumstances arising out of revolutionary movements or abnormal developments in industrial operations, can only be gained under a national system of technical instruction.

If our artisans were educated to a higher, more intelligent comprehension of the arts and mysteries of their crafts, if they understood in a broad and practical way the scientific rationale and mechanical organization underlying and governing the ultimate results in which their individual pieces of work are sub-

divisional processes—if our artisans were technically educated up to this point, they would as a body really feel the vivifying interest in their work which at present they are only supposed to experience. They would also have a greater belief and pride in their callings than is entertained by many of them under the existing condition of affairs. This may seem to outsiders a merely sentimental consideration, but as a matter of fact it is of vital importance as affecting the quality of workmen and workmanship.

In every workshop there are numbers of croakers. They are the men who tell you that the "trade" is overstocked, that it is done for, has had its day, is no longer a trade to put a boy to. This is the sort of stuff they *do* talk to boys who have been put to the trade, often with disastrous effects. According to this stamp of man the times are permanently out of joint, and this world no longer a place for mechanics if they will suicidally persist in adding to their numbers. "Look at me," such a man will say; "I speak from experience, I am in the trade, and I know. I have never a penny to bless myself with till pay-day comes; I am as much out of work as in, and never certain of employment from one week to another." This is quite right of himself, and he can point to plenty more like himself. His home is miserable, his family slatternly, himself of poverty-stricken appearance. Foremen are "down upon him," and more successful—or as he puts it more lucky—fellow-workmen regard him with a contemptuous pity.

If he were an average specimen of the "trade," he would indeed be a warning against coming into it, an argument for getting out of it. But he is not an average specimen. Though he tries to figure as a martyr, he is only that stock character, the horrid example. He is one of the hard bargains of his craft, is either a duffer, a slouch, or a boozier, incapable, lazy or drunken, or perhaps all three. The men of this stamp are the residuum of the artisan classes, and among the other beneficial effects of the higher training would be its tendency to squeeze out the residuum. The residual type of workman would not exert

himself to move up, and, as a consequence, his relative worthlessness would be so increased that he would no longer be found worth his salt, even in busy times. He would gradually find himself pressed to a lower than the artisan level, and his loss would be the gain of the trade to which he had been attached.

While the croaker is ever ready to call upon you to look upon *this* picture as embodied in himself, he is careful not to direct attention to *that*, as illustrated by the better, more truly representative artisan. The latter, in times of anything like average briskness in trade, can command good work and good pay all the year round, has a comfortable home, saves money, provides through his benefit and trade clubs for the proverbial rainy day, is in his degree respected because self-respecting, and on the whole is a person rather to be envied than pitied.

It may safely be asserted that there never was a time when there were such opportunities for the mechanic as there are at the present day. Every new discovery or development in the resources of civilization increases the demand for his services. If by such misfortunes as do sometimes befall he finds himself crowded out or superseded in an old country, he is better qualified than most other men to make his way in new countries. In the work of colonization the practical artificer is required almost contemporaneously with the agriculturist, and the need for him increases with every advancing stage of the work. There are plenty of openings for him. The instances in which workmen rise to be masters or managers are innumerable, while even should he remain a journeyman all his life he may still be happy and in all essential respects a gentleman. If he has manliness enough to keep himself free from the taint of the depraving social competition to keep up appearances, he may live comfortably, have leisure to cultivate the graces, and means to enjoy a fair share of the rational pleasures of life.

The working classes of the country could be confidently relied upon to contribute to the success of any movement for once more making the brand "Of English Manufacture" a proud and profitable trade device—a guarantee for

trustworthy workmanship and honest material, for the articles so branded being what they professed to be, or doing what they were supposed to do. There can be no reasonable doubt either that our artisans might with equal confidence be relied upon—again on grounds of self-interest, if from no higher motive—to play the important part that would fall to them in the successful working out of any national scheme for technical education. It is sometimes contended that while English mechanics are undoubtedly more skilful and self-assured than any others in point of manual skill, they are inferior in point of artistic feeling and capacity for assimilating and applying technical knowledge. This opinion must, however, be regarded as merely theoretic, seeing that it is of necessity founded largely if not wholly upon surmise. Save in individual instances, English artisans have had no opportunity of showing to what extent they may be endowed with artistic feeling or perception or a faculty for technical knowledge. It appears to me quite fair to suppose that such perception and faculty, so far as they relate to mechanical work, are very likely to be found in latent association with the admittedly superior natural aptitudes for handicraft skill.

In any case, the time has fully arrived when the subject of a higher training

for our artisans should be taken up as a matter involving national welfare. Though it does not blaze forth in agitation, it is nevertheless a burning question. Prolonged inactivity with respect to it will certainly not prove to be masterly. If the national value of our artisan classes is to remain unrealized or unacted upon; if their position and power is to be determined solely by a cutting-down competition, in which the chief weapons employed are adulteration and scamping; if, in short, things are to be allowed to go on as they have been going, they must in the nature of events go from bad to worse, and the decline and fall of our manufacturing empire is inevitable. If as a nation we shirk our duty, neglect our interest in this matter, we may cynically or selfishly console ourselves with the reflection that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We may with a good show of reason hope and believe that the decline will be slow, that the momentum we have acquired will carry us on for at least our time, and that the after-time is for those who live in it to deal with. None the less we shall be tottering to our fall, and in this age of rapid changes and the frequent occurrence of the unexpected, the fall or something approaching it *might* come suddenly.—*Nineteenth Century.*

DENYS L'AUXERROIS.

BY WALTER PATER.

ALMOST every people, as we know, has had its legend of a "golden age," and of its return—legends which will hardly be forgotten, however prosaic the world may become, while man himself remains the aspiring, never quite contented being he is. And yet in truth, since we are no longer children, we might well question the advantage of the return to us of a condition of life in which, by the nature of the case, the values of things would, so to speak, lie wholly on their surfaces, unless we could regain also the childish consciousness, or rather unconsciousness, in ourselves to take all that adroitly and with

the appropriate lightness of heart. The dream however has been left for the most part in the usual vagueness of dreams: in their waking hours people have been too busy to furnish it forth with details. What follows is a quaint legend, with detail enough, of such a return of a golden or poetically-gilded age (a denizen of old Greece itself actually finding his way back again among men) as it happened in an ancient town of mediæval France.

Of the French town properly so called in which the products of successive ages, not without lively touches of the present, are blended together harmoni-

ously, with a beauty specific—a beauty cispalpine and northern, yet at the same time quite distinct from the massive German picturesque of Ulm, or Freiburg, or Augsburg—and of which Turner has found the ideal in certain of his studies of the rivers of France, a perfectly happy conjunction of river and town being of the essence of its physiognomy—the town of Auxerre is perhaps the most complete realization to be found by the actual wanderer. Certainly for picturesque expression it is the most memorable of a distinguished group of three in these parts—Auxerre, Sens, Troyes—each gathered, as if with deliberate aim at such effect, about the central mass of a huge gray cathedral.

Around Troyes the natural picturesque is to be sought only in the rich, almost coarse, summer coloring of the Champagne country, of which the very tiles, the plaster and brick-work of its tiny villages and great, straggling, village-like farms have caught the warmth. The cathedral, visible far and wide over the fields seemingly of loose wild-flowers, itself a rich mixture of all the varieties of the Pointed style down to the latest *Flamboyant*, may be noticed among the greater French churches for breadth of proportions internally, and is famous for its almost unrivalled treasure of stained glass, chiefly of a florid, elaborate, later type, with much highly conscious artistic contrivance in design as well as in color. In one of the richest of its windows, for instance, certain lines of pearly white run hither and thither, with delightful distant effect, upon ruby and dark blue. Approaching nearer you find it to be a Travellers' window, and those odd lines of white the long walking-staves in the hands of Abraham, Raphael, the Magi, and the other saintly patrons of journeys. The appropriate provincial character of the *bourgeoisie* of Champagne is still to be seen, it would appear, among the citizens of Troyes. Its streets, for the most part in timber and parquetry, present more than one unaltered specimen of the ancient *hôtel* or town-house, with forecourt and garden in the rear; and its more devout citizens would seem even in their church-building to have sought chiefly to please the eyes of those occupied with mundane affairs and out of

doors, for they have finished, with abundant outlay, only the vast, useless portals of their parish churches, of a surprising height and lightness, in a kind of wildly elegant Gothic-on-stilts, giving to the streets of Troyes a peculiar air of the grotesque, as if in some quaint nightmare of the middle age.

At Sens, thirty miles away to the west, a place of far graver aspect, the name of Jean Cousin denotes a more chastened temper, even in these sumptuous decorations. Here all is cool and composed, with an almost English austerity. The first growth of the Pointed style in England—the hard “early English” of Canterbury—is indeed the creation of William, a master reared in the architectural school of Sens; and the severity of his taste might seem to have acted as a restraining power on all the subsequent changes of manner in this place—changes in themselves for the most part toward luxuriance. In harmony with the atmosphere of its great church is the cleanly quiet of the town, kept fresh by little channels of clear water circulating through its streets, derivatives of the rapid Vanne which falls just below into the Yonne. The Yonne, bending gracefully link after link through a never-ending rustle of poplar trees, beneath lowly vine-clad hills, with relics of delicate woodland here and there, sometimes close at hand, sometimes leaving an interval of broad meadow, has all the lightsome characteristics of French river-side scenery on a smaller scale than usual, and might pass for the child's fancy of a river, like the rivers of the old miniature-painters, blue and full to a fair green margin. One notices along its course a greater proportion than elsewhere of still untouched old seignorial residences, larger or smaller. The range of old gibbous towns along its banks, expanding their gay quays upon the water-side, have a common character—Joigny, Villeneuve, Saint Julien-du-Sault,—yet tempt us to tarry at each and examine its relics, old glass and the like, of the Renaissance or the Middle Age, for the acquisition of real though minor lessons on the various arts which have left themselves a central monument at Auxerre.—Auxerre! A slight ascent in the winding road! and you have before you the

prettiest town in France—the broad framework of vineyard sloping gently to the horizon, with distant white cottages inviting one to walk: the quiet curve of river below, with all the riverside details: the three great purple-tiled masses of St. Germain, Saint Pierre, and the cathedral of Saint Étienne, rising out of the crowded houses with more than the usual abruptness and irregularity of French building. Here that rare artist, the susceptible painter of architecture, if he understands the value alike of line and mass, of broad masses and delicate lines, has “a subject made to his hand.”

A veritable country of the vine, it presents nevertheless an expression peaceful rather than radiant. Perfect type of that happy mean between northern earnestness and the luxury of the south, for which we prize midland France, its physiognomy is not quite happy—attractive in part for its melancholy. Its most characteristic atmosphere is to be seen when the tide of light and distant cloud is travelling quickly over it, when rain is not far off, and every touch of art or of time on its old building is defined in clear gray. A fine summer ripens its grapes into a valuable wine; but in spite of that it seems always longing for a larger and more continuous allowance of the sunshine that is so much to its taste. You might fancy something querulous or plaintive in that rustling movement of the vine-leaves, as blue-frocked Jacques Bonhomme finishes his day's labor among them.

To beguile one such afternoon when the rain set in early and walking was impossible, I found my way to the shop of an old dealer in *bric-à-brac*. It was not a monotonous display, after the manner of the Parisian dealer, of a stock-in-trade the like of which one has seen many times over, but a discriminate collection of real curiosities. One seemed to recognize a provincial school of taste in various relics of the house-keeping of the last century, with many a gem of earlier times from the old churches and religious houses of the neighborhood. Among them was a large and brilliant fragment of stained glass which might have come from the cathedral itself. Of the very finest

quality in color and design, it presented a figure not exactly conformable to any recognized ecclesiastical type; and it was clearly part of a series. On my eager inquiry for the remainder, the old man replied that no more of it was known, but added that the priest of a neighboring village was the possessor of an entire set of tapestries, apparently intended for suspension in church, and designed to portray the whole subject of which the figure in the stained glass was a portion.

Next afternoon accordingly I repaired to the priest's house, in reality a little Gothic building, part perhaps of an ancient manor-house, close to the village church. In the front garden, flower-garden and *potager* in one, the bees were busy among the autumn growths—many-colored asters, bignonias, scarlet-beans, and the old-fashioned parsonage flowers. The courteous owner readily showed me his tapestries, some of which hung on the walls of his parlor and staircase by way of a background for the display of the other curiosities of which he was a collector. Certainly, those tapestries and the stained glass dealt with the same theme. In both were the same musical instruments—pipes, cymbals, long reed-like trumpets. The story, indeed, included the building of an organ—just such an instrument, only on a larger scale, as was standing in the old priest's library, though almost soundless now; whereas in certain of the woven pictures the hearers appear as if transported, some of them shouting rapturously to the organ music. A sort of mad vehemence prevails, indeed, throughout the delicate bewilderments of the whole series—giddy dances, wild animals leaping, above all perpetual wreathings of the vine, connecting, like some mazy arabesque, the various presentations of one oft-repeated figure, translated here out of the clear-colored glass into the sadder, somewhat opaque and earthen hues of the silken threads. The figure was that of the organ-builder himself, a flaxen and flowery creature, sometimes well-nigh naked among the vine-leaves, sometimes muffled in skins against the cold, sometimes in the dress of a monk, but always with a strong impress of real character and incident from the veritable streets of Auxerre. What

is it? Certainly, notwithstanding its grace, and wealth of graceful accessories, a suffering, tortured figure. With all the regular beauty of a pagan god, he has suffered after a manner of which we must suppose pagan gods incapable. It was as if one of those fair, triumphant beings had cast in his lot with the creatures of an age later than his own, people of larger spiritual capacity and assuredly of a larger capacity for melancholy. With this fancy in my mind, by the help of certain notes which lay in the priest's curious library upon the history of the works at the cathedral during the period of its finishing, and in repeated examination of the old tapestried designs, the story shaped itself at last.

Toward the middle of the thirteenth century the cathedral of Saint Étienne was complete in its main outlines: what remained was the building of the great tower, and all that various labor of final decoration which it would take more than one generation to accomplish. Certain circumstances, however, not wholly explained, led to a somewhat rapid finishing, as it were, out of hand, yet with a marvellous fulness at once and grace. Of the result much has perished, or been transferred elsewhere; a portion is still visible in sumptuous relics of stained windows, and, above all, in the reliefs which adorn the western portals, very delicately carved in a fine, firm stone from Tonnerre, of which time has only browned the surface, and which, for early mastery in art, may be compared to the contemporary work of Italy. They come nearer than the art of that age was used to do to the expression of life; with a feeling for reality, in no ignoble form, caught, it might seem, from the ardent and full-veined existence then current in these actual streets and houses. Just then Auxerre had its turn in that political movement which broke out sympathetically, first in one, then in another of the towns of France, turning their narrow, feudal institutions into a free, communistic life—a movement of which those great centres of popular devotion, the French cathedrals, are in many instances the monument. Closely connected always with the assertion of individual freedom, alike in mind and manners, at

Auxerre this political stir was associated also, as cause or effect, with the figure and character of a particular personage, long remembered. He was the very genius, it would appear, of that new, free, generous manner in art, active and potent as a living creature.

As the most skilful of the band of carvers worked there one day, with a labor he could never quite make equal to the vision within him, a finely sculptured Greek coffin of stone, which had been made to serve for some later Roman funeral, was unearched by the masons, with the thing done and art achieved, as far as regards those final graces and harmonies of execution, which were precisely what lay beyond the hand of the mediæval workman, who for his part had largely at command a seriousness of conception lacking in the old Greek. Within the coffin lay an object of a fresh and brilliant clearness among the ashes of the dead—a flask of lively green glass, like a great emerald. It might have been the wondrous vessel of the Grail. Only, this object seemed to bring back no ineffable purity, but rather the riotous and earthy heat of old paganism itself. Coated within, and, as some were persuaded, still redolent with the tawny sediment of the Roman wine it had held so long ago, it was set aside for use at the supper which was shortly to celebrate the completion of the masons' work. Amid much talk of the great age of old, and some random expressions of hope that it might return again, fine old wine of Auxerre was sipped in small glasses from the precious flask as supper ended. And, whether or not the opening of the buried vessel had anything to do with it, from that time a sort of golden age seemed indeed to be reigning there for a while, and the triumphant completion of the great church was contemporary with a series of remarkable wine seasons. The vintage of those years was long remembered. Fine and abundant wine was to be found stored up even in poor men's cottages; while a new beauty, a gayety, was abroad, as all the conjoint arts branched out exuberantly in a reign of quiet, delighted labor, at the prompting, as it seemed, of the singular being who came suddenly and oddly to Auxerre to be the centre of so pleasant

a period, though in truth he made but a sad ending.

A singular usage long perpetuated itself at Auxerre. On Easter-day the canons, in the very centre of the great church, played solemnly at ball. Vespers being sung, instead of conducting the bishop to his palace, they proceeded in order into the nave, the people standing in two long rows to watch. Girding up their skirts a little way, the whole body of clerics awaited their turn in silence, while the captain of the singing-boys cast the ball into the air, as high as he might, along the vaulted roof of the central aisle to be caught by any boy who could, and tossed again with hand or foot till it passed on to the portly chanters, the chaplains, the canons themselves, who finally played out the game with all the decorum of an ecclesiastical ceremony. It was just then, just as the canons took the ball to themselves so gravely, that Denys—Denys l'Auxerrois, as he was afterward called—appeared for the first time. Leaping in among the timid children, he made the thing really a game. The boys played like boys, the men almost like madmen, and all with a delightful glee which became contagious, first in the clerical body, and then among the spectators. The aged Dean of the Chapter, protonotary of his Holiness, held up his purple skirt a little higher, and stepping from the ranks with an amazing levity, as if suddenly relieved of his burden of eighty years, tossed the ball with his foot to the venerable capitular Homilist, equal to the occasion. And then, unable to stand inactive any longer, the laity carried on the game among themselves, with shouts of not too boisterous amusement; the sport continuing till the flight of the ball could no longer be traced along the dusky aisles.

Though the home of his childhood was but a humble one—one of those little cliff-houses cut out in the low chalky hill-side, such as are still to be found with inhabitants in certain districts of France—there were some who connected his birth with the story of a beautiful country girl, who, about eighteen years before, had been taken from her own people, not unwillingly, for the pleasure of the Count of Auxerre. She

had wished indeed to see the great lord, who had sought her privately, in the glory of his own house; but, terrified by the strange splendors of her new abode and manner of life, and the anger of the true wife, she had fled suddenly from the place during the confusion of a violent storm, and in her flight given birth prematurely to a child. The child, a singularly fair one, was found alive, but the mother dead, by lightning-stroke as it seemed, not far from her lord's chamber-door, under the shelter of a ruined ivy-clad tower. Denys himself certainly was a joyous lad enough. At the cliff-side cottage, nestling actually beneath the vineyards, he grew to be an unrivalled gardener, and, grown to manhood, brought his produce to market, keeping a stall in the great cathedral square for the sale of melons and pomegranates, all manner of seeds and flowers (*omnia speciosa camporum*), honey also, wax tapers, sweetmeats hot from the frying-pan, rough home-made pots and pans from the little pottery in the wood, loaves baked by the aged woman in whose house he lived. On that Easter-day he had entered the great church for the first time, for the purpose of seeing the game.

And from the very first, the women who saw him at his business, or watering his plants in the cool of the evening, idled for him. The men who noticed the crowd of women at his stall, and how even fresh young girls from the country, seeing him for the first time, always loitered there, suspected—who could tell what kind of powers? hidden under the white veil of that youthful form; and pausing to ponder the matter, found themselves also fallen into the snare. The sight of him made old people feel young again. Even the sage monk Hermes, devoted to study and experiment, was unable to keep the fruit-seller out of his mind, and would fain have discovered the secret of his charm, partly for the friendly purpose of explaining to the lad himself his perhaps more than natural gifts with a view to their profitable cultivation.

It was a period, as older men took note, of young men and their influence. They took fire, no one could quite explain how, as if at his presence, and asserted a wonderful amount of volition,

of insolence, yet as if with the consent of their elders, who would themselves sometimes lose their balance, a little comically. That revolution in the temper and manner of individuals concurred with the movement then on foot at Auxerre, as in other French towns, for the liberation of the *commune* from its old feudal superiors. Denys they called *Frank*, among many other nicknames. Young lords prided themselves on saying that labor should have its ease, and were almost prepared to take freedom, plebeian freedom (of course duly decorated at least with wildflowers) for a bride. For in truth Denys at his stall was turning the grave, slow movement of politic heads into a wild social license, which for a while made life like a stage-play. He first led those long processions, through which by and by "the little people," the discontented, the despairing, would utter their minds. One man engaged with another in talk in the market-place; a new influence came forth at the contact; another and then another adhered; at last a new spirit was abroad everywhere. The hot nights were noisy with swarming troops of dishevelled women and youths with red-stained limbs and faces, carrying their lighted torches over the vine-clad hills, or rushing down the streets, to the horror of timid watchers, toward the cool spaces by the river. A shrill music, a laughter at all things, was everywhere. And the new spirit repaired even to church to take part in the novel offices of the Feast of Fools. Heads flung back in ecstasy—the morning sleep among the vines, when the fatigue of the night was over—dew-drenched garments—the serf lying at his ease at last;—the artists, then so numerous at the place, caught what they could, something at least, of the richness, the flexibility, of the visible aspects of life from all this. With them the life of seeming idleness, to which Denys was conducting the youth of Auxerre so pleasantly, counted but as the cultivation, for their due service to man, of delightful natural things. And the powers of nature concurred. It seemed there would be winter no more. The planet Mars drew nearer to the earth than usual, hanging in the low sky like a fiery red lamp. A massive but well-nigh lifeless

vine on the wall of the cloister, allowed to remain there only as a curiosity on account of its immense age, in that *great* season, as it was long after called, clothed itself with fruit once more. The culture of the grape greatly increased. The sunlight fell for the first time on many a spot of deep woodland cleared for vine-growing; though Denys, a lover of trees, was careful to leave a stately specimen of forest growth here and there.

When his troubles came, one characteristic that had seemed most amiable in his prosperity was turned against him, a fondness for oddly grown or even misshapen, yet potentially happy, children; for odd animals also; he sympathized with them all, was skilful in healing their maladies, saved the hare in the chase, and sold his mantle to redeem a lamb from the butcher. He taught the people not to be afraid of the strange ugly creatures which the light of the moving torches drew from their hiding places, nor think it a bad omen that they approached. He tamed a veritable wolf to keep him company like a dog. It was the first of many ambiguous circumstances about him, from which, in the minds of an increasing number of people, a deep suspicion and hatred began to define itself. The rich *bestiary*, then compiling in the library of the great church, became, through his assistance, nothing less than a garden of Eden—the garden of Eden grown wild. The owl alone he abhorred. A little later, partly as if in revenge, alone of all animals it clung to him, haunting him persistently among the dusky stone towers, when grown gentler than ever he dared not kill it. He moved unhurt in the famous *ménagerie* of the castle, of which the common people were so much afraid, and led out the lions, themselves timid prisoners enough, through the streets during the fair. The incident suggested to the somewhat barren penmen of the day a "morality" adapted from the old pagan books,—a stage-play in which the God of Wine should return in triumph from the East. In the cathedral square the pageant was presented, amid an intolerable noise of every kind of pipe-music, with Denys in the chief part, upon a gayly-painted chariot, in soft silken raiment and, for head-dress,

a strange elephant scalp with gilded tusks.

And that unrivalled fairness and freshness of aspect—how did he alone preserve it untouched, through the wind and heat? In truth, it was not by magic, as some said, but by a natural simplicity in his living. When that dark season of his troubles came he was heard begging querulously one wintry night, "Give me wine, meat; dark wine and brown meat!" come back to the rude door of his old home in the cliff-side. Till that time the great vine-dresser himself drank only water; he had lived on spring water and fruit. A lover of fertility in all its forms, in what did but suggest it, he was curious and penetrative concerning the habits of water, and had the secret of the divining rod. Long before it came he could detect the scent of rain from afar, and would climb with delight to the great scaffolding on the unfinished tower to watch its coming over the thirsty vine-land, till it rattled on the great tiled roof of the church below; and then, throwing off his mantle, allow it to bathe his limbs freely, clinging firmly against the tempestuous wind among the carved imageries of dark stone.

It was on his sudden return after a long journey (one of many inexplicable disappearances) coming back changed somewhat, that he ate flesh for the first time, tearing the hot, red morsels with his delicate fingers in a kind of wild greed. He had fled to the south from the first forbidding days of a hard winter which came at last. At the great seaport of Marseilles he had trafficked with sailors from all parts of the world, from Arabia and India, and bought their wares, exposed now for sale, to the wonder of all, at the Easter-fair—richer wines and incense than had been known in Auxerre, seeds of marvellous new flowers, creatures wild and tame, new pottery painted in raw gaudy tints, the skins of animals, meats fried with unheard-of condiments. His stall formed a strange unwonted patch of color, found suddenly displayed in the hot morning.

The artists were more delighted than ever, and frequented his company in the little manorial habitation, deserted long since by its owners and haunted,

so that the eyes of many looked evil upon it, where he had taken up his abode; attracted, in the first instance, by its rich though neglected garden, a tangle of every kind of creeping vine-like plant. Here, surrounded in abundance by the pleasant materials of his trade, the vine-dresser as it were turned pedant and kept school for the various artists, who learned here an art supplementary to their own,—that gay magic, namely (art or trick) of his existence, till they found themselves grown into a kind of aristocracy, like veritable *gens fleur-de-lisés*, as they worked together for the decoration of the great church and a hundred other places beside. And yet a darkness had grown upon him. The kind creature had lost something of his gentleness. Strange motiveless misdeeds had happened; and, at a loss for other causes, not the envious only would fain have traced the blame to Denys. He was making the younger world mad. Would he make himself Count of Auxerre? The lady Ariane, deserted by her former lover, had looked kindly upon him; was ready to make him son-in-law to the old count her father, old and not long for this world. The wise monk Hermes bethought him of certain old readings in which the Wine-god, whose part Denys had played so well had his contrast, his dark or antipathetic side; was like a double creature of two natures, difficult or impossible to harmonize. And in truth the much-prized wine of Auxerre has itself but a fugitive charm, being apt to sicken and turn gross long before the bottle is empty, however carefully sealed; as it goes indeed, at its best, by hard names, among those who grow it, such as *Chainette* and *Migraine*.

A kind of degeneration, of coarseness—the coarseness of satiety and shapeless battered-out appetite—with an almost savage taste for carnivorous diet, had come over the company. A rumor went abroad of certain women who had drowned in mere wantonness their newborn babes. A girl with child was found hanged by her own act in a dark cellar. Ah! if Denys also had not felt himself mad! But when the guilt of a murder, committed with a great vine-axe far out among the vineyards, was attributed vaguely to him, he could but wonder

whether it had been indeed thus, and the shadow of a fancied crime abode with him. People turned against their favorite, whose former charms must now be counted only as the fascinations of witchcraft. It was as if the wine poured out for them had soured in the cup. The golden age had indeed come back for a while—golden was it, or gilded only, after all? and they were too sick, or at least too serious, to carry through their parts in it. The monk Hermes was whimsically reminded of that *after-thought* in pagan poetry, of a Wine-god who had been in hell. Denys certainly, with all his flaxen fairness about him, was manifestly a sufferer. At first he thought of departing secretly to some other place. Alas! his wits were too far gone for certainty of success in the attempt. He feared to be brought back a prisoner. Those fat years were over. It was a time of scarcity. The working people might not eat and drink of the good things they had helped to store away. Tears rose in the eyes of needy children, of old or weak people like children, as they woke up again and again to sunless frost-bound, ruinous mornings; and the little hungry creatures went prowling after scattered hedge-nuts or dried vine-tendrils. Mysterious, dark rains prevailed throughout the summer. The great offices of Saint John were fumbled through in a sudden darkness of unseasonable storm, which greatly damaged the carved ornaments of the church, the bishop reading his midday mass by the light of the little candle at his book. And then, one night, the night which seemed literally to have swallowed up the shortest day in the year, a plot was contrived by certain persons to take Denys as he went and kill him privately for a sorcerer. He could hardly tell how he escaped, and found himself safe in his earliest home, the cottage in the cliff-side, with such a big fire as he delighted in burning upon the hearth. They made a little feast as well as they could for the beautiful hunted creature, with abundance of wax-lights.

And at last the clergy bethought themselves of a remedy for this evil time. The body of Saint Edme had lain neglected somewhere under the flagstones of the sanctuary. This must be

piously exhumed, and provided with a shrine worthy of it. The goldsmiths, the jewellers and lapidaries, set diligently to work, and no long time after the shrine, like a little cathedral with portals and tower complete, stood ready, its chiselled gold framing panels of rock crystal, on the great altar. Many bishops arrived with King Lewis the Saint himself, accompanied by his mother, to assist at the search for and disinterment of the sacred relics. In their presence, the bishop of Auxerre, in vestments of deep red in honor of the relics, blessed the new shrine, according to the office *De benedictione capsarum pro reliquiis*. The pavement of the choir, removed amid a surging sea of lugubrious chants, all persons fasting, discovered—as if it had been a battle-field of mouldering human remains. Their odor rose plainly above the plentiful clouds of incense, such as was used in the King's private chapel. The search for the Saint himself continued in vain all day and far into the night. At last from a little narrow chest, into which the remains had been almost crushed together, the bishop's red-gloved hands drew the dwindled body, shrunken inconceivably, but still with every feature of the face traceable in a sudden oblique ray of ghastly dawn.

That shocking sight, after a sharp fit as if a demon were going out of him, as he rolled on the turf of the cloister, to which he had fled alone from the suffocating church where the crowd still awaited the Procession of the relics and the mass *De reliquiis quæ continentur in Ecclesiis*, seemed indeed to have cured the madness of Denys, but certainly did not restore his gayety. He was left a subdued, silent, melancholy creature. Turning now, with an odd revulsion of feeling, to gloomy objects, he picked out a ghastly shred from the common bones on the pavement to wear about his neck, and in a little while found his way to the monks of Saint Germain, who gladly received him into their workshop, though secretly in fear of his foes.

The busy tribe of variously gifted artists, laboring rapidly at the many works on hand for the final embellishment of the cathedral of Saint Étienne, made those conventual buildings just then cheerful enough to lighten a mel-

ancholy heavy even as that of our friend Denys. He took his place among the workmen, a conventual novice; a novice also as to whatever concerns any actual handicraft. He could but compound sweet incense for the sanctuary. And yet, again by merely visible presence, he made himself felt in all the varied exercise around him of those arts which address themselves first of all to sight. He defined unconsciously, a manner, alike of feeling and expression, to those skilful hands at work day by day with the chisel, the pencil, or the needle, in many an enduring form of exquisite fancy. In three successive phases or fashions might be traced, especially in the carved work, the humors he had determined. There was first wild gayety, exuberant in a wreathing of life-like imageries, from which nothing really present in nature was excluded. That, as the soul of Denys darkened, had passed into obscure regions of the satiric, the grotesque and coarse. But from this time there was manifest, with no loss of power or effect, a well-assured seriousness, somewhat jealous and exclusive; not so much in the selection of the material on which the arts were to work, as in the precise sort of expression that should be induced upon it. It was as if the gay old pagan world had been blessed in some way; and was seen most clearly in the rich miniature work of the manuscripts of the capitular library—a marvellous Ovid, especially, upon the pages of which those old loves and sorrows seemed to come to life again in mediæval costume, as Denys, in cowl now and with tonsured head, leaned over the painter, and by a kind of visible sympathy, often unspoken, led his work, rather than by any formal comment.

Above all, there was a desire abroad to attain the instruments of a freer and more various sacred music than had been in use hitherto—a music that might express the whole compass of souls now grown to manhood. Auxerre, indeed, then as afterward, was famous for its liturgical music. It was Denys, at last, to whom the thought occurred of combining in a fuller tide of music all the instruments then in use. Like the Wine-god of old, he had been a lover

and patron especially of the music of the pipe, in all its varieties. Here, too, there had been evident those three fashions or "modes." First, the simple and pastoral, the homely note of the pipe, like the piping of the wind itself from off the distant fields; then the wild, savage din, that had cost so much to quiet people, and driven excitable people mad. Now he would compose all this to sweeter purposes; and the building of the first organ became like the book of his life; it expanded to the full compass of his nature, in its sorrow and delight. In long, enjoyable days of wind and sun by the river-side, the seemingly half-witted "brother" sought and found the needful varieties of reed. The carpenters, under his instruction, set up the great wooden passages for the thunder; while the little pipes of paste-board simulated the sound of the human voice singing to the victorious notes of the long metal trumpets. At times, this also, as people heard night after night those wandering sounds, seemed like the work of a madman, though they awoke sometimes in wonder at snatches of a new, an unmistakable new music. It was the triumph of all the various modes of the power of the pipe, tamed, ruled, united. On the painted shutters of the organ-case Apollo with his lyre in his hand, as lord of the strings, seemed to look askance on the music of the reed, in all the jealousy with which he put Marsyas to death so cruelly.

Meantime the people, even his enemies, seemed to have forgotten him. Enemies, in truth, they still were, ready to take his life should the opportunity come; as he perceived when at last he ventured forth on a day of public ceremony. The bishop was to pronounce a blessing upon the foundations of a new bridge, designed to take the place of the ancient Roman bridge which, repaired in a thousand places, had hitherto served for the chief passage of the Yonne. It was as if the disturbing of that time-worn masonry let out the dark spectres of departed times. Deep down, at the core of the central pile, a painful object was exposed—the skeleton of a child, placed there alive, it was rightly surmised, in the superstitious belief that, by way of vicarious substitution, its death would secure the

safety of all who should pass over. There were some who found themselves, with a little surprise, looking round as if for a similar pledge of security in their new undertaking. It was just then that Denys was seen plainly, standing in all essential features precisely as of old upon one of the great stones prepared for the foundation of the new building. For a moment he felt the eyes of the people upon him full of this strange humor, and with characteristic alertness, after a rapid gaze over the gray city in its broad green frame of vineyards, best seen from this spot, flung himself down into the water and disappeared from view where the stream flowed most swiftly below a row of flour-mills. Some indeed fancied they had seen him emerge again safely on the deck of one of the great boats, loaded with grapes and wreathed triumphantly with flowers like a floating garden, which were then bringing down the vintage from the country; but generally the people believed their strange enemy now at last departed forever. Denys in truth was at work again in peace at the cloister, upon his house of reeds and pipes. At times his fits came upon him again; and when they came, for his cure he would dig eagerly, turned sexton now, digging by choice graves for the dead in the various church-yards of the town. There were those who had seen him thus employed (that form seeming still to carry the sunlight upon it) peering into the darkness, while his tears fell sometimes among the grim relics his mattock had disturbed.

In fact, from the day of the exhumation of the body of the saint in the great church, he had had a wonderful curiosity for such objects, and one wintry day bethought him of removing the body of his mother from the unconsecrated ground in which it lay, that he might bury it in the cloister near the spot where he now worked. At twilight he came over the frozen snow. As he passed through the stony barriers of the place the world around seemed curdled to the centre—all but himself, fighting his way across it, turning now and then right-about from the persistent wind, which dealt so roughly with his blond hair and the purple mantle whirled about him. The bones, hastily gath-

ered, he placed, awfully but without ceremony, in a hollow space prepared secretly within the grave of another.

Meantime the winds of his organ were ready to blow; and with difficulty he obtained grace from the Chapter for a trial of its powers on a notable public occasion, as follows. A singular guest was expected at Auxerre. In recompense for some service rendered to the Chapter in times gone by, the Sire de Chastellux had the hereditary dignity of a canon of the church. On the day of his reception he presented himself at the entrance of the choir in surplice and amice worn over the military habit. The old count of Chastellux was lately dead, and the heir had announced his coming according to custom to claim his ecclesiastical privilege. There had been long feud between the houses of Chastellux and Auxerre; but on this happy occasion an offer of peace came with a proposal for the hand of the Lady Ariane.

The goodly young man arrived, and, duly arrayed, was received into his stall at vespers, the bishop assisting. It was then that the people heard the music of the organ, rolling over them for the first time, with various feelings of delight. But the performer on and author of the instrument was forgotten in his work, and there was no reinstatement of the former favorite. The religious ceremony was followed by a civic festival, in which Auxerre welcomed its future lord. The festival would end at night-fall with a somewhat rude popular pageant, in which the person of Winter would be hunted blindfold through the streets. It was the sequel to that old stage-play of the Return from the East in which Denys had been the central figure. The old forgotten player saw his part before him, and, as if mechanically, fell again into the chief place, monk's dress and all. It might restore his popularity: who could tell? Hastily he donned the ashen-gray mantle, the rough hair-cloth about the throat, and went through the preliminary play. And it happened that a point of the hair-cloth scratched his lip deeply, with a long trickling of blood upon the chin. It was as if the sight of blood transported the spectators with a kind of mad rage, and suddenly revealed to them the truth.

The pretended hunting of the unholy creature became a real one, which brought out in rapid increase men's evil passions. The soul of Denys was already at rest, as his body, now borne along in front of the crowd, was tossed hither and thither, torn at last limb from limb. The men stuck little shreds of his flesh, or, failing that, of his torn raiment, into their caps; the women lending their long hair-pins for the purpose. The monk Hermes sought in vain next day for any remains of the body of his friend. Only, at nightfall, the heart of Denys was brought to him

by a stranger, still entire. It must long since have mouldered into dust under the stone, marked with a cross, where he buried it in a dark corner of the cathedral aisle.

So the figure in the stained glass explained itself. To me, Denys seemed to have been a real resident at Auxerre. On days of a certain atmosphere, when the trace of the Middle Age comes out like old marks in the stones in rainy weather, I seemed actually to have seen the tortured figure there—to have met Denys l'Auxerrois in the streets.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

STATESMEN OF EASTERN EUROPE.

M. DE GIERS—COUNT ANDRASSY—COUNT KALNOKY—M. DE KALLAY—M. TISZA—COUNT APFONYI—COUNT TAAFFE—M. GARASCHANIN—M. RISTICS—M. ZANKOFF—M. KARAVELOFF—COUNT ROBILANT.

To the English newspaper reader most of the names of foreign statesmen that recur daily in the telegraphic intelligence are mere names, and nothing else. Bismarck we know, and we are also acquainted with most French politicians to the third and fourth degrees of mediocrity; but few could "put faces" on to the names of De Giers, Kalnoky, Andrassy, Tisza, Taaffe, Karaveloff, Garaschanin, Robilant, and others, whose power or influence extends over the larger half of Europe—men who are important factors in all international calculations, and who ought not, therefore, to be to our people unknown quantities.

It is the more desirable that the characteristics of the leading Continental statesmen should be generally known among us, as the discussion of foreign affairs from the party point of view has been carried on during the last ten years with the most injurious national consequences. There were signs of a return to a better state of things during the late foreign administration of Lord Rosebery, who not only continued his predecessor's Eastern policy, but had the sense and courage to declare publicly* that there were no party politics at the Foreign Office. This is as it should be, and as it was in England

from the time when Fox committed the fatal mistake—so dearly expiated afterward by the Whigs—of siding with England's enemies against Pitt, down to the time when Mr. Gladstone made himself the advocate of Russia against Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Gladstone's error has since been repented of, if not by himself at least by many of his party, for it caused England to be completely isolated in Europe, and nearly led us into a great war in which we should have fought without a friend. This error, however, could never have been pushed to the dangerous extreme of breaking the continuity of our foreign policy—as it was broken in 1880—had there been a more accurate knowledge among our politicians as to the characters, antecedents, and personal aims of the principal Continental statesmen.

Here the name of M. de Giers starts up, and it is a name that must be mentioned with respect, for M. de Giers is the most honest and pacific minister Russia has ever had at its foreign office. But he has no real power. For a long time secretary to Prince Gortschakoff, he succeeded the latter as minister, but not as chancellor—his nomination being due primarily to his admirable business capacities, secondly to his most agreeable manners, and thirdly to the fact that the Czar wished to keep the foreign policy of the Empire under his own

* Trinity House Banquet, 1886.

control. This would not have been possible had a man like Ignatieff, or Count Peter Schouwaloff or Prince Lobanoff been appointed. There is an intuition in the Czar's mind that the next great war in which Russia embarks will settle the destinies of the dynasty and empire for half a century, and his Majesty does not wish to be dragged into this war blindfolded by a minister playing for his own hand. It must be added that the Czar, with some personal admiration for Mr. Gladstone, and much reliance on that statesman's complacency toward Pan Slavist aims, for a time favored the idea that Russia might prosecute several of her designs with England's active or passive concurrence.

The new minister's appointment, however, baulking the hopes of the Muscovite war party, was far from popular. M. de Giers comes from a Swedish-Fin family of Jewish extraction. He is a slight, careworn-looking man, with haggard eyes, thin hands, and a nervous smile. Modest in demeanor, melancholy in mood, and kind to a fault, he is liked but not feared by the officials and diplomatists of his department, who are accustomed to find in him the greatest indulgence for all blunders or breaches of duty. A gentle rebuke for failure, a shake of the head for excess of zeal, is all they have to dread. This is the minister whom haughty Grand Dukes, intriguing Pan Slavists and impatient generals sneer at as "the Jew." Unfortunately M. de Giers, who is by nature benevolent, cautious and truthful, is mostly engaged in assuming responsibilities and inventing explanations for acts committed without his approval or cognizance, either by the Czar himself or by men whose exploits the Czar has been induced to condone.

After the Penjdeh incident M. de Giers tendered his resignation in a cabinet council. Alexander III. brought down his huge hand with a slap on the council table, and cried: "We are not in a constitutional country, and you will remain in office as long as I want you." This incident gives the measure of M. de Giers's power. He is the Emperor's servant, and a faithful servant. He disapproved of the policy followed by

Russia in the Bulgarian question, and most particularly the striking of Prince Alexander's name off the Russian army list; but he had to shape the course of the foreign office in the direction suggested by the Czar's deep personal animosity against Prince Alexander. So it will be to the end. The great *coups* of Russian policy are not advised by M. de Giers: his business is to pick up and put together the broken pieces when the blow has caused unexpected and useless damage. The Czar trusts his prudence, and is occasionally influenced by his timidity; but in general his Majesty acts on his own headstrong impulses, and the day must come when one of these will bring him into collision with England or Austria, or with both. On that day M. de Giers will probably be superseded by a minister more resolute in counsel. Meanwhile, if he ever have warlike proclivities at all, they are rather against Austria than England. With free Protestant England he has, as a Swede, some inborn affinities: with Catholic, over-armed and ever-suspicious Austria, none.

The Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs since 1881 has been Count Gustav Kalnoky, who succeeded Baron Haymérié. The latter, who died in office quite suddenly of heart disease, was no statesman, but a bureaucrat. He was elevated to his high post on the mysterious and still unexplained resignation of Count Julius Andrassy, who, though out of office, remains by far the most capable authority on foreign affairs in Austria-Hungary. It must here be recalled that Austria and Hungary having each its separate parliament and cabinet, the minister for the foreign affairs of the whole empire is not a parliamentary minister, but is responsible only to the delegations of both parliaments, which meet every year for a short session alternately at Vienna and Buda-Pesth. During eleven months out of the twelve he is responsible only to the Emperor. If the parliaments object to his policy, they can only attack him indirectly by interpellations addressed to their respective prime ministers.*

* The Imperial Ministers of War and Finance stand in the same case.

Count Frederick Ferdinand Beust was the first minister for foreign affairs after the establishment of the dual system in 1867. He held the title of chancellor of the empire, which is now in abeyance. At that time Count Julius Andrassy* was prime minister in Hungary.

Andrassy was one of the insurgents of 1848-9, and when the Hungarian rebellion was put down by Russian aid, he had to fly and was hanged in effigy. After this he lived for ten years in England and France—not settling again in his country until after the disastrous Austro-French war of 1859 and the subsequent revolt of the Italian states at Garibaldi's call had compelled the Emperor Francis Joseph to conciliate his subjects by the grant of a constitution. But the constitution of 1860 was not to the taste of the Hungarians, and they refused to sit in the Imperial Parliament of Vienna. Their opposition might have been overborne had the Emperor been honestly bent on founding constitutionalism, but the reactionary party at Court soon persuaded him to take away with one hand what he had given with the other. To a very brief period of constitutional experiment succeeded the rule of Baron Bach, who made a last desperate attempt to Germanize Hungary. Those were the days when out of protest to the German connection every man and woman in the Magyar land wore the national costume; now obsolete except among the peasantry. A party in Hungary—and Andrassy was of the number—still thought that Austrians and Hungarians might be reconciled if genuine parliamentary government were granted, and if the Hungarians obtained at the same time a full restoration of all their local privileges in civil and religious matters;† but a

larger party were agitating for an absolute separation between the two countries—the Emperor of Austria, however, to remain King of Hungary, after a regular coronation. Hereupon the war of 1866 between Austria and Prussia took place. Austria humbled in the dust could only preserve her hold upon the various nationalities united to her by making large concessions to nationalist feeling, and as there seemed to be no statesman at Vienna competent to inaugurate the new policy, Baron Beust was summoned from Dresden. By this time, however, things had come to such a pass that Beust was thought to have made a good bargain with the Hungarians when Deák consented in their name to accept dualism instead of separation.

Count Andrassy was eminently fitted to be the chief of the first Hungarian cabinet. He was, and is to this day, the most typical impersonation of the Magyar nobleman. Of middle height, and elegant figure, with curly hair, hussar-like mustache and beard, a flashing eye, bright smile, and ready tongue, he bears himself gallantly, and his actions, like his talk, are full of dash. His quickness of repartee is as the straight thrust of a skilled fencer; but when he lays himself out to convince instead of sparring, the charm of his manner, the sparkling fun of his jests, and the purring, persuasive tones of his confidential appeals are all irresistible. A thorough patriot, Andrassy had learned in exile that in order to consolidate the position which his country had won, he must rest it on a broad and firm basis of popular liberties. Even now the Hungarians enjoy far more freedom than the Austrians. In one country parliamentary government is a solid reality, in the other a sham. In Austria newspapers can be confiscated and public meetings for political objects can be interdicted; in Hungary there is freedom of the press and unlimited right of public meeting. All this the Hungarians owe to the spirited and enlightened policy which Andrassy adopted from the very outset of his administration, his object being to place the Hungarian constitution at once and

liberty of conscience against the spiritual ascendancy and tyranny of the Ultramontanes of Vienna.

* Born 1823.

† The Roman Catholic Church in Hungary has always maintained a very independent attitude toward Rome, and declined to enter into the Concordat signed by Austria in 1855. There are, moreover, more than three million Protestants in Hungary, mostly Calvinists; whereas in Austria there are but 401,000. The members of the various Greek churches number over four millions; there are 55,000 Unitarians, and 638,000 Jews. The conflict between Austria and Hungary was religious as much as civil, for the Hungarians fought for

forever beyond reach of encroachments on the part of Viennese courtier statesmen.

But it was not enough to destroy Vienna's political supremacy; it was urgent to make Buda-Pesth a rival to Vienna as a social centre, and this Andrassy effected by persuading all the wealthy Hungarian magnates to transfer their town residences to the new capital. The Court looked with great disfavor on this movement, which lowered the majesty of the Kaiserstadt; but Andrassy was not to be turned aside from his purpose, and his point-blank appeals to patriotism put to shame those waverers who would have liked to remain seated on two stools. The results have been most splendid for Buda-Pesth, which in a few years has become one of the finest capitals of the second rank in Europe—the Brussels of the East. There is no parallel to the rapid and beautiful growth of this city except in Australia and the United States.

One great thing more, however, remained to be done for Hungary, and this was to make its will paramount in directing the foreign policy of the whole monarchy. On the outbreak of the Franco-German War of 1870, Count Beust, after trying without success to detach the Southern States of Germany from the Prussian alliance, proceeded with the help of Prince Richard Metternich and the Chevalier Nigra (Austrian and Italian Ambassadors in Paris) to conclude a private arrangement between Austria, Italy, and France. Public opinion in Vienna was at that time thoroughly anti-Prussian, and the Court burned to be avenged of Sadowa. If the campaign had begun with a French victory, there is no doubt that a triple coalition would have been formed against Prussia; the Catholic States of Germany, disgusted by defeat, would have passed as in 1866 to the side of Austria, and the power of the Hohenzollerns would have been shattered. Even after the French defeats at Woerth and Forbach it seemed to Count Beust that the coalition might still be formed, and there was a whole fortnight during which the attitude of Austria was watched with most anxious misgiving by Count Bismarck. But it was during this fortnight that Count Andrassy as-

serted himself unmistakably on the side of Prussia, and roused the people and parliament of Hungary to support him. While the German victories were being deplored in Vienna, they were hailed with delight in Pesth. In face of such a deep division of opinion in the monarchy, Beust saw that it would be imprudent to stir; so the opportunity passed by, and, long before the end of the war, Vienna, remembering at last that it was a German city, completely veered round in its sentiments, and ended by joining in the Hungarian satisfaction at the overthrow of France. As a natural consequence of all this, Count Beust—whose policy in Saxony as in Austria had been one of inveterate enmity, public and personal, toward Bismarck—ceased to be possible as a foreign minister; and in November, 1871, Andrassy took his place.

Andrassy had sided with Prussia from motives entirely Hungarian. If Prussia had been crushed and Austria had reconquered her hegemony in Germany, it would have been a bad thing for Hungarian liberties. Silesia would have returned to the Hapsburg crown; Francis Joseph becoming German Emperor would have recovered his autocracy; and Austrian absolutism, joining hands with Russian absolutism as in 1849, would have driven the Magyars once more to civil war and extermination. It was Andrassy's ambition that Hungary, free and formidable, should be the backbone of the Hapsburg Empire. He wished that the German element in the monarchy should be strong—strong enough to hold its own against the Czechs and Poles of Austria—but not preponderant so as to weigh upon Hungary. He also looked to the gradual extension of the monarchy eastward, so that in time a great Danubian empire or confederation might be formed, having the Magyar land for its pivot.

The wonder is that Count Andrassy, having caused the Emperor Francis Joseph to miss the more congenial destinies which Count Beust had planned for his Majesty, should nevertheless have become such a personal favorite of the Emperor's. The great facts of his administration are the boundless influence which he acquired over the Emperor, and the sagacity with which he

used this influence to cement a strong alliance between Austria-Hungary and Germany. In every Hungarian statesman hostility to Russia is the mainspring of action, and so it was in Andrassy's case. By enabling Germany to depend upon Austria, he removed the chance of a Russo-German understanding. Later, when the English Conservative Administration of 1874 came into office, Great Britain became included in the anti-Russian League, and the Congress of Berlin definitely consecrated a policy which bound Bismarck, Beaconsfield, and Andrassy together.

About a year after the Berlin Treaty, Count Andrassy suddenly left office. Why? The reason is not positively known by anybody except the Emperor of Austria—perhaps not even by Andrassy himself. Some say that the minister had grown arrogant in office, and that the Emperor, who does not understand pleasantries on matters of etiquette, ended by growing tired of his familiar free-and-easy ways. It is certain that Andrassy did develop in his high station some characteristics of the Turkish pasha. He had a lordly way of leaving ambassadors to be received by an under-secretary; he allowed despatches to remain unopened for weeks and unanswered for months. He was not always careful to avoid wounding the vanity of those petty bureaucrats, who, if not powerful, *peuvent mordre au talon*, as the wily Metternich put it. Officials of this kind murmured all the time he was in power at the confusion into which he threw the affairs of his department by his inattention to business; while his off-hand habit of promoting men according to merit, or according to his friendship for them, raised him some active enemies higher up the ladder. Then Andrassy loved the external pomps of his rank. He figured much in his showy Hungarian uniform. His equipages were princely, his hospitalities profuse, and, surrounded by obsequious guests of every degree, he sought too much to impress the idea that he was master of the empire. He was the first minister for foreign affairs in Austria who ever patronized journalists assiduously, and thereby kept his name constantly in print.

All this, however, cannot have shaken

Andrassy's position with the Emperor; for the minister on leaving office remained his sovereign's trusted friend, and is even now on all important occasions his confidential adviser. To suppose Andrassy capable of offending the Emperor by want of tact is to misread his character, and his perfect courtly grace. Even in Andrassy's studied impertinences toward the nonentities of diplomacy and officialdom there was always something amusing and good-tempered which half disarmed resentment. One must therefore look for the secret of his fall in purely political motives; and it will not be guessing far amiss to presume that Prince Bismarck was the author of it.

When the Austro-German alliance had been solemnly manifested to the world by Prince Bismarck's visit to Vienna in 1879, it remained only for Germany to rest and be thankful. Andrassy was a capital minister for action, but not the man to be content with the policy of perfect peace which had become expedient for a time. The German Emperor wanted peace. Russia, bound to good behavior by the Berlin Treaty and exhausted by her war with Turkey, was not likely to give trouble for some years. In England a general election was impending; and before attempting to draw the bond between Great Britain and her two Imperial allies closer, it was necessary to see whether Lord Beaconsfield's lease of power was going to be renewed. Under these circumstances it must have seemed to Prince Bismarck that one foreign minister for the two allied empires was quite enough. It was useless to expect of Andrassy that he should play a subordinate part. He would co-operate, but not be dictated to. The man for Bismarck's purpose was one who would look upon the foreign office in Vienna as a mere branch of the establishment in Berlin; and such a man was found in Baron Haymérié.*

* Andrassy was slow to believe that the Emperor intended to dismiss him; but when his suspicions were aroused, he used a little stratagem to learn the truth. He feigned to be ill; and the Emperor called upon him. At the door his Majesty was met by Countess Andrassy in tears, who complained that her husband was prostrate from overwork:—"He

The general election of 1880, by restoring Mr. Gladstone to power, turned the whole current of European policy, and justified the wisdom of Andrassy's retirement. By his menace to Austria and his railing accusations against Bismarck in the Midlothian speeches the leader of the Liberal party alienated Austria and Germany,* and drove those two states to outbid England—or rather the English Ministry—for Russia's alliance. Andrassy could have been no party to such an operation, and he must have resigned after Mr. Gladstone's return had he not done so before. Haymerlé tacked obediently to the new policy under Bismarck's orders; but when he died a much more eager, able, and adroit advocate of the three Emperors' alliance appeared in Count Kalnoky, who was summoned to the foreign office from the embassy at St. Petersburg. Kalnoky ought to feel under obligations toward Mr. Gladstone, for he could never have become foreign minister if England and Austria had remained friends.

Kalnoky is diametrically the opposite of Andrassy. Born in 1832, he began life as a hussar officer, and was nearing his thirtieth year when he resolved to pass his examination for the diplomatic service. It is said that his Colonel, Prince Alexander of Wurtemberg (father of the Duke of Teck), cautioned him earnestly against thus sacrificing his military prospects. "In another year or two," he said, "you would be a captain; but you will never make your way in diplomacy." Kalnoky, however, had been quietly studying languages and international law, and in twelve years he reached the rank of minister plenipotentiary. His old colonel lived to see him minister for foreign affairs and honorary general in the army.

will really be obliged to resign, Sir."—"Well, not just yet," answered the Emperor unguardedly. A few days later Andrassy gave in his resignation, and said to a friend: "When a clever dog sees preparations made for throwing him out of the window, he walks out by the door."

* "Austria! Show me any point on the earth where it has established anything good!"—"Prince Bismarck! He is the disturber who bears the guilt of all the convulsions and evils in the world." (*Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian*, 1880.)

Count Kalnoky is a slim man—"a head less than Bismarck," Viennese wags say—very bald, with an eyeglass, a military mustache, a stiff gait, a frowning expression, and a supercilious manner. He affects to give diplomatists of the minor degree one finger. He is unmarried, not addicted to hospitality (there has been no ball at the foreign office since he came there), and he never absents himself from his post more than three or four days at a time. His defect is conceit: his qualities are untiring methodical industry, evenness of temper, and really remarkable talents as a linguist. English he learned while secretary to the embassy in London, and he speaks it with faultless ease.

As foreign minister it has been Count Kalnoky's object to remain the subservient *protégé* of Prince Bismarck—whom he sees regularly once a year—and to promote the best understanding between Austria and Russia. It was with the most tranquil satisfaction that he watched the Afghan imbroglio draw Russia away from European affairs, and with utter dismay that he heard of the revolution at Philippopolis, which suddenly re-opened the Eastern Question. His lack of authority was then shown in his inability to restrain Serbia from making war upon Bulgaria; and his want of statesmanlike shrewdness in stopping the Bulgarians at the moment when they were about to win a decisive victory over King Milan. All through the Eastern crisis he proved that he was not a helmsman who could be trusted in a gale; and if his system of nervous little concessions to Russia should end—as such a system generally does—in making Russia grasp abruptly at more than Austria-Hungary can allow her to take, Count Kalnoky will certainly have to retire.

His successor in that case might be Count Andrassy, but would more probably be M. Benjamin de Kallay, now finance minister of the empire. M. de Kallay is a Hungarian who has risen by his success in parliamentary life, not by Court favor; and in Austria that says everything. There is in those Hungarian politicians a sturdy independence which is altogether wanting in the statesmen who are products of Viennese bureaucracy. M. de Kallay, who is a

brilliant writer as well as an expert debater, some years ago made his views on the Eastern Question known in a pamphlet which caused a resounding din from Vienna to St. Petersburg. In this essay Salonica was plainly marked as the goal of Austria-Hungary's ambition, and the Russians were warned against any advance beyond the Bulgarian frontier. M. de Kallay's arrival at the foreign office would therefore signify that the Hapsburgs and Romanoffs were about to try conclusions in earnest for supremacy in the Balkans.

M. de Kallay is a handsome man of middle age, with a good figure, a most intellectual head, soft dreamy eyes, and fascinating conversational powers. He has none of Count Kalnoky's "uppishness;" but an easy dignity, a fund of solid knowledge on Eastern affairs, and pent-up energies which push him on to any work he undertakes with the force of steam. Besides being minister of finance for the empire* he is administrator of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and spends several weeks every year traveling about those provinces to promote public works and acquaint himself with the wishes and grievances of the inhabitants. He is generally liked and trusted; and should it happen that there will be no occasion for his services at the foreign office, he will doubtless become the next Hungarian prime minister in succession to M. Tisza.

M. Kolman Tisza has now been nearly eleven years in office as premier of a Liberal administration. The influence which he exercises in Austria-Hungary is hardly understood in England. When a country has just been endowed with parliamentary institutions the candidates for office are many, and the competition keen: it is no small thing under such circumstances for a man to hold the premiership for more than ten years. Nothing in M. Tisza's outward appearance, ordinary manner or conversation explains his success. He looks like an old Jew clothesman. Hook-nosed, spectacled, with stooping shoulders, unkempt beard, and long gray hair trailing over the collar of a

shabby coat, he is no imposing personage. He wears the shabbiest of hats, and smokes cheap cigars all day long. He is a man of few words. Disdainful of little courtesies, he never tries to ingratiate himself, and does not seem to care whom he offends by his brusqueness. He is not a fine orator, nor a great financier, nor a bold party manager—yet he is the most popular man in Hungary, and the most respected. His inornate speeches are more telling than those of any other man, his administration is masterly; and apparently without the slightest effort he holds a large, restive, jibbing party in hand like a well-broken team.

A parallel between M. Tisza and Mr. Gladstone in the Plutarch manner might bring out the simple causes of the Hungarian minister's power. M. Tisza is honest, religious (he belongs to the strictest Calvinist sect), and Liberal; yet no one has ever seen him boast of his principles, or make a parade of his piety, or seek to prove his Liberalism by splenetic denunciations of men who did not agree with him. He is singularly abstemious of remarks upon his opponents' motives. His patience is wonderful. He applies himself to convince, and if he fails, begins again with unruffled temper and plodding tenacity. His adversaries accuse him of having no principles, but he has at least never called heaven and earth to witness of his consistency. His statements are so plain that they admit of no two meanings, and have never to be glossed away. If he alters his mind, he says so, and submits to jeers with a shrug. His Liberal policy has always consisted in legislating for actual wants, not in creating wants for the purpose of showy legislation. Having satisfied himself that there is a general movement of opinion in a particular direction, he heads that movement, but contrives that the measures which it produces shall do as little injury and cause as little irritation as possible to those who have withstood it. Compromise is with him the very essence of management. In the most difficult legislative work which any statesman could undertake—the reform of the House of Magnates—he was confronted by what seemed at first an overwhelming opposition; but he carried

* Austria and Hungary each has its finance minister, and the work of the imperial finance minister, who has only the common budget to manage, is not large.

his point without threats, without appeals to class passions, and his victory left no soreness on those whom he had vanquished. He might no doubt have carried his point faster and with much less labor to himself if he had gone on the stump through Hungary, harangued Slavonian, Servian, Roumanian and Croatian peasants out of railway-carriage windows, and sent showers of post-cards flying over the land. But this is not M. Tisza's way. A patriotic delicacy of no common order makes him shrink from offering the spectacle of Hungarian disunion to the eyes of other countries, and especially to the mocking eyes of Austria. He would at any time rather forego a personal advantage than appear to have gained it by making a host of enemies; and it is because the Hungarians feel that it is his ambition on all occasions to speak for a great and willing majority of the nation—and whenever possible for the entire nation—that they admire him, trust him, and follow him.

One can praise M. Tisza without disparaging the young leader of the Hungarian Conservative party. Count Albert Apponyi is the greatest orator in his country, and he would take rank among the leading statesmen of any country, though he is not yet forty years old. Tall, fair, with a blonde beard, a pink complexion and clear blue eyes, his face is of the Saxon not the Magyar type; and his oratory is essentially of the English order, appealing to reason more than to sentiment, temperate in terms, and scholarly in substance. Count Apponyi speaks English to perfection, though he has never found time to visit England; and he has profoundly studied English parliamentary history. He is not less well read in the history of France and of Germany, and there is probably not a member of any parliament in the world who could match him in quoting constitutional precedents at a moment's notice. He moreover speaks and writes French and German like his own tongue, which is saying a great deal, for the elegance and purity of his diction in Hungarian are unsurpassed.

Apponyi's opposition to Tisza is, like most oppositions in parliamentary countries, waged rather upon practice than

on principles. The line that divides Constitutional Conservatives from Moderate Liberals has become imperceptible, and is continually being crossed and recrossed by both parties in their tactical evolutions. To assail a Liberal leader so circumspect as Tisza, a Conservative must often make incursions on to his enemy's ground and pick up the enemy's weapons: so that hearing Apponyi one would generally imagine that he was the Liberal—nay, the Radical—and his rival the Conservative. Apponyi stands up for democratic against middle-class suffrage; for the ballot against open voting; for triennial parliaments against quinquennial. The reasons which he gives for this are that in Hungary elections are carried for Government by administrative pressure and corruption, and that a wider suffrage, secret voting and short parliaments, at least until the electoral system has been purified, offer the only remedies. There is a great deal of truth in all this; but in any case there is always something to say against a ministry that has been in office ten years. M. Tisza like other statesmen has his faults, and his colleagues individually and collectively have theirs; they seldom get a parliamentary castigation without deserving a part of it. But the point to be noted is that Count Apponyi discharges his functions of systematic critic like a gentleman. He spars with the gloves on, and when he has taken them off he shakes hands with his opponents in private life. This kind of good-fellowship has become but too rare in these days of venomous Radical spite and platform revilings.

From Hungary we may pass back to Austria, from M. Tisza to Count Taaffe, who has been prime minister in the Cisleithan Monarchy since 1879. Count Taaffe is an Irish peer,* whose family have been settled in Austria since the deposition of the Stuarts. When a boy he was the favorite playmate of the Archduke Francis Joseph, now Emperor, and he is always addressed in private by the Sovereign as "Edward." He is by far the most influential personage in the empire; for the Emperor has

* Eleventh Viscount Taaffe and Baron Ballymote in the peerage of Ireland. Creation, 1628. The family is Roman Catholic.

the strongest affection for him, treats him *en camarade*, and takes his advice in all things. A more agreeable counsellor it would be impossible for any monarch to have, for Count Taaffe is jocularity itself. It is difficult to describe his personal appearance, which is altogether peculiar. He is a short, stoutish man, with a rather Italian head, long straight black hair, a skipping sort of walk, twinkling eyes, and a Rabelaisian mouth broadened by continual smiling and laughter. Taaffe is not very learned, for he speaks no language well except German, and seems to care very little about what goes on in foreign countries. His business now is to govern Austria and manage the Reichsrath, and he confines himself to that.

Count Taaffe was Governor of the Tyrol when the Emperor called him to the premiership in succession to Prince Auersperg. The German Liberal party had been in office since the establishment of constitutionalism, and had gone to pieces through internal divisions. Count Taaffe set himself to form a governing majority by collecting into one party, which he dubbed "Conservative," all the factions which had been in opposition to the German Liberals, but which had till then hated each other quite as much as they detested their common enemy. To make nationalist Czechs ally themselves with Poles, German clericals with both, and with Croats and Dalmatians besides, was a surprising feat; and the German Liberals watched the experiment with amusement till they discovered with consternation that Count Taaffe's "cement" was holding, and that the ill-assorted political bricks had hardened into a concrete block. Of genuine union among the groups of the majority there is of course very little. They work together on a give-and-take arrangement, the Poles backing up all Czech demands, and *vice versa*. Count Taaffe, and he alone, is the man who holds all the groups together. One by one the members of his first administration dropped away from him, dismayed at his system of concessions to nationalist exigencies. He selected other colleagues—from the parliament so long as he could—and when these in their turn deserted, he had recourse to clever, well-trained

officials who had never sat in the Reichsrath. At the same time he coolly let it be known that he did not consider himself a parliamentary premier, but acknowledged responsibility only to the Emperor.

The fact is that the political atmosphere in Austria is altogether different from that in Hungary. In Hungary the parliament is the centre of national life. In Austria the Reichsrath appears to live only on sufferance. It has no part in directing the foreign policy of the empire; the majority of its members are elected by Crown influence;* and courtiers, soldiers, and officials hate it in their hearts. Count Taaffe himself looks upon it comically as an incumbrance in the way of government, and doubtless thinks he may live to see it swept away, and a military absolutism of the good-natured paternal *gemütlich* sort substituted for it.

In Vienna and all other German cities Count Taaffe's policy is so execrated that unless its author were the man he is, his name would never be pronounced without an objurgation. As it is, the Germans forgive him a great deal because of the jokes which he cracks so constantly, and because of the kind things he says and does. He is a *bon vivant*, not an oppressor. He is always "happy to oblige;" he bears no grudges, and he has not a particle of pride. In the Viennese comic papers he is always caricatured with good-natured touches as a facetious and successful trickster—a merry-andrew with one finger to his nose. The German Liberals, who despair of getting rid of him by a parliamentary vote, are reduced to hoping that the Emperor and he may some day agree that the system of decentralization has been pushed far enough; and indeed there are signs that this is the case already. The more Count Taaffe has given to the nationalist groups, the more they have asked; and it has become evident that by tugging this way and that with their au-

* The Reichsrath is composed of county members returned by an election in two degrees: county members elected by the great landowners, representatives of the chambers of commerce; and burgesses (about one-third) elected by something like universal suffrage—that is, by voters paying five florins a year in rates and taxes.

tonomous projects they will, unless stopped, rend the empire into fragments. But Count Taaffe is not much interested personally in the experiment which he has tried. He undertook it to please the Emperor and to "dish" the German Liberals, who used to imagine that no government could exist without them. If now the Emperor should see fit to try a new system, Count Taaffe will cheerfully exchange his present post for another; but whether the German Liberals will then have a long spell of power again, or whether the conflict of nationalities will make it necessary to choose a neutral ministry entirely removed from parliamentary influences, is a question which only time can answer. Much must depend on whether Austria-Hungary has to fight a great war, and much again on the position in which the army will have left the dynasty after a war.

So intimately bound up with the future of Austria-Hungary are the destinies of Bulgaria and Serbia, that the statesmen of Vienna and Buda-Pesth watch with a very keen attention the politicians of Sofia and Belgrade. When Prince Milan of Serbia (now King) attained his majority he was wholly under the direction of M. Jean Ristics, who had been the foremost member of the Council of Regency since Prince Michael's assassination. This politician, who is a zealous Panslavist, remained prime minister for some years, and labored to bring Serbia completely under Russian thralldom. The Russians promised to reward his subserviency by realizing the Great Serbian Idea—in other words, by creating a strong Serbian kingdom, which would include Bosnia, Herzegovina, Novi-Bazar, and a part of Macedonia; but the events of 1876-8 showed the Servians that they had been duped. They fought the Turks, were beaten, and got nothing. The Roumanians, who had also trusted the Russians, and had helped them to vanquish the Turks, were rewarded by having Bessarabia taken from them. Meanwhile Austria nipped the Great Serbian Idea in the bud by appropriating Bosnia and Herzegovina to herself.

The Servians turned away in disgust from Russia, and Prince Milan, awaking to the suspicion that the King of

the "Great Serbia" which the Panslavists had promised to create would have been the Prince of Montenegro, and not himself, turned away from M. Ristics. A Progressist Cabinet was formed* to cultivate good relations with Austria, and Prince Milan was soon recompensed by getting the title of King, mainly through the Emperor of Austria's patronage. Since then the Progressists have remained in office, and M. Ristics's party in the Skupstchina has dwindled to insignificance. But his party in the country is still fairly strong, and the battle between him and M. Milutine Garaschanin, the Progressist leader and prime minister, is not over yet.

M. Garaschanin was formerly a colonel of artillery, and was trained at the French Military Academy of St. Cyr. He is a tall, square-set man, with a gray beard, a stolid expression of countenance, and a blunt, bluff, manner. Ristics, on the contrary, is a lean man of the Cassius type, with an ashen face, deep-sunk eyes, and a cold, piercing glance. When Ristics is talking he passes a thin white hand nervously through a pair of extraordinary long whiskers *à la Russe*, and his eyes seem to look right through the person whom he is addressing. There is something sardonic in his smile; and he only smiles when uttering a sarcasm. When in office he ruled with an iron rod, and filled every jail in Serbia with his enemies, whom, to save trouble, he called the Prince's enemies, and indicted for high treason as such. Now that he is in opposition he is much grieved at the wickedness of M. Garaschanin, who puts "the screw" upon electors, and quashes opposition returns which are not to his taste. In truth, the two politicians are much of a muchness as to political honesty, and it remains to be seen whether the struggle between them will not break through the restraints of a lath and plaster constitution and end in civil war. M. Garaschanin has against him the responsibilities of the disastrous war with Bulgaria; but on the other hand the Servians are quite aware that if M. Ristics had his way their country would lose its independence.

* M. Ristics's party call themselves Liberals.

In Bulgaria there is a Ristics named Zankoff, and the National party in office is headed by M. Petko Karaveloff. Ten years ago this M. Karaveloff was a shaggy-looking, slovenly young professor at Moscow. He taught history and geography in one of the public schools, and gave lessons in private families; and this was only part of his work, for his principal business was to correspond as a Panslavist agent with insurrectionary committees in East Roumelia. The village of Kopritchitza, in which he was born, was that where the Roumeliot insurrection of 1876 broke out. Two years after this, Bulgaria was emancipated and had a constitution. In 1879 M. Karaveloff was elected to the Sobranje as a Radical; in 1880 he became cabinet minister; in 1881 Prince Alexander abolished the constitution, and M. Karaveloff had to fly to Philippopolis.

Prince Dondoukoff-Korsakoff, who had drafted the Bulgarian constitution, had expressly contrived it so that it should not work. He had intrigued to become Prince of Bulgaria himself, and finding that this could not be, had determined to make the task of governing almost impossible for Prince Alexander. He doubtless calculated that in this way the Bulgarian throne would soon be vacant again, and offer him another chance.

The constitution granted to the Bulgarians, who had been living for centuries in slavery, was too democratic even for a people long inured to self-government. However, Prince Alexander's Russian enemies raised a virtuous shriek at his arbitrary act (after having privily instigated him to perpetrate it), and they promoted so much agitation in the country that the constitution had to be restored.* Then M. Karaveloff returned in triumph from Philippopolis, upset the Zankoff ministry, and became prime minister in his turn.

Up till then M. Zankoff had been the persistent foe of Russian domination in Bulgaria, while M. Karaveloff had been for putting the country com-

pletely under the Russian yoke. Coming into office M. Karaveloff altered his mind, and M. Zankoff did the same, each donning the other's discarded opinions. At Philippopolis M. Karaveloff had conspired with the Russians against Prince Alexander: installed as prime minister at Sofia he conspired, not with the Prince, but for him, against the Russians. The result was the revolution of September, 1885, at Philippopolis; and a further result has been that M. Zankoff, the whilom Russophobe, is now the active chief of a Russophil party which is trying to undo the work of that revolution.* How all this will end is another of those secrets appertaining to the ultimate solution of the Eastern Question.

Formerly that fateful question seemed to concern Italy but little. But now there is a foreign minister at Rome who was fourteen years ambassador at Vienna, and who during that time succeeded in making Austria and Italy friends. Count Robilant did not accomplish this without having some far-sighted object in view. He is an old soldier who lost half an arm in fighting against the Austrians, and he has no great affection for them as a nation. Vienna he disliked; its stilted aristocratic society was uncongenial to a man of his vivacious disposition and sociable wit. Count Robilant is a *bel esprit*, who, if he had consulted only his own tastes, would have lived anywhere but in Austria; but having a patriotic object to serve, he set himself to study the men, manners, and politics of Austria-Hungary, until he came to know as much about them as the best-informed of Francis Joseph's subjects. Now that he is foreign minister he can and will turn his knowledge to account by making Austria reckon with Italy, either as a friend or an enemy, whenever the spoils of Turkey have to be divided. By calling the ablest member of the Italian Diplomatic Body, Count Nigra, from London to fill the place which he had himself vacated, Count Robilant showed that he intended Vienna to re-

* After the late Czar's death Prince Alexander had no friend at the Russian Court. The present Czar always disliked him.

* M. Karaveloff is married to a Russian lady, who is very learned in English and Political Economy. She has translated John Stuart Mill's "Logic."

main the most important post from which to watch Italian interests. It is the post from which an eye like Nigra's

or Robilant's can best keep a look-out over Albania—the Canaan of Young Italy.—*Temple Bar*.

FALLING IN LOVE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

AN ancient and famous human institution is in pressing danger. Sir George Campbell has set his face against the time-honored practice of Falling in Love. Parents innumerable, it is true, have set their faces against it already from immemorial antiquity; but then they only attacked the particular instance, without venturing to impugn the institution itself on general principles. An old Indian administrator, however, goes to work in all things on a different pattern. He would always like to regulate human life generally as a department of the India Office; and so Sir George Campbell would fain have husbands and wives selected for one another (perhaps on Dr. Johnson's principle, by the Lord Chancellor) with a view to the future development of the race, in the process which he not very felicitously or elegantly describes as "man-breeding." "Probably," he says, as reported in *Nature*, "we have enough physiological knowledge to effect a vast improvement in the pairing of individuals of the same or allied races if we could only apply that knowledge to make fitting marriages, instead of giving way to foolish ideas about love and the tastes of young people, whom we can hardly trust to choose their own bonnets, much less to choose in a graver matter in which they are most likely to be influenced by frivolous prejudices." He wants us, in other words, to discard the deep-seated inner physiological promptings of inherited instinct, and to substitute for them some calm and dispassionate but artificial selection of a fitting partner as the father or mother of future generations.

Now this is of course a serious subject, and it ought to be treated seriously and reverently. But, it seems to me, Sir George Campbell's conclusion is exactly the opposite one from the conclusion now being forced upon men of

science by a study of the biological and psychological elements in this very complex problem of heredity. So far from considering love as a "foolish idea," opposed to the best interests of the race, I believe most competent physiologists and psychologists, especially those of the modern evolutionary school, would regard it rather as an essentially beneficent and conservative instinct, developed and maintained in us by natural causes, for the very purpose of insuring just those precise advantages and improvements which Sir George Campbell thinks he could himself effect by a conscious and deliberate process of selection. More than that, I believe, for my own part (and I feel sure most evolutionists would cordially agree with me), that this beneficent inherited instinct of Falling in Love effects the object it has in view far more admirably, subtly, and satisfactorily, on the average of instances, than any clumsy human selective substitute could possibly effect it.

In short, my doctrine is simply the old-fashioned and confiding belief that marriages are made in heaven: with the further corollary that heaven manages them, one time with another, a great deal better than Sir George Campbell.

Let us first look how Falling in Love affects the standard of human efficiency: and then let us consider what would be the probable result of any definite conscious attempt to substitute for it some more deliberate external agency.

Falling in Love, as modern biology teaches us to believe, is nothing more than the latest, highest, and most involved exemplification, in the human race, of that almost universal selective process which Mr. Darwin has enabled us to recognize throughout the whole long series of the animal kingdom. The butterfly that circles and eddies in his aerial dance around his observant mate is endeavoring to charm her by the deli-

cacy of his coloring, and to overcome her coyness by the display of his skill. The peacock that struts about in imperial pride under the eyes of his attentive hens, is really contributing to the future beauty and strength of his race by collecting to himself a harem through whom he hands down to posterity the valuable qualities which have gained the admiration of his mates in his own person. Mr. Wallace has shown that to be beautiful is to be efficient: and sexual selection is thus, as it were, a mere lateral form of natural selection—a survival of the fittest in the guise of mutual attractiveness and mutual adaptability, producing on the average a maximum of the best properties of the race in the resulting offspring. I need not dwell here upon this aspect of the case, because it is one with which, since the publication of the *Descent of Man*, all the world has been sufficiently familiar.

In our own species, the selective process is marked by all the features common to selection throughout the whole animal kingdom: but it is also, as might be expected, far more specialized, far more individualized, far more cognizant of personal traits and minor peculiarities. It is furthermore exerted to a far greater extent upon mental and moral as well as physical peculiarities in the individual.

We cannot fall in love with everybody alike. Some of us fall in love with one person, some with another. This instinctive and deep-seated differential feeling we may regard as the outcome of complementary features, mental, moral, or physical, in the two persons concerned: and experience shows us that, in nine cases out of ten, it is a reciprocal affection, that is to say, in other words, an affection roused in unison by varying qualities in the respective individuals.

Of its eminently conservative and even upward tendency, very little doubt can be reasonably entertained. We *do* fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the young, the beautiful, the strong, and the healthy; we *do not* fall in love, taking us in the lump, with the aged, the ugly, the feeble, and the sickly. The prohibition of the Church is scarcely needed to prevent a man from marrying his grandmother. Moralists

have always borne a special grudge to pretty faces; but as Mr. Herbert Spencer admirably put it (long before the appearance of Darwin's selective theory), "the saying that beauty is but skin-deep is itself but a skin-deep saying." In reality, beauty is one of the very best guides we can possibly have to the desirability, so far as race-preservation is concerned, of any man or any woman as a partner in marriage. A fine form, a good figure, a beautiful bust, a round arm and neck, a fresh complexion, a lovely face, are all outward and visible signs of the physical qualities that on the whole conspire to make up a healthy and vigorous wife and mother; they imply soundness, fertility, a good circulation, a good digestion. Conversely, sallowness and paleness are roughly indicative of dyspepsia and anæmia; a flat chest is a symptom of deficient maternity; and what we call a bad figure is really in one way or another an unhealthy departure from the central normal and standard of the race. Good teeth mean good deglutition; a clear eye means an active liver; scrubbiness and undersizedness means feeble virility. Nor are indications of mental and moral efficiency by any means wanting as recognized elements in personal beauty. A good-humored face is in itself almost pretty. A pleasant smile half redeems unattractive features. Low, receding foreheads strike us unfavorably. Heavy, stolid, half-idiotic countenances can never be beautiful, however regular their lines and contours. Intelligence and goodness are almost as necessary as health and vigor in order to make up our perfect ideal of a beautiful human face and figure. The Apollo Belvidere is no fool; nor the murderers in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's are for the most part no beauties.

What we all fall in love with, then, as a race, is in most cases efficiency and ability. What we each fall in love with individually is, I believe, our moral, mental, and physical complement. Not our like, nor our counterpart; quite the contrary; within healthy limits, our unlike and our opposite. That this is so has long been more or less a commonplace of ordinary conversation; that it is scientifically true, one time with another, when we take an extended range

of cases, may, I think, be almost demonstrated by sure and certain warranty of human nature.

Brothers and sisters have more in common, mentally and physically, than any other members of the same race can possibly have with one another. But nobody falls in love with his sister. A profound instinct has taught even the lower races of men (for the most part) to avoid such union of the all-but-identical. In the higher races the idea never so much as occurs to us. Even cousins seldom fall in love—seldom, that is to say, in comparison with the frequent opportunities of intercourse they enjoy, relatively to the remainder of general society. When they do, and when they carry out their perilous choice effectively by marriage, natural selection soon avenges Nature upon the offspring by cutting off the idiots, the consumptives, the weaklings, and the cripples, who often result from such consanguineous marriages. In narrow communities, where breeding in-and-in becomes almost inevitable, natural selection has similarly to exert itself upon a crowd of crétins and other hapless incapables. But in wide and open campaign countries, where individual choice has free room for exercise, men and women as a rule (if not constrained by parents and moralists) marry for love, and marry on the whole their natural complements. They prefer outsiders, fresh blood, somebody who comes from beyond the community, to the people of their own immediate surroundings. In many men, the dislike to marrying among the folk with whom they have been brought up amounts almost to a positive instinct; they feel it as impossible to fall in love with a fellow-townswoman as to fall in love with their own first cousins. Among exogamous tribes such an instinct (aided, of course, by other extraneous causes) has hardened into custom; and there is reason to believe (from the universal traces among the higher civilizations of marriage by capture) that all the leading races of the world are ultimately derived from exogamous ancestors, possessing this healthy and excellent sentiment.

In minor matters, it is of course universally admitted that short men, as a rule, prefer tall women, while tall men

admire little women. Dark pairs by preference with fair; the commonplace often runs after the original. People have long noticed that this attraction toward one's opposite tends to keep true the standard of the race; they have not, perhaps, so generally observed that it also indicates roughly the existence in either individual of a desire for its own natural complement. It is difficult here to give definite examples, but everybody knows how, in the subtle psychology of *Falling in Love*, there are involved innumerable minor elements, physical and mental, which strike us exactly because of their absolute adaptation to form with ourselves an adequate union. Of course we do not definitely seek out and discover such qualities; instinct works far more intuitively than that: but we find at last, by subsequent observation, how true and how trustworthy were its immediate indications. That is to say, those men do so who were wise enough or fortunate enough to follow the earliest promptings of their own hearts, and not to be ashamed of that divinest and deepest of human intuitions, love at first sight.

How very subtle this intuition is, we can only guess in part by the apparent capriciousness and incomprehensibility of its occasional action. We know that some men and women fall in love easily, while others are only moved to love by some very special and singular combination of peculiarities. We know that one man is readily stirred by every pretty face he sees, while another man can only be roused by intellectual qualities or by moral beauty. We know that sometimes we meet people possessing every virtue and grace under heaven, and yet for some unknown and incomprehensible reason we could no more fall in love with them than we could fall in love with the Ten Commandments. I don't, of course, for a moment accept the silly romantic notion that men and women fall in love only once in their lives, or that each one of us has somewhere on earth his or her exact Affinity, whom we must sooner or later meet, or else die unsatisfied. Almost every healthy normal man or woman has probably fallen in love over and over again in the course of a lifetime (except in case of very early mar-

riage), and could easily find dozens of persons with whom they would be capable of falling in love again if due occasion offered. We are not all created in pairs, like the Exchequer tallies, exactly intended to fit into one another's minor idiosyncrasies. Men and women as a rule very sensibly fall in love with one another in the particular places and the particular societies they happen to be cast among. A man at Ashby-de-la-Zouch does not hunt the world over to find his pre-established harmony at Paray-le-Monial or at Denver, Colorado. But among the women he actually meets, a vast number are purely indifferent to him: only one or two, here and there, strike him in the light of possible wives, and only one in the last resort (outside Salt Lake City) approves herself to his inmost nature as the actual wife of his final selection.

Now this very indifference to the vast mass of our fellow-countrymen or fellow-countrywomen, this extreme pitch of selective preference in the human species, is just one mark of our extraordinary specialization, one stamp and token of our high supremacy. The brutes do not so pick and choose. Though even there, as Darwin has shown, selection plays a large part (for the very butterflies are coy, and must be wooed and won), it is only in the human race itself that selection descends into such minute, such subtle, such indefinable discriminations. Why should a universal and common impulse have in our case these special limits? Why should we be by nature so fastidious and so diversely affected? Surely for some good and sufficient purpose. No deep-seated want of our complex life would be so narrowly restricted without a law and a meaning. Sometimes we can in part explain its conditions. Here, we see that beauty plays a great rôle; there, we recognize the importance of strength, of manner, of grace, of moral qualities. Vivacity, as Mr. Galton justly remarks, is one of the most powerful among human attractions, and often accounts for what might otherwise seem unaccountable preferences. But after all is said and done, there remains a vast mass of instinctive and inexplicable elements: a power deeper and more marvellous in its in-

scrutable ramifications than human consciousness. "What on earth," we say, "could So-and-so see in So-and-so to fall in love with?" This very inexplicability I take to be the sign and seal of a profound importance. An instinct so conditioned, so curious, so vague, so unfathomable, as we may guess by analogy with all other instincts, must be nature's guiding voice within us, speaking for the good of the human race in all future generations.

On the other hand, let us suppose for a moment (impossible supposition!) that mankind could conceivably divest itself of "these foolish ideas about love and the tastes of young people," and could hand over the choice of partners for life to a committee of anthropologists, presided over by Sir George Campbell. Would the committee manage things, I wonder, very much better than the Creator has managed them? Where would they obtain that intimate knowledge of individual structures and functions and differences which would enable them to join together in holy matrimony fitting and complementary idiosyncrasies? Is a living man, with all his organs, and powers, and faculties, and dispositions, so simple and easy a problem to read that anybody else can readily undertake to pick out off-hand a help-meet for him? I trow not! A man is not a horse or a terrier. You cannot discern his "points" by simple inspection. You cannot see *a priori* why a Hanoverian bandsman and his heavy, ignorant, uncultured wife, should conspire to produce a Sir William Herschel. If you tried to improve the breed artificially, either by choice from outside, or by the creation of an independent moral sentiment, irrespective of that instinctive preference which we call Falling in Love, I believe that so far from improving man, you would only do one of two things—either spoil his constitution, or produce a tame stereotyped pattern of amiable imbecility. You would crush out all initiative, all spontaneity, all diversity, all originality; you would get an animated moral code instead of living men and women.

Look at the analogy of domestic animals. That is the analogy to which breeding reformers always point with special pride: but what does it really

teach us? That you can't improve the efficiency of animals in any one point to any high degree, without upsetting the general balance of their constitution. The race-horse can run a mile on a particular day at a particular place, bar accidents, with wonderful speed: but that is about all he is good for. His health as a whole is so surprisingly feeble that he has to be treated with as much care as a delicate exotic. "In regard to animals and plants," says Sir George Campbell, "we have very largely mastered the principles of heredity and culture, and the modes by which good qualities may be maximized, bad qualities minimized." True, so far as concerns a few points prized by ourselves for our own purposes. But in doing this, we have so lowered the general constitutional vigor of the plants or animals that our vines fall an easy prey to oidium and phylloxera, our potatoes to the potato disease and the Colorado beetle; our sheep are stupid, our rabbits idiotic, our domestic breeds generally threatened with dangers to life and limb unknown to their wiry ancestors in the wild state. And when one comes to deal with the infinitely more complex individuality of man, what hope would there be of our improving the breed by deliberate selection? If we developed the intellect, we would probably stunt the physique or the moral nature; if we aimed at a general culture of all faculties alike, we would probably end by a Chinese uniformity of mediocre dead level.

The balance of organs and faculties in a race is a very delicate organic equilibrium. How delicate we now know from thousands of examples, from the correlations of seemingly unlike parts, from the wide-spread effects of small conditions, from the utter dying out of races like the Tasmanians or the Paraguay Indians under circumstances different from those with which their ancestors were familiar. What folly to interfere with a marvellous instinct which now preserves this balance intact, in favor of an untried artificial system which would probably wreck it, as helplessly as the modern system of higher education for women is wrecking the maternal powers of the best class in our English community.

Indeed, within the race itself, as it now exists, free choice, aided by natural selection, is actually improving every good point, and is forever weeding out all the occasional failures and shortcomings of nature. For weakly children, feeble children, stupid children, heavy children, are undoubtedly born under this very régime of falling in love, whose average results I believe to be so highly beneficial. How is this? Well, one has to take into consideration two points in seeking for the solution of that obvious problem.

In the first place, no instinct is absolutely perfect. All of them necessarily fail at some points. If on the average they do good, they are sufficiently justified. Now the material with which you have to start in this case is not perfect. Each man marries, even in favorable circumstances, not the abstractly best adapted woman in the world to supplement or counteract his individual peculiarities, but the best woman then and there obtainable for him. The result is frequently far from perfect; all I claim is that it would be as bad or a good deal worse if somebody else made the choice for him, or if he made the choice himself on abstract biological and "eugenic" principles. And, indeed, the very existence of better and worse in the world is a condition precedent of all upward evolution. Without an overstocked world, with individual variations, some progressive, some retrograde, there could be no natural selection, no survival of the fittest. That is the chief besetting danger of cut-and-dried doctrinaire views. Malthus was a very great man; but if his principle of prudential restraint were fully carried out, the prudent would cease to reproduce their like, and the world would be peopled in a few generations by the hereditary reckless and dissolute and imprudent. Even so, if eugenic principles were universally adopted, the chance of exceptional and elevated natures would be largely reduced, and natural selection would be in so much interfered with or sensibly retarded.

In the second place, again, it must not be forgotten that Falling in Love has never yet, among civilized men at least, had a fair field and no favor. Many marriages are arranged on very differ-

ent grounds—grounds of convenience, grounds of cupidity, grounds of religion, grounds of snobbishness. In many cases it is clearly demonstrable that such marriages are productive in the highest degree of evil consequences. Take the case of heiresses. An heiress is almost by necessity the one last feeble and flickering relic of a moribund stock—often of a stock reduced by the sordid pursuit of ill-gotten wealth almost to the very verge of actual insanity. But let her be ever so ugly, ever so unhealthy, ever so hysterical, ever so mad, somebody or other will be ready and eager to marry her on any terms. Considerations of this sort have helped to stock the world with many feeble and unhealthy persons. Among the middle and upper classes it may be safely said only a very small percentage of marriages is ever due to love alone; in other words, to instinctive feeling. The remainder have been influenced by various side advantages, and nature has taken her vengeance accordingly on the unhappy offspring. Parents and moralists are ever ready to drown her voice, and to counsel marriage within one's own class, among nice people, with a really religious girl, and so forth *ad infinitum*. By many well-meaning young people these deadly interferences with natural impulse are accepted as part of a higher and nobler law of conduct. The wretched belief that one should subordinate the promptings of one's own soul to the dictates of a miscalculating and misdirecting prudence has been instilled into the minds of girls especially, until at last many of them have almost come to look upon their natural instincts as wrong, and the immoral race-destructive counsels of their seniors or advisers as the truest and purest earthly wisdom. Among certain small religious sects, again, such as the Quakers, the duty of "marrying in" has been strenuously inculcated, and only the stronger-minded and more individualistic members have had courage and initiative enough to disregard precedent, and to follow the internal divine monitor, as against the externally-imposed law of their particular community. Even among wider bodies it is commonly held that Catholics must not marry Protestants; and the admirable results obtained by the

mixture of Jewish with European blood have almost all been reached by male Jews having the temerity to marry "Christian" women in the face of opposition and persecution from their conationalists. It is very rarely indeed that a Jewess will accept a European for a husband. In so many ways, and on so many grounds, does convention interfere with the plain and evident dictates of nature.

Against all such evil parental promptings, however, a great safeguard is afforded to society by the wholesome and essentially philosophical teaching of romance and poetry. I do not approve of novels. They are for the most part a futile and unprofitable form of literature; and it may profoundly be regretted that the mere blind laws of supply and demand should have diverted such an immense number of the ablest minds in England, France, and America, from more serious subjects to the production of such very frivolous and, on the whole, ephemeral works of art. But the novel has this one great counterpoise of undoubted good to set against all the manifold disadvantages and shortcomings of romantic literature—that it always appeals to the true internal promptings of inherited instinct, and opposes the foolish and selfish suggestions of interested outsiders. It is the perpetual protest of poor banished human nature against the expelling pitchfork of calculating expediency in the matrimonial market. While parents and moralists are forever saying, "Don't marry for beauty; don't marry for inclination; don't marry for love: marry for money, marry for social position, marry for advancement, marry for our convenience, not for your own," the romance-writer is forever urging, on the other hand, "Marry for love, and for love only." His great theme in all ages has been the opposition between parental or other external wishes and the true promptings of the young and unsophisticated human heart. He has been the chief ally of sentiment and of nature. He has filled the heads of all our girls with what Sir George Campbell describes off-hand as "foolish ideas about love." He has preserved us from the hateful conventions of civilization. He has exalted the claims of per-

sonal attraction, of the mysterious native yearning of heart for heart, of the indefinite and indescribable element of mutual selection; and in so doing, he has unconsciously proved himself the best friend of human improvement and the deadliest enemy of all those hideous "social lies which warp us from the living truth." His mission is to deliver the world from Dr. Johnson and Sir George Campbell.

For, strange to say, it is the moralists and the doctrinaires who are always in the wrong: it is the sentimentalists and the rebels who are always in the right in this matter. If the common moral maxims of society could have had their way—if we had all chosen our wives and our husbands, not for their beauty or their manliness, not for their eyes or their mustaches, not for their attractiveness or their vivacity, but for their "sterling qualities of mind and character," we should now doubtless be a miserable race of prigs and bookworms, of martinets and puritans, of nervous invalids and feeble idiots. It is because our young men and maidens will not hearken to these penny-wise apophthegms of shallow sophistry—because they often prefer *Romeo and Juliet* to the "Whole Duty of Man," and a beautiful face to a round balance at Coutts's—that we still preserve some vitality and some individual features, in spite of our grinding and crushing civilization. The men who marry balances, as Mr. Galton has shown, happily die out, leaving none to represent them: the men who marry women they have been weak enough and silly enough to fall in love with, recruit the race with fine and vigorous and intelligent children, fortunately compounded of the complementary traits derived from two fairly contrasted and mutually reinforcing individualities.

I have spoken throughout, for argument's sake, as though the only interest to be considered in the married relation were the interests of the offspring, and so ultimately of the race at large, rather than of the persons themselves who enter into it. But I do not quite see why each generation should thus be sacrificed to the welfare of the generations that afterward succeed it. Now it is one of the strongest points in favor of the system of Falling in Love that it does, by

common experience in the vast majority of instances, assort together persons who subsequently prove themselves thoroughly congenial and helpful to one another. And this result I look upon as one great proof of the real value and importance of the instinct. Most men and women select for themselves partners for life at an age when they know but little of the world, when they judge but superficially of characters and motives, when they still make many mistakes in the conduct of life and in the estimation of chances. Yet most of them find in after days that they have really chosen out of all the world one of the persons best adapted by native idiosyncrasy to make their joint lives enjoyable and useful. I make every allowance for the effects of habit, for the growth of sentiment, for the gradual approximation of tastes and sympathies; but surely, even so, it is a common consciousness with every one of us who has been long married, that we could hardly conceivably have made ourselves happy with any of the partners whom others have chosen; and that we have actually made ourselves so with the partners we chose for ourselves under the guidance of an almost unerring native instinct. Yet adaptation between husband and wife, so far as their own happiness is concerned, can have had comparatively little to do with the evolution of the instinct, as compared with adaptation for the joint production of vigorous and successful offspring. Natural selection lays almost all the stress on the last point and hardly any at all upon the first one. If, then, the instinct is found on the whole so trustworthy in the minor matter, for which it has not specially been fashioned, how far more trustworthy and valuable must it probably prove in the greater matter—greater, I mean, as regards the interests of the race—for which it has been mainly or almost solely developed!

I do not doubt that, as the world goes on, a deeper sense of moral responsibility in the matter of marriage will grow up among us. But it will not take the false direction of ignoring these our profoundest and holiest instincts. Marriage for money may go; marriage for rank may go; marriage for position may go; but marriage for love, I be-

lieve and trust, will last forever. Men in the future will probably feel that a union with their cousins or near relations is positively wicked; that a union with those too like them in person or disposition is at least undesirable; that a union based upon considerations of wealth or any other consideration save considerations of immediate natural impulse, is base and disgraceful. But to the end of time they will continue to feel, in spite of doctrinaires, that the

voice of nature is better far than the voice of the Lord Chancellor or the Royal Society; and that the instinctive desire for a particular helpmate is a surer guide for the ultimate happiness, both of the race and of the individual, than any amount of deliberate consultation. It is not the foolish fancies of youth that will have to be got rid of, but the foolish, wicked, and mischievous interference of parents or outsiders. —*Fortnightly Review.*

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE 24.

INTACTIS OPULENTIOR.

BY SIR STEPHEN E. DE VERE, BART.

This is one of Horace's finest Odes, but is more properly ethical than lyrical. Its austere severity of reproof is directed against the two national vices which, as he saw, threatened the existence of the Roman state, the luxury and avarice of the Patricians, and the turbulence, the "indomita licentia" of the people. This great moral poem has little of the light touch, the courtly grace, or the mythological or historical allusions which characterize so many of Horace's finest odes; but it is almost unequalled in dignity, intensity, and concentrated vigor. Its march is consecutive, and uninterrupted by sudden and obscure transitions. The poet was in earnest when he wrote it, and like every man who is in earnest he was without fear. He writes as the Moralist and Statesman, not as the Dilettante Stoic, or Epicurean.

I.

THOUGH India's virgin mine,
And hoarded wealth of Araby be thine;
Though thy wave-circled palaces
Usurp the Tyrrhene and Apulian seas;
When on thy devoted head
The iron hand of Fate has laid
The symbols of eternal doom,
What power shall loose the fetters of the dead?
What hope dispel the terrors of the tomb?

II.

Happier the nomad tribes whose wains
Drag their rude huts o'er Scythian plains;
Happier the Getan horde
To whom unmeasured fields afford
Abundant harvests, pastures free:
For one short year they toil,
Then claim once more their liberty,
And yield to other hands the unexhausted soil.

III.

The tender-hearted step-dame there
Nurtures with all a mother's care
The orphan-babe; no wealthy bride

Insults her lord, or yields her heart
 To the sleek suitor's glozing art.
 The maiden's dower is purity,
 Her parents' worth, her womanly pride,
 To hate the sin, to scorn the lie,
 Chastely to live, or if dishonored, die.

IV.

Breathes there a patriot brave and strong
 Would right his erring country's wrong,
 Would heal her wounds and quell her rage?
 Let him with noble daring first
 Curb Faction's tyranny accurst:
 So may some future age
 Grave on his bust, with pious hand,
 THE FATHER OF HIS NATIVE LAND:
 Virtue yet living we despise,
 Adore it lost, and vanished from our eyes.

V.

Cease, idle wail!
 The sin unpunished, what can sighs avail?
 How weak the laws by man ordained,
 If Virtue's law be unsustained!
 A second sin is thine! The sand
 Of Araby, Gætulia's sun-scorched land,
 The desolate realms of Hyperborean ice,
 Call with one voice to wrinkled avarice:
 He hears: he fears no toil, nor sword, nor sea;
 He shrinks from no disgrace but virtuous poverty.

VI.

Förth! 'mid a shouting nation bring
 Thy precious gems, thy wealth untold:
 Into the seas, or Temple, fling
 Thy vile unprofitable gold.
 Roman! Repent, and from within
 Eradicate thy darling sin:
 Repent! and from thy bosom tear
 The sordid shame that festers there.

VII.

Bid thy degenerate sons to learn
 In rougher schools a lesson stern:—
 The high-born youth, mature in vice,
 Pursues his vain and reckless course,
 Rolls the Greek hoop, or throws the dice,
 But shuns the chase, and dreads the horse.
 His perjured sire with jealous care
 Heaps riches for his worthless heir,
 Despised, disgraced, supremely blest,
 Cheating his partner, friend, and guest.
 Uncounted stores his bursting coffers fill,
 But something unpossessed is ever wanting still.

—*Temple Bar.*

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

Of the many legends wherewith in my childhood a Highland nurse was wont to hold us entranced, when on long winter's evenings we gathered round the fire, craving for "stories," one especially has remained deeply impressed on my mind, though, alas! treacherous memory fails to recall the names of those concerned or of the castle wherein the scene was enacted. It may be, however, that some one who reads this page may recollect both, and be able to supply these missing links.

The castle which was so minutely described, and so vividly realized, was an old baronial fortress, whose massive gray walls, many feet in thickness, harmonized well with the weather-worn rocks around and the precipitous crags which frowned in the background. Many a quaint turret crowned the angles of the castellated towers, and from niches in the battlements armed clansmen had in times of siege poured molten lead on the heads of their assailants.

Though successive generations had converted the upper stories to the uses of modern comfort, the stone cells of the basement, with heavy doors and rusty iron-grated windows without glass, were still more gloomy than many modern prisons, and though now only used as household offices, suggested that in days of old feudal tyranny they might well have served as dungeons for many a luckless captive taken in tribal foray. The most spacious of these dismal cells, which served as a hall of feasting for the clansmen, was partly hewn from the solid rock, as was also the great baronial kitchen, so that in truth the castle seemed but a part of the solid rock on which it was so securely founded. Nor was it always easy to shake off something of an eerie impression, even in the dwelling rooms on the upper floors, with their antiquated, comfortless furniture and grim portraits of bygone generations. Such a home could only be cheery in the bright sunshine, and when ringing with the laughter of joyous young voices; but at the time of which I speak, the old house was left well-

nigh as desolate as the deserted nest from which the full-fledged brood have flown.

Well-nigh half a century had passed since the day when the late owner of these broad lands brought home the comely bride who had ever since filled her place so well in the hearts of the people. Sons and daughters grew up around them, and the ghostly walls echoed their childish glee. But as the years rolled on, one by one forsook the old roof-tree—the sons to seek their fortunes in foreign lands, while of the daughters—"some were married—some were dead."

Then came a day of bitter woe, when the lord of the castle (no longer so strong of hand as of yore) was thrown by a restive horse, and was brought home only to close his eyes in death.

Long years had passed by since then, and still his widow dwelt alone in the gloomy castle, wisely ruling over all the interests of her first-born son, who still continued to hold high office in the service of his country beyond the seas. Her one mainstay in any unusual difficulty was a brother, known to all the country-side as "The Colonel," a brave old officer who, after many years of active service, had now returned to end his days in peace on a small property within a distance of about six miles.

Her household consisted for the most part of old and tried retainers, the most recent importation, at the time to which I now refer, being a butler (whom the coachman and other old servants considered quite a new-comer because he had *only* been at the castle seven years) and a lady's maid who had been engaged but a few months previously, on the death of the valued companion of half a lifetime. This woman was personally good-looking, and came armed with the highest recommendations as to character and skill in millinery, and was also described as a tender nurse in sickness. Nevertheless, her new mistress could not conquer a natural instinct of distrust, against which she fought in vain, telling herself how un-

reasonable and unjust was such unfounded prejudice against a person of such well-certified excellence. But so resolutely did she strive to overcome this unsympathetic feeling that no outward sign ever betrayed its existence, for a kinder mistress never lived, and, besides, the conduct of the woman was irreproachable. So no ripple on the calm surface of domestic life betrayed that any manner of evil lay hidden in its depths.

Summer had slipped away, and with it the glory of golden gorse which lighted up the barren moorland with its gleaming gold. Now autumn had kissed the hills, clothing them in fragrant purple; a cheery party of friends had assembled at the castle to witness the village sports, and enjoy some days' sport in pursuit of the moor-fowl, and for a while all was stir and movement. But when the guests had all dispersed, the silvery-haired hostess was more than usually conscious of a sense of loneliness, as she sat by herself in a spacious room wainscoted with dark old oak (whose color told how many successive generations had come and gone since those parent oaks were felled!) Musing of bright days long gone, and of loving faces and voices far away, she still sat on in the deepening twilight. Then opening the latticed casement (and thereby startling a flock of jackdaws from their roost in the ivy-covered turret) she looked out to the cloudy night, and watched the play of dim moonlight on the pale mists and on the gloomy morass which lay outspread beyond the castle.

Many a time the same outlook had soothed her and whispered peace, but to-night she only felt its eeriness. Earlier than was her wont she retired to her tapestried bedchamber—a sombre room, furnished with handsome old oak tables and cabinets, and a richly-carved bedstead, heavily draped with gold-embroidered velvet, which had once been crimson; but its color had long since faded, and the gold was tarnished beyond recognition. Bidding her maid heap on a blazing wood fire, she dismissed her for the night. Then, unlocking a curious Flemish cabinet, she opened several drawers, rapidly glancing at the silken and morocco cases

containing her bridal jewels, now laid by until her son should in his turn bring home a bride, on whom she would lovingly bestow them. Then from an inner recess she took several packets of old letters, and was soon so thoroughly absorbed in memories of the past that the hours slipped by unheeded, and the fire had burnt low ere she roused herself to a consciousness that it was time to seek forgetfulness in sleep.

But that night sleep was wooed in vain. Her mind was too thoroughly awake; even the hooting of the owls in the great tower seemed tenfold louder and more ghostly than usual, and ever and anon the rising breeze caught an unruly ivy-branch and drew it sharply across the window-pane. She resolved that the errant bough should be duly trimmed on the morrow, and again tried to compose herself to sleep, but without effect. She found herself watching the occasional faint glimmer of the smouldering logs, playing fitfully on the dim tapestry, and presently, though by no means given to indulging in nervous fancies, she felt convinced that the curtain which half draped the door was shaken.

Another moment proved that this was indeed no fancy. Slowly and silently the door opened, and her heart stood still with horror as she distinctly saw her trusted butler, holding in one hand a lighted candle, in the other an unsheathed dagger, while close behind him followed the lady's maid.

With a sudden instinct of self-preservation their mistress closed her eyes and feigned deep sleep. Not a tremor disturbed the regularity of her breathing as the would-be murderers came close to her and passed the light before her eyes.

"I cannot do it," she heard the man whisper. "She's so fast asleep that she is quite safe. You go on while I keep watch." She heard a low murmur of dissent, after which, while conscious that the man's eyes remained fixed upon her, she heard the woman searching for her keys, and then proceed to unlock the Flemish cabinet and open the various drawers in which were stored her most valued jewels, after which she passed to an inner dressing-room wherein were sundry objects of considerable intrinsic value.

Having collected her booty, the woman once more returned to urge her companion to the foul deed of murder. "Better do it," she said; "better make sure—dead folk tell no tales!"

Happily his heart failed him. "I cannot kill a sleeping woman," he said. Then, with a sense of indescribable relief, the feigned sleeper was conscious that the light was withdrawn, and that the cautious footsteps retreated to the door, and her sharpened ear followed their sound as they passed down the long corridor. No sleep was hers through the ensuing dark hours of vigil, as she lay in a stillness of great horror longing for the dawn. Meanwhile she had decided on her course of action. Knowing the difficulties of getting away from the castle except by borrowing a horse from her own stables, or by sending for one to the nearest town, she was convinced that though the robbers might take advantage of the darkness to conceal their booty outside the house, they would scarcely attempt to start before morning. She therefore waited quietly till, at the accustomed hour, her maid came to call her, when, with her usual calm, she went through all the prolonged mysteries of the toilette in such a manner as completely to allay all possibility of suspicion. Of course she was especially careful not to ask for anything which she supposed might possibly have been removed.

She then went leisurely down to breakfast, at which her butler waited with all due care. On his inquiring whether she had any orders for the carriage that morning, she replied that she had not, as the weather looked showery. But as he reached the door she recalled him, and with the most perfectly assumed carelessness said, "Yes, I think I had better take a turn. Bid the coach come round at eleven." So at eleven the carriage came to the door, and the lady

gave directions for a short drive to certain farms. The coachman drove leisurely down the stately lime avenue and through the bird-fringed glen till he was well out of sight of the castle, when his mistress, throwing off her assumed calm, bade him take another road and drive to the Colonel's house as fast as the horses could go.

In an incredibly short time her tale was told to one who was ever ready for prompt action, and who lost not a moment in ordering out his own fresh horses (the speed of the Colonel's grays was proverbial throughout the district). Leaving his sister, now thoroughly worn out with the prolonged nervous tension, he started in hot haste, and, urging his willing steeds to a gallop, he reached the castle just in time to arrest the guilty couple, who had completed their arrangements for flight with all their booty.

As the carriage dashed up the avenue, the panting horses betokening unwonted pressure, the butler was heard to exclaim, "It's all up! look at the Colonel's grays!" And "all up" for him it proved, for both he and the maid were forthwith arrested and committed to the county jail to stand their trial at the next assizes, and in Scotland, at the close of the last century, hanging was the penalty not only for sheep-stealing and cattle-lifting, but for all manner of theft. The peculiarity of the present case was that the comeliness of the female prisoner so affected the jury (there were no women on that jury!) that, in the very face of direct evidence to the contrary, they chose to assume that the woman was acting under the man's influence. So he who had persistently refused to murder a sleeping woman was condemned to be hanged, whereas the temptress who had urged him to the crime was pardoned! Such were the peculiarities of legal justice in the days of our grandparents.—*Belgravia*.

COLERIDGE.

BY CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

"MEN act upon the world by what they say and by what they do." This is substantially what the logicians call an identical proposition, for, since writ-

ing and talking are acts, it is equivalent to saying, "Men act upon the world by acting." Let us put ourselves more nearly in accord with the modern posi-

tive spirit and say : " Men act on their fellows through the medium of language which conveys ideas, and by muscular contractions which put matter in motion, or arrest its motion." Even in this there is not the strict definiteness required by the disciple of Spencer, for one could object, " When a man speaks he puts matter in motion, the air vibrates, and the drum of the auditor's ear vibrates." Despairing of scientific accuracy, let us again say simply, in the old vague manner, " Men act on the world by what they do and by what they say," for we wish to speak of a man who influenced his own generation widely by what he said ; and, further, the thought of Samuel Coleridge is on an entirely different plane from the thought of the modern physico-psychological school, which is trying to pick the lock of the universe on the principle that one key opens all locks, and that all locks hide the same secret.

We will confine ourselves to Coleridge as a writer and talker, for though men act on the world by a subtle influence of character, sometimes more than by written and spoken words—Shelley's personality, for instance, counts for more than his poetry—the character of Coleridge, as evinced in the ordinary relations of life, was not one which of itself would refine, elevate, or strengthen. To those who knew him intimately, there were, doubtless, qualities of self-abnegation, of reverence, of spiritual-mindedness, in addition to the intellectual power devoted to noble and unselfish ends, which could not but call forth their admiration ; but to the world, which can look only at the large features of a man's life, he appears as neglecting the paramount and pressing duty which lies on every man of caring for those immediately dependent on him. Coleridge neglected to fulfil ordinary business engagements, he failed to finish literary undertakings for which he was well-equipped—he has been called the man of magnificent beginnings—he succumbed to a subtle and enervating temptation, and though he conquered the opium habit, the effort seems to have exhausted the entire sum of his capacity for energetic volition. His failures were due perhaps to physical weakness, perhaps to a subtle disease of the will ;

but, at all events, the fatal taint of irresolution has prevented him from becoming a personal force. But, notwithstanding his pitiable weakness as an individual, no statesman of his day, no literary man of his day, no educator, effected so large and beneficent a public work. No Englishman ever did more to enlighten the public conscience, to raise the tone of criticism, and the conception of the true relations between church, state, and citizen ; and to substitute a broad and ennobling theory of life and duty for the commercial morals of Paley, and the narrow, barren materialism of Locke. And no writer of English verse ever showed more easy command over his instrument ; there is none whose poetry is in a higher sense poetry radiant with the " light that never was on land or sea." Therefore, more than any one else he suggests the question : How far do great powers, and the consciousness of being able to serve mankind in the higher sense, absolve a man from the fulfilment of the everyday duties ?

His positions as a poet and a prose writer are entirely independent. He is the only man that is very great as an imaginative writer and as a logician, for though Plato is a great literary artist, we do not know that he was a poet of the first rank. Coleridge does not mix his reasoning and his poetry as Milton did, and as Wordsworth did. While his prose abounds in graphic and suggestive images, it is strictly argumentative prose : it holds no artistic element in solution. It is addressed primarily to the intellect. His poetry on the other hand is strictly representative, purely an art product. It makes no appeal to the understanding, but is the language of something higher. That such poetry as the " Ancient Mariner," and " Christabel," and " Cain,"—which last, though not in verse, must be classed as poetry,—meets with such general acceptance, and is felt to be the aliment of some portion of our mind, the refreshment of something real within us, is a proof that there is a world behind the world of sensation and perception, below the field of consciousness, dark to the eye of sense, but radiant with the " master light of all our seeing."

Coleridge deserves better than Shakespeare the epithet, "myriad-minded." For Shakespeare's powers, as far as we know, were powers of representation only, preceded of course by vivid perception—the most vivid that ever glowed in a mortal's brain—but not by conscious, painstaking analysis. As far as we know, it would have been as foreign to Shakespeare's mind to have reasoned from propositions to a logical system, as it evidently was impossible for Lord Bacon to portray character in action. The union of these powers in the same individual, so independent as to make his prose expression and his poetical expression entirely distinct, is very rare. Shelley was an exquisite writer of prose and a philosophical thinker of grasp and range, but his prose and his poetry are related, are evidently products of the same mind, for they have common characteristics, and their difference is principally that of form.

The same is true of Milton, and Dryden, and Swinburne. Coleridge's prose is not the prose of a poet, nor is his poetry the poetry of a philosopher. They should therefore be considered separately, for the only point of internal resemblance is that both embody literary qualities which command influence and immortality.

When I speak of his poetry as strictly an artistic product, as having in it a mystical and unreal element, I wish to be understood as confining myself to what constitutes in bulk a very small part of his writings in poetic form, as referring solely to the "Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," and "Cain," of which the first only is complete. The rest of his verse-writing, as the grand ode to France, the popular verses on "Love" beginning,—

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers to Love,
And feed his sacred flame :"

—the tragedy of "Remorse," the pathetic verses on Youth and Age, and others less known of the many that fill the volume entitled "Poems of Coleridge," are merely the verses of a brilliant intellect gifted with the metrical power. Doubtless there are many fine lines, many noble and just images, no

lack of musical clauses, but the wonderful, unearthly, ideal element, the entire removal from the world of sense, is wanting. They are felicitous expressions of everyday thought. The "Complaint and Reply," for instance, is a very happy epigrammatic expression of a commonplace phase of feeling :—

COMPLAINT.

"How seldom, friend, a good, great man inherits
Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains ;
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains."

REPROOF.

"For shame, dear friend, renounce this canting strain,
What, would'st thou have a good, great man obtain
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain,—
Or throne of corpses which his sword has slain ?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man ?—three treasures, love and light,
And calm thoughts, regular as infant's breath,
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night,
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death."

Poetry of this order has its uses—its important function in spiritual education. Perhaps it finds more readers and a more general influence than the song which is showered from a more remote heaven. It carries pleasure and consolation ; its lessons, like those of Longfellow's poetry, lend themselves to personal application. If it is cheerful, it is with the light of common day ; if melancholy, it is with the melancholy of hope or of resignation—of ordinary human emotions. It keeps its strict relation to the natural. But poetry like the "Ancient Mariner" has no interpretation in the limits of the understanding. It appeals to a different part of our nature. "The moment we are taken on that strange ship the actual and the unreal cease to have any distinction." The ocean on which it is driven by a spirit's hand is infinitely further removed than the waters on which the Spirit of God moved on the morning of

creation, for it is removed not in time, nor in space, merely, but in sphere of existence. Does the mariner represent a soul adrift?—a solitary, excluded from nature's great beneficence and redeemed at last by the Spirit of Love? Let it be so,—or say, rather, if you must interpret in the German fashion,—that the mariner is the Spirit of Discontent which wanders over the world and marks unerringly the men on whom it can lay the burden of its pain,—the questionings, the despair which torment noble souls:—

"I pass like night from land to land,
I have strange power of speech;
The moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me,
To him my tale I teach."

The wedding guest cannot choose but hear. The "glittering eye" has looked into his soul, and the tumult and joy and uproar of the world recede, become faint and far,—a dance of shadows to spectral music; the buxom, ruddy bride, herself, a mere unsubstantial phantom, and this voyage, into the unknown, the startling, important reality. No wonder that after he had heard it,—

"He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow's morn."

Sadder and wiser, as Dante was after he had finished the "Divina Commedia,"—as the Shakespere that wrote "Lear" was sadder and wiser than the Shakespere that wrote "Romeo and Juliet." But of all this mystical meaning the artist gives no hint, for the sweet, little, childish moral at the end,—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small,
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all,"—

is merely a device to bring the reader back into the world of sense. The poet places the under-world, the world of new forces, squarely before you. You enter it, and then are set back in your "own countree." The story is told by one who has been there. It is true. The effect is produced by numberless cumulative touches, all of which, in the true ballad manner, are subordinate to the narrative, which is of such novelty

and power that we feel in hearing it some of the strange uneasiness that affects animals on the approach of an eclipse. Experience fails. All our knowledge we supposed was based on experience. Here is a new sort of knowledge, not based on experience. There is nothing comparable to the effect of the "Ancient Mariner," unless it be the terror induced by certain strains of music. Something elemental throbs and trembles within us,—the solid ground of experience may yawn and let us down into unknown depths, where the firmness of the human soul is naught, where courage is dissolved, and will is powerless. The ideal quality of the "Ancient Mariner" is shown by the fact that it cannot be illustrated. Doré, a master of gloom, of the sinister perspective of black masses, is powerless to represent the phantom ship. His prints above Coleridge's verse merely spoil the lines, destroy the illusion, or rather throw it up into the real world of bark-rigged ships with wooden masts and figure-heads, solid, and displacing so many tons. The "Ancient Mariner" is the one poem which can never be illustrated. Coleridge called a painting "the intermediate something between a thought and a thing;" but this poem lies on the other side of thought, in the region of the sub-conscious. Compare Doré's illustrations of the "Wandering Jew." Here we have a human soul, driven by remorse to wander on the globe, hoping to die yet shunned by death, and seeing everywhere, in the fleeing clouds, the mists driving through the forests, the spray of the tempest, an image of the procession to Calvary. Here the illustrator is successful, for the terror, the remorse, the agony are within the limitations of the human. The "Ancient Mariner" might be set to music that Paganini might have played, but it is beyond the power of expression of any other art. An imperfect illustration lowers the dignity of the thing illustrated, drags the higher ideal down to its own level.

If we can say that the underlying motive of the "Ancient Mariner" is the unity of life, the subtle bond that connects universal nature, the mystical brotherhood between the brute creation, the human race, and the higher intelli-

gences, we can also say that the motive of "Christabel" is the temporary dominance sometimes assumed by the subtle power of evil. If Coleridge could not finish and could scarcely outline a conclusion to this wonderful fragment, it is of course useless for us to speculate on the moral intended. It is the opening scene of a great tragedy, whose action lies in the obscurest workings of the human soul. I doubt if the key to this wonderful picture ever existed in his conscious thought. These poems seem to have been constructed by some power deeper than the understanding and the will. They lay in Coleridge's mind without his knowing it, and without any power on his part to summon them into being. Were they not produced in a very different way from the ordinary journey-work of literature, without any scheme or analysis? They are the only great poems in literature not constructed about a pre-existing story or myth, and which do not borrow some dignity and interest from antecedent historical or religious associations. The coming to the surface of such creations might depend on a certain conjuncture of physical conditions which he could neither foresee nor command. Some spirit spoke through him that was mightier than he. "Kubla Khan" was composed in a dream, and written down hastily, and Coleridge said that he was confident that one hundred more lines were distinct in his memory, when that unfortunate "person on business from Porlock,"—more to be anathematized than the soldier who killed Archimedes, for was there ever a more unfortunate expulsion of the ideal by the real?—interrupted him, and the strain of weird music was lost forever. So of "Christabel," the canvas is prepared, the ground color laid on, the figures barely sketched, the background, with its sinister perspective barely suggested, but every stroke is the firm stroke of a master, of a master possessed by something he has seen, not carelessly with the bodily eye, but for an instant, intensely, with the eye of the spirit. The heroic-romance form is developed to as high a use as the ballad-form in the "Ancient Mariner." How powerfully he uses the ordinary instrumentalities to express more than they usually mean! The sugges-

tions are grouped and aggregated. It is midnight, the owls have waked the cock, who crows drowsily. The night is "chilly, but not dark," but the light is meagre and flickering, the moon is behind the "thin gray cloud spread on high,"—"spread," as if it were done purposely to screen the evil agents. The moon looks "small and dull, like a serpent's eye." The world is under a spell, the forest bare of leaves, except that one on the top of the tree which "dances as often as dance it can," as if filled with impish energy. The wind moans bleak. The mastiff bitch, conscious of the malign influences of the hour, through the brute's intuitive sense of danger, moans in answer to the dead clang of the turret clock. Coleridge shows that the solitude of the sea, or the sense of remote space, is not essential to isolate a soul and produce the effect of demonic reality, as in the "Ancient Mariner." "Christabel" stands as the eternal representative of purity, and while the witch Geraldine is apparently more beautiful than she, every image applied to the one suggests the dazzling brilliancy of sin; to the other, the unobtrusive radiance of innocence.

Thus the witch is the "stately lady;" "the lady tall," the "beautiful lady;" but Christabel is the "lovely lady," the "maiden fair," the "sweet maid." Of Geraldine it is said:—

"The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck and arms were bare,
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she,—
Beautiful exceedingly!"

Again:—

"She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countree."

But Christabel is described indirectly only:—

"Kneeling in the moonlight
To make her gentle vows,
Her slender palms together pressed,
Heaving, sometimes, on her breast,
Her face resigned to bliss, or bale—
Her face, oh, call it fair, not pale,
And both blue eyes more bright than clear,
Each about to have a tear."

This difference of atmosphere about the two women is evidently not the re-

sult of a conscious, painstaking treatment, but because the poet feels their different relations to the moral world, and because his vision of them is as clear and distinct as if they were actually before him. This is the great poetic or creative power,—the power of seeing visions face to face, and of realizing them and fixing them in words, or colors, or stone.

The suggestion of the presence of the mother, seen by the witch Geraldine, but invisible to mortal eye, comes in after the charming description of Christabel's chamber, and contrasts subtly with the feeling of home-like security and repose induced by the—

"chamber carved so curiously,
Carved with figures, strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain,
For a lady's chamber meet.

The lamp with a two-fold silver chain
Is fastened to an angel's feet."

Christabel says, involuntarily :—

"O mother dear, that thou wert here !"
'I would,' said Geraldine, 'she were !'

But soon with altered voice said she,
'Off, wandering mother ! Peak and pine !
I have power to bid thee flee.'
Alas ! what ails poor Geraldine ?
Why stares she with unsettled eye ?
Can she the bodiless dead espy ?

And why with hollow voice cries she,
'Off, woman, off ! This hour is mine—
Though thou her guardian spirit be—
Off, woman, off ! 'Tis given to me."

This is a real visitant. The ghost of the royal Dane is human compared to her. The shrinking of Christabel, her passionate appeal to her father, her fright and alarm when the witch subtly discloses a glimpse of her real character, are more pitiable than the mistrust Gretchen feels for Mephistopheles. The danger is made real though vague, and is the more alarming because vague. She shrinks as a pure young soul shrinks, with terror undefinable, from the approach of that awful form of insanity which sometimes troubles with images of corruption the unclouded mirror of a mind that has hitherto reflected only the peaceful forms of love, or hope, or tenderness :—

"Softly gathering up her train
That o'er her right arm fell again ;
And folded her arms across her chest,
And couched her head upon her breast,

And looked askance at Christabel—
Jesu, Maria ! shield her well !

"A snake's small eye blinks dull and shy,
And the lady's eyes they shrink in her
head,
Each shrunk up to a serpent's eye,
As with somewhat of malice, and more of
dread,
At Christabel she looked askance."

Mrs. Oliphant says Christabel is a martyr-soul suffering in dumb consternation against the evil that holds her spellbound. "And all the more pathetic is the picture because the Christ-maiden is entirely human. She knows nothing, neither her own position—a sight for angels to watch—nor all that depends upon her steadfast adherence to her white banner of faith and purity ; but her enemy knows everything, and has a whole armory of subtle spiritual weapons at her disposal, 'Jesu, Maria, shield her well !'"

Coleridge left an outline of the framework on which he intended to build the conclusion of Christabel. Charles Lamb said it should never be finished, and it may be doubted whether this is not one of those inscrutable problems that can be stated and nothing more ; the temporary and apparent triumph of evil, the subtle energy and pervasive power it sometimes assumes in this "present, evil world."

Another fragment, the motive of which lies in the supernatural world, is "Cain." Coleridge left a few lines of the verse in which he intended to have written this, and a prose outline of the second canto. Cain is driven by the first remorse that had entered the world, a remorse that has the elemental depth, the heroic scope, of the passions of the primitive man ; a despair in which are summed up and enfolded all the coming sorrow and anguish of humanity.

Cain and his child Enos are in the wood at night, and the boy complains that the wild animals will no longer play with him. "And Cain lifted up his voice and said, 'The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and that ; he pursueth my soul like the wind, like the sand-blast he passeth through me, he is around me even as the air. O ! that I might be utterly no more, that I might abide in darkness, and blackness and an empty space !'" When they

came out of the woods into the moonlight of the desert, "Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness, the child was affrighted. For the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire, his hair was as the matted curls on the bison's forehead, and so glared his fixed and sullen eye beneath, and the black, abundant locks on either side, a rank and tangled mass, were stained and scorched, as though the grasp of a burning, iron hand had striven to rend them; and his countenance told, in a strange language, of agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be."

The spirit of Abel is discovered in the desolate desert, a shape, whose form and limbs were like those of the murdered Abel, wandering like a feeble slave in misery. Heaven and Hell are not created—there has been no death. Cain asks him, "'Didst thou not find favor in the sight of the Lord, thy God?' The shape answered,—'The Lord is the God of the living, the dead have another God.' Then the child, Enos, lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. 'Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life!' exclaimed the shape, 'who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead, but after death their toil ceaseth. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and dominion.' Having uttered these words, the shape rose suddenly and fled over the sands, and Cain said in his heart, 'The curse of the Lord is on me, but who is the God of the dead? . . . Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony.'"

It is hardly necessary to compare this fragment with Byron's "Cain" or "Manfred" to show of how much higher quality was the poetic power of Coleridge than that of Byron. Although *dramatis personæ* are introduced with whom we are acquainted, the creative power of the artist invests them with the supernatural character. A single false expression would have dragged the entire conception down to the region of

Byronic fustian, but the false note is never heard. The scene is carried back so far into the origin of humanity, that it is as far removed from the field of our ordinary conceptions as if it were placed in the supernatural world. No modern sentiment intrudes for an instant. How different from "Paradise Lost," where that quite superior seventeenth-century person, Adam, reasons like a Doctor of Divinity. Cain's joy at receiving the idea that the God of the living—the God whom he has known as the guardian of Eden, jealously watching over infant humanity—is not the God of the dead, is a striking conception, and in true harmony with the character of primitive man,—man devoid of experience,—man with no traditional ideas. Cain receives the idea so readily because this is the first time humanity has known death, or has had occasion to reflect on the change death brings. There is the breadth and largeness of grasp in this fragment that marks the "Prometheus." The characters are moved only by the deep, primitive, radical emotions, the underlying strata of human nature, which we have overlaid with so much drift and rubbish.

In thus stepping boldly outside the world of the senses, Coleridge was a great poet, a creator, an idealist. No poet now attempts to do more than describe what he has seen, or heard, perhaps to moralize on it, or to invest it with a certain relation to the spiritual world. In a word, modern poets are realistic, fanciful and charming perhaps, but always purposive. Shelley, too, possesses this power, but Coleridge made by far the easier flight. Shelley has most need of artificial supports, deals in negations,—shadowless, insensational figures floating in a dim vapor,—the conventional apparatus of the ghostly world. The number of adjectives beginning in *un* and *dis* that Shelley uses is remarkable. But Coleridge places the scene squarely before you,—no dim vapors pass across the foreground. The phantom ship drives across the sun, you see that it is a skeleton ship,—

"And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
Heaven's mother send us grace!
As if through a dungeon grate he peered,
With broad and burning face."

The poet seizes instinctively on the striking points, as a good narrator does in describing what he has seen. But the sense of an underlying, all-pervasive, mysterious force is as imminent in the real ocean, where the mariner's ship floats idly, as in the vast, interstellar spaces where Queen Mab takes the spirit of Ianthe. More so, indeed. Coleridge places the supernatural world apart,—he does not disclose its relations to the natural, he does not depict the supernatural forces embodied in the real, as Shakespeare does in "Macbeth;" nor can he pass from the supernatural to the real with the supreme ease of the great master, for with Coleridge the supernatural, for the time, closes in on and shuts out the real.

Do you say what is the use of these "fairy stories," when to learn a little of the world of the senses life is all too short? I can only say that as an educational influence they seem to me to have a far wider function than the modern realistic and scientific literature, which is addressed to sharpening the observation and the perceptive powers which case us in as with a shell, and are the master gloom of all our darkness. There is nothing more necessary to mental health and balance, as is shown by the eagerness of healthy children for nutriment to the imagination, than the cultivation of the more obscure parts of the imagination. It may not conduce to success in business, but it conduces to sanity. When thought is held entirely within the limitations of the natural and positive, imagination takes a terrible revenge. A peculiar and distressing form of insanity awaits the posterity of the men and women to whom the things of this world are the only subject of thought. Fungi grow in the dark, unconscious recesses of minds never illumined by the weird light of the underlying world. When the gods are absent, ghosts crowd in. The poisonous spores are dormant in those who laugh at the dreamy poet or the unpractical mystic, but their development in the coming generations is certain. Dr. Maudsley, the great authority on Alienism, says that he "knows no one more likely to breed insanity in his offspring than the intensely selfish man, and that an oblique moral development

is more likely to predetermine insanity in the next generation than many forms of actual mental derangement in parents." The whole course of his reasoning, however, goes to prove that it is any one-sided, unbalanced development of the character that is likely to entail this curse, not moral deformity alone. He, of course, would not admit that the stern repression of the mystical flights of the mind would result in morbid growth of the practical understanding. But is not a hunger and thirst after the things of the unreal world a constituent part of the human spirit, which must be fed with the higher expressions of music and art and poetry; and is not the benumbing effect of practical endeavor in the long run as fatal to true mental evolution as a false, exaggerated supernaturalism?

In the phase of his creative activity which we have been considering, Coleridge was essentially un-English—a seer of things unseen—blind to the everyday world, but visionary with the "master light of all our seeing." When he descended to the lower plane of mental activity which was his habitual field ground,—philosophy,—he was essentially and radically English. "His thought, whether on Ethics, Psychology, or Political Science, was always directly related to practical affairs." His method was the practical one of spoken discourse, and in this method he was not *primus inter pares*, but *facile princeps*. If he drew his inspirations from German thinkers, his treatment was so different that he can rightly be called an originator rather than an interpreter. "Kant's thought," says Principal Shairp, "was but a germ to his philosophical mind." For he never for an instant loses grasp of the applications of an idea, but shows continually how the principle is illustrated in the world of sense in the Church, in institutions, in the social order. At home as much as Kant in the region of pure abstractions, he is at the same time as much at home as Fox in English civil institutions, the jury, the relation of the people to the land, the vestry, the courts, the Houses of Parliament. In this double power he seems to me to be unrivalled, and in it lay the secret of his great influence. It is perhaps unfortunate for his permanent

reputation, not for his permanent influence, that his expression was through the medium of spoken discourse; for his intellectual children and grandchildren are all of those who have labored, and not entirely in vain, to put England in sympathy with liberal thought, and to preserve the liberal thought which is embodied in the English germinal principle. Kingsley, Stanley, Arnold the elder, Maurice, and many others, less known, perhaps, but not the less worth knowing,—un-iconoclastic radicals, conservative rebels, practical idealists,—are of those who have taken up the thought of Coleridge. The quickening effect of his discourse,—it can hardly be called conversation,—is testified to by many who have left their impressions on record. His latest biographer, Mr. Trail, though evidently not in sympathy with the thought of Coleridge, admits its great effect on intellectual England, and seems to think that the value and power of Coleridge is as great as it would have been had he finished and developed his philosophical theories into a system. Hazlitt says, "He is the only person I ever knew who answered to the idea of a man of genius. He is the only person from whom I ever learned anything. He talked on forever—and you wished him to talk on forever. His thoughts did not seem to come with labor and effort, but as if borne on the gusts of genius, and as if the wings of imagination lifted him off his feet."

His nephew, Henry Coleridge, calls him "the eloquent centre of all companies, and the standard of intellectual greatness to hundreds of affectionate disciples, far and near," and says,— "A day with him was a sabbath past expression, deep and tranquil and serene. Throughout a long drawn summer day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical tones, marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, pouring such floods of light on your mind, that you might, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. In all this he was your teacher and guide, but in a little while you might forget that he was other than a fellow-student, a companion, so playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his

pleasant eye." De Quincey says, "Coleridge led me at once to the drawing-room, rang the bell for refreshments, and omitted no point of a courteous reception. That point being settled, Coleridge,—like some great Orelana, or the St. Lawrence, that, having been checked and fretted by rocks or thwarting islands, suddenly recovers its volume of waters, and its mighty music,—swept at once, as if returning to his natural business, into a continuous strain of eloquent dissertation, the most novel and illuminated that it was possible to conceive."

Now these are the reports of enthusiastic young disciples, and must be taken *cum grano salis*. But there is little difference in the reports of older men.

"His society," says Wordsworth, "I found an invaluable blessing, and to him I looked up with equal reverence as a poet, a philosopher, and a man." Carlyle, who never praised a living man, is the only one who does not speak in terms of enthusiastic reverence, and acknowledge the effect of a new, vitalizing mental force.

From the fragments of his table talk recorded by his nephew, and from his own fragmentary publications, we may gather the outline and tendency of his philosophic thought. Its force on the printed page is evidently quite different from what it must have been when it flowed in matchless discourse, fresh from his mind under the inspiration of contact with other minds. His principal propositions are: first, one of the leading Kantian ideas,—that in addition to the sensuous perception by which phenomena are translated into thought, and the understanding which compares and classifies the cognitions so presented, *i.e.*, the logical faculty which moves from a premise to a conclusion,—we possess a higher faculty which he calls reason, through which we receive immediate knowledge of things which the understanding cannot grasp, which indeed it rejects, but which is the important knowledge, the only real truth, though without any criterion; secondly, that while every event is connected with another, as cause or effect, so that it is impossible to conceive of anything happening which had not a preceding cause, the higher reason introduces into the

world a new form of causal connection and says, "Do this because you ought," the *nexus*, or bond, between event and cause being of a totally different nature from all other causal connections, but much the most important, since it is the formative element in character, and the foundation of the social order. A materialist would deny at once that there is any exceptional cause, would say that conscience is a sublimated sense of utility; an agnostic would not so much deny it as ignore it, and say, "Positive knowledge is the only proper subject-matter of thought, and there is so much of that to be acquired that it is much more satisfactory to attend to it exclusively; and that humanity is the highest outcome of life, and therefore, humanity itself, not the unknown and unknowable first cause of the phenomena of life, is the proper object of worship."

When Coleridge was a young man the dominant philosophy was that of Locke and Paley,—the one basing all knowledge on experience, the other all duty upon policy. The latter part of the eighteenth century was preëminently an unspiritual age. It was the opening of the industrial era. The immense results from the practical application of newly-discovered means of control of the forces of nature had almost the same effects as the first development of the resources of a new continent had in America at a later date. The tangible results, the feeling that more was to come, the sense that the foundations of material power were being laid, that the greatness of England was budding and expanding, and the success of the continental wars which carried the material prestige of England to a high point, led men's minds away from the contemplation of spiritual truth.

"Against this material philosophy Coleridge set his face. He never ceased, in season and out of season, to argue against it, to point out its dangerous tendencies, its lack of correspondence with actual manifestations, its failure to explain phenomena," and he, beyond question, was the most effective force of his day in awakening the English mind to a higher life, and it is this sphere of his activity that makes him a worthy study for us, that makes his thought as vital and as valuable as when

it flowed from his eloquent lips. For in the last quarter of a century, natural science has made more brilliant progress, and is more closely allied with the physical comfort and power of men than ever before. As the foundation of great fortunes it is intimately allied with the social order. By reducing to a minimum the difficulties of transport, it has obviated the principal dangers which our fathers saw in the indefinite territorial expansion of the Republic. It touches us at every point of our lives. You can hardly light the gas, or turn on the water, or buy a railroad ticket, without reflecting that physical science lies at the bottom of all these things. All the resources of the Roman Empire could not have compassed the manufacture of the little wheel of a bicycle. You hear daily of great fortunes, the foundations of which are mechanical, or chemical, or engineering science. Even here we are apt to give more credit to the mechanic than to the theorist,—to the introducer and exploiter than to the discoverer, to Morse rather than to Ampère, or Faraday,—so strong is the tendency of men to the visibly real. We look forward to business, politics, practical affairs, and are rather impatient of the time spent in preparation, as keeping us from the real business of life. We appreciate in a general way that the wealth of the world,—at least of the civilized portion, which holds three-fourths of the wealth of the world,—rests on physical and chemical arts, which are the outcome of physical and chemical science. And we can scarcely avoid feeling that the scientific world is flushed with the enthusiasm of successful achievement, and confident—justly confident—in the prospect of new discoveries, and that there is a tendency to admit its methods into every department of mental activity.

Now we may say, "What of all this? What possible difference to the human race does the tendency of philosophical thought make? Such speculations, such theories of life, are the occupation of a few active-minded, cultivated men of leisure. In a free country they may be permitted to argue and build systems on any foundation they choose,—even to write books. They have precisely the same effect on civilization that the

writers on the game of chess, or on space of four dimensions have, *i.e.*, none at all. The great majority of men are so taken up with the struggle to support life, with the pressing necessity of daily, painful labor, that they have no leisure nor inclination to attend to philosophical theories, even if they possessed the ability to understand them."

To all this there are several answers. First : active-minded men who have a tendency to speculate and desire to have a satisfactory theory of life, are much more numerous than one might suppose, and are by no means confined to the small class that has leisure.

Secondly : even if thinking men are but a small class, if they are living under a false theory, society is in much the condition of a healthy body with a diseased mind, a state which results in strange, unaccountable public calamities, when apathy, listlessness, a disposition to suicide become contagious or epidemic. We cannot stop to show how history proves this, further than to say that the disintegration of society under the Roman emperors was due to outworn creeds and inadequate philosophies, and that the world was literally saved by Christianity.

Thirdly and chiefly : all history shows that philosophical theories color, not only national character, but also economic theories, governmental action, and social relations ; and touch the practical everyday life of man at a thousand points. The abstract ideas of thinking men always embody the ideal toward which a civilization tends, and, therefore, widely determine its form. For instance, with a material philosophy is consistent the view that men are property, with a material philosophy is possible a material civilization, a development of polity and wealth, but its formative principle has a finite development, is encompassed by the limitations of the material. With a spiritual philosophy which has degenerated into mysticism, or into fatalism, is possibly a loss of hold on the realities of life, a false attitude toward the great facts of human nature, and an undervaluing of human relations, which results in a dry-rot of society, and a final cessation of material progress. Nor does religion afford a substitute for a philosophical

theory of life. For philosophical theories so far color the sense in which a religious creed is held as to entirely change its meaning, and its practical effect as a rule of conduct. The sense in which a creed is apprehended, is that which gives it vitality.

The progress of the world seems to consist in an alternate spiritualizing and materializing, or a continual striving between the two. There is a constant tendency to magnify material achievement, to say, "Soul, take thy comfort, thou hast goods enough laid up." But there is also in our race an evolutionary nisus toward something higher, which causes men to stop in this practical endeavor, and to ask themselves, "What does all this amount to ? Is there any real substance in all this wealth ?"

Are we making any real progress ? Are we realizing and assimilating any true fundamental principles ? If no satisfactory answer can be given, let us cease striving, and enjoy the passing day. Pleasure, though fleeting, is at least real, and must be snatched now, or lost forever. The philosophers of nature tell us that the aspiring curve of evolution sprang from a material base, and after rising to a certain height droops to the earth again ; that its differential changes sign, after a certain period, and the curve becomes one of devolution, till the difference between life and death, between heat and cold, becomes zero, and the dead, cold earth falls into the dead, cold sun, and all energy, including mental and spiritual energy, has ceased to be. We readily see how such a philosophy, when once assimilated and made a working creed, must affect a man's character with the subtle chill of spiritual despair.

Have we ever thought of the vast change in the admitted postulates of conventional argument that has taken place in the past fifty years ? The derisive laughter of one generation becomes the unquestioning assent of the next. I remember that some quarter of a century ago, an old gentleman of lovely character remarked casually to me, that poor people, laboring people, ought not to be taught to read. I shall never forget the impression this remark made upon me. I saw that I was in the presence of a vanishing type of the eighteenth century.

I felt as Clarence King did when he discovered the fossil that fixed the age of the Nevada rocks, the "vamped belemnites, luxuriously entombed in fine-grained sand-stone." I revered this man, for he was in many respects a better man than I could ever hope to become, but he was as far removed from me in tone of thought as a Crusader. He impressed upon me forcibly the conviction that the atmosphere clears with the centuries, and that each generation is born into a different inheritance.

It was the life-work of Coleridge to widen and amplify this inheritance for our fathers, as Plato did long before for his generation, and as no one is doing now.

A subordinate phase of the mental influence of Coleridge was exercised on the plane of literary criticism. He applied to this, principles harmonious with his philosophic thought. He was the first Shakesperian critic who recognized the master's true greatness, and proclaimed that he was not an irregular genius, but a true artist; that the poetic creations of one race are not to be mechanically measured by the artistic standard of another; that a poem may be an organic whole, developed from a vital principle, composed of parts which are congruous parts, not pieces, though the unity of time and place be not preserved by the calendar and the mundane horizon; that the poet, though not conscious, is an interpreter of nature; that morality and art in the highest sense are coincident. His lectures on Shakespere gave a tone and impulse to criticism which it has never quite lost, and verified the old adage, "Set a poet to catch a poet." Mr. Lowell's admirable paper on Shakespere is in the spirit of Coleridge, though he mentions him but incidentally, and implies that Coleridge took his views from Schlegel.*

* Undoubtedly, literary men like Coleridge and Schlegel catch up from hints, conversations, and the like, ideas that are an outcome of the tendency of the day,—of the current thought with which they come in contact in a thousand ways; and, therefore, similarities of ideas, even striking coincidences of expression, arise in every department of literary expression, when there is any general movement of thought: but I think that Coleridge is too great to be regarded merely as a translator, or even a transmitter, of critical views from

Coleridge's lectures on Hamlet were delivered before he could read a word of German, and a mind of the Coleridge type can never be accused of plagiarism, because, though it may receive and give forth an idea, it imparts to the idea its own quality, and not only transmutes it into its own language, but illuminates it from its own light.

Like every department of thought, Shakesperian criticism is divided into the idealistic and the realistic. The extreme idealistic school passes into mysticism, ascribes to the artist a purposive possession, finds hidden meanings, obscure lessons, and startling enigmas, in plain matters. The extremely realistic critic regards the art product as simply an industrial, or at best a scientific product. Thus Mr. White, who certainly in his earlier Shakesperian studies evinced no lack of appreciation for the more spiritual element of the Shakesperian drama, says in a late article,—"I feel sure, that if Shakespere had the completed MSS. of *Lear* and *Othello* and *Hamlet* before him, and his friend Southampton had offered him one hundred pounds each to have thrown them in the fire, that he would have done it, and gleefully pocketed the money."

What is this but reading the spirit of the nineteenth century into Shakespere?—but interpreting him by gas-light, just as good Dr. Johnson interpreted him by the wax tapers of the eighteenth century? Mr. White passes at once from the particular to the universal, by one of the usual forms of false induction. He sees that the men who accumulate money in Wall Street possess certain qualities; he assumes at once that because Shakespere accumulated money, he must have possessed the same qualities. Because he was not a spendthrift, like Greene and Marlowe, he must have been sordid. But the miser and the spendthrift are not opposites, they are correlatives; the root of both characters is in a false conception of the relation of money to life. The true opposite of the spendthrift is the sane man.

Germany; and, further, that Shakespere is too much akin to us, too native a product of our race, to require any foreign interpreter, although the criticism of him from the foreign standpoint is suggestive,—perhaps instructive.

Emerson, Longfellow, and Tennyson were no less prosperous in the ordinary sense than Shakespeare. Mr. White's criticism is an outcome of the material philosophy. The mind of the artist, according to him, secretes poetry, but his personality is unconscious of success, feels no pride in achievement, no glow of satisfaction except at having produced something that will exchange for some solid reality. There is really no distinction made between the penmanship and the poetic creation. The criticism of the money market, though doubtless accurate when exercised upon its own subject-matter, labors under serious limitations when extended to poetry. Too much common sense leads a man terribly astray.

Coleridge's prose is unfinished, but it is the unfinished work of a great grammarian and a great logician. It suggests that he was writing to clarify his mind, to arrange his material. In his earlier prose there is a suggestion of Jeremy Taylor's linked and harmonious clauses. Many striking things are scattered on the page. I quote from memory: "A painting is the intermediate something between a thought and a thing." "Seeing Kean act is like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning, but I don't think him enough of a gentleman to act Othello." "We can never imitate anything until we have thoroughly mastered the principles of its being." "The principle of Gothic architecture is infinity made imaginable."

Verbal felicities of this character came to him without effort, and were no doubt one of the great charms of his conversation.

In the "Vision," an allegory in which he materializes rationalism as an old man examining with a microscope the torso of a statue on whose breast was carved the word "Nature," he says with fine railleury:—

"The old man railed continually against a being who yet he assured me had no existence. He spoke in divers tongues and uttered strange mysteries. Among the rest, he talked much and vehemently concerning an infinite series of causes and effects, which he explained to be a string of blind men, the last of whom caught hold of the skirt of the one before him, he of the next, and so on, till they were all out of sight; and that they all walked infallibly straight without making one false step, though all were alike blind. Methought I borrow courage from sur-

prise, and asked him, 'Who then is at the head to guide them?' He looked at me with ineffable contempt, not unmixed with an angry suspicion, and then replied, 'No one.' The string of blind men went on forever without stumbling, for infinite blindness supplied the want of sight."

Indeed his "Table-talk," as reported by his nephew, Henry Nelson Coleridge, is full of brilliant, quotable sayings,—thoughts that are thoughts, and the cause of thought in others.

We have observed that the defect of will-power rendered Coleridge's personality less effective than that of many men whose intellect moved on a more limited plane. But, after all, is not the mind that conceived the "Ancient Mariner," which ranged habitually at an elevation to attain which for a few moments is exhaustive to ordinary intellects, itself the best argument for that divine, supersensuous origin of life which to him was a reality, which if it did not hide the things of earth at least obscured them?

Dr. Mulford says, speaking of another admirable life:—

"Such a life is more than an example, it is an evidence. It is itself a testimony to the truth and dignity of the divine realities. The theory against which the Christian faith has now to contend, is that in which life is shut up within merely physical limitations. All that we are is regarded as substantially the product of physical forces and conditions, and at last is to cease, as the physical process of nature ceases. But by what subtle change of the elements of physical nature could this force of intellect be derived from physical sources? Through what chemistry could this devotion to large and universal ends be wrought from common earth and air? The simplest principles of causation forbid it. It is a life drawn from other and higher sources. It derives its strength from hidden springs. It has a dignity which belongs to no physical powers. It does not wither with the blighting of the grain, it does not fade with the closing of the day. These fulfil in the physical changes of nature their end, and answer to the ideal they bear. But the mind has another and higher ideal within itself, and other and higher relations than those of physical nature."

In a mind like Coleridge's this ideal is but partially obscured, it has the directness and force of an actuality. It impresses us with the dignity of intellect, as a life of kind words and good works; impresses us with the higher—the far higher—dignity and divinity of unselfish love.—*Temple Bar.*

THE RESOURCES OF IRELAND.

BY ALBERT J. MOTT, F.G.S.

WHILE statesmen discuss the laws under which Ireland is governed, and offer new Acts of Parliament for the cure of Irish discontent, the true cause of the evil, and with it the true nature of the remedy, are still as much as possible kept out of sight. The Irish are permanently discontented because they are permanently poor. What they really want is to be better off. What they seek is the supposed means of becoming so. The fundamental cause of this poverty is definite and certain; but the statement of it is so distasteful to the Irish people that it is scarcely ever dwelt upon, and is only mentioned now and then.

Irishmen are poor because there are too many of them in Ireland. The actual resources of the island are not sufficient for the number of its inhabitants, and the means of making them so has never been discovered. This has been the condition of things ever since the number of the people has been known. It was not known before the beginning of this century, nor is it possible now to ascertain what it was in former times; but from that period to the present there has never been a single year in which the gross income of the island has been sufficient to support the number of people living there, except in a state of general poverty. It is the case, precisely, of a family too large for the family income; unable sufficiently to increase it, but all continuing to live at home. When they are told so they are fiercely angry, and will not believe it. But facts cannot be altered, either by anger or incredulity; and the best friend of the Irish will be the man who first convinces them that this is the fact. Their present leaders do not, of course, deny their present poverty; but they represent it always as due to a false cause. They make their countrymen believe, as the poor are always willing to believe, that their poverty is in some way the result of unfair laws, and that if these laws were altered it would disappear. If this were true these leaders would indeed be patriots. If they had

worked out the figures which their promises involve, and were able to prove the benefits their hearers are made to dream of, their demands would be irresistible. But the statement is false and the figures are never worked out; the proofs, in fact, do not exist, and they cannot be manufactured.

The number of people who can live in comfort on any given area depends upon the gross annual income at their disposal. The income of a country consists of the products of its soil, the products of its manufactures, the interest on any of its capital lent to other people, the money brought to it by foreign visitors, and the profits of any external trade.

In Ireland the great bulk of the inhabitants depend wholly on the product of the soil, and under that condition no country of equal size is able anywhere to support the same number of people except in a state of general and constant poverty.

The fact is absolute, and the proof plainly before our eyes. Ireland has 5,000,000 inhabitants on an area of 30,000 square miles. There are, therefore, 160 persons to the square mile. The number is 86 in Spain, 126 in Portugal, 128 in Hungary; these are three European States which also are chiefly dependent upon agriculture, though each of them has other sources of income much greater than those of Ireland. But they have enough to do to keep themselves in tolerable comfort, though the population in Spain has only half, and in Portugal and Hungary only three-quarters, of the Irish density.

In France there are 186 persons to the square mile; only 26 more than in Ireland. France has vast manufactures, an enormous foreign trade, a large income from foreign investments and foreign visitors, and great mineral wealth. Probably half the population, certainly a very large proportion, live upon these resources, which are infinitely beyond anything that Ireland possesses. The French peasantry, nevertheless, are poor and hard-worked, and

yet Ireland is attempting to support a population nearly as dense as that of this favored and wealthy nation.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth the population of England and Wales was less than 6,000,000, or about 100 persons to the square mile. At that time it was on the products of the soil that Englishmen chiefly lived. There were considerable manufactures, and foreign trade was already a source of national income; but agriculture was the main business of the inhabitants. The country, under those circumstances, was highly prosperous, as any country with a vigorous race in it will be when the soil is fairly fruitful and there are not more than a hundred persons to the square mile depending on it. But whenever this number is exceeded the difficulty of providing general comfort out of the product of the soil rapidly increases, and when the excess is considerable general poverty is the absolutely unavoidable result, unless there are some extraordinary means by which the average product can be increased or the average cost of living lessened to an extent far beyond the experience of European nations.

All Europe, taken together, supports only 90 persons to the square mile, and if Russia is excluded, as being in part uninhabited, all the rest of Europe supports only 150, with all its machinery at work, all its accumulated wealth, and all the profit of its entire trade with the rest of mankind. Ireland, with none of these advantages, is actually attempting to do more than the whole of Europe is doing in full possession of them.

A greater population can, of course, be kept on the same income, if they can reduce the cost of living. Men can live upon potatoes, or oatmeal, or rice, with an extremely small addition of other food; and if they submit to this diet, with rags for clothing, hovels for houses, and the least possible expenditure on anything else, even 200 persons to the square mile can be kept alive by the products of agriculture. This is what actually occurred in Ireland between 1820 and 1840, when the increase of the population went rapidly on, of course with increasing poverty, but without any popular conception of what the result must be, till famine and pestilence came

down on the poor ignorant people and cleared away more than a fourth of them in twenty years.

And it is only because they were so cleared away that the conditions of Irish life have been so far improved that the extremity of its former poverty has been relieved. But the relief is altogether insufficient. The number of the people is still too great by at least a million for general comfort to be possible. The wants of human nature are definite. So are the limits of what the soil will yield to the average labor of human hands.

The general unwillingness to recognize these facts in the case of Ireland has doubtless been mainly caused by the contrast with England, where population and wealth have increased together with extraordinary rapidity. But the causes of this increase have been forgotten. The density of population in England at the beginning of this century was exactly what it is now in Ireland: 160 persons to the square mile. It had risen to 250 in 1831; to 300 in 1851; to 400 in 1871; and it is now 450.

There is no approach to this density in any other country of equal size in any part of the world, except the valley of the Ganges, and possibly in some parts of China.

It is reached, among European States, only in Saxony, which is about as large as Wales, and in Belgium, which is twice the size of Yorkshire. The number of persons so closely packed together in these two small areas is not more than twice the population of London, and they are simply centres of mining, manufacture, and other industry on a great scale, concentrated within these narrow limits by natural and artificial circumstances which do not exist elsewhere. The United States of America have, at this moment, only 18 persons to the square mile. The State of New York, including the great city, has only 106, and this density is reached nowhere else in America except in the small States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Jersey. This is the foundation of American prosperity, and the security for its long continuance.

But in England itself only about one-fourth of the present population are supported by the entire product of the soil. How, then, do the rest get their

living? They get it from the following six sources of national income :—

1. England exports, that is, she sells to other countries, £300,000,000 worth of goods every year. The whole of this is national income, except the first cost of foreign materials included in these exports. The rest, more than two thirds, is paid to England for her natural productions, and the labor of her people.

2. England receives the annual profits of innumerable trades carried on by her agents in all parts of the world.

3. An enormous capital belonging to Englishmen is invested everywhere in foreign securities of every kind, and the annual interest is paid to us. This capital increases every year, because England possesses a very large number of rich men, who save a great part of their annual income. The sum thus saved is probably never less than from 50 to 100 millions a year. It is either lent at interest to other nations, or used as productive capital at home, and, in either case, it adds every year to the total income of the country, as well as to the reserve fund always ready to be drawn upon in case of need. This is a resource possessed only by very wealthy States, like England; by no other State to the same extent; and by Ireland to no extent of national importance.

4. England is the greatest carrier, the greatest insurer, broker, and banker in the world, and the profits in all these undertakings come to us as income.

5. England transacts miscellaneous business of every kind for every civilized nation, and is paid for these services.

6. And, lastly, a constant stream of foreign visitors is passing always through the country, spending here considerable sums, which are so much added to our resources.

This vast national income, which is independent of the product of the soil, has hitherto increased as fast as the number of people who have to live upon it, and, while this continues to be the case, the population of England may grow denser year by year without any decrease in the average comfort of the people. How far this is possible is a matter of supreme gravity which must develop itself in full force in the next ten years. In that period more than

three million persons will be added to the population of England and Wales. To provide for them as the rest are now provided for, the annual income of the country must be increased by a hundred millions sterling. The increase can only come from the sources already enumerated; and if they fail to give it, the Irish problem will repeat itself here. This is to some extent a digression, but it is sufficiently serious in itself; and a clear conception of the nature and limits of national resources is the first thing necessary in dealing with Irish discontent.

I have said that only about one-fourth of the people of England are supported by the product of the soil. This is ascertained both by the known values of agricultural produce compared with the estimates of national income, and also by the following simple calculation. The number of persons above fifteen years old employed upon the land of England and Wales was found at the last Census to be :—

Men.....	1,246,000
Women.....	62,000

Of the men, 680,000 are married, and each married couple on an average has two children living under fifteen. The total number directly supported by the land is, therefore :—

Men.....	1,246,000
Women.....	62,000
Wives of the men....	680,000
Children.....	1,360,000

Total..... 3,348,000

These include all the farmers and all the persons in their employment, with their wives and children. They all, of course, live on the products of the soil. They give employment, however, to a large number of other people; paying them out of those products. They buy clothes, furniture, implements, and miscellaneous necessities or luxuries; they pay rates and taxes, and for services of various kinds. The most careful estimates of the appropriation of income show that rather more than half the expenditure of the nation is on food, which is the chief product of the soil, and rather less than half on other things. The agricultural classes, therefore, distribute nearly half their income among

persons who are not employed upon the land, and thus provide for nearly half their own number on the same scale of living, in addition to themselves.

We then have the following as a second total :—

Agriculturists.....	3,348,000
Others (nearly half).....	1,552,000
	<hr/>
	4,900,000

Finally, there is the rent paid to the owners of the land. The total rental of the cultivated land in England and Wales is assessed at about £50,000,000. It forms about one-twentieth part of the total income of the nation, and may support, therefore, one-twentieth of the population in its ultimate distribution; at the utmost, two million people. This also comes out of the produce of the soil, and the final total of those who are directly and indirectly supported by that produce becomes nearly seven millions, which is about one-fourth of the population of England and Wales, and is equal to 118 persons to the square mile. This estimate, like that arrived at from the value of agricultural produce, is, of course, rough and in round numbers; but it is clearly in excess of the truth, because the proportion of income spent on other things than food, by the agricultural classes, is much less than the average, which includes the great artisan class at double or treble wages.

No doubt the average comforts of English life are greater than in Ireland, and the land could support a greater number if English farmers and laborers were content to live as the Irish do. But then this is the case only because the value of English produce is artificially increased by the immediate presence on the spot of a vast body of purchasers who are six times as numerous as the agriculturists themselves, and whose incomes are derived from other sources. Remove these to a distance where, if they are still purchasers, the farming produce must be sent to them across the sea, and this advantage vanishes. We are brought back to the simple fact that under all ordinary circumstances general poverty must be the necessary result, if more than one hundred persons to the square mile are dependent on the produce of the soil.

I am assuming that all the available land is utilized. This is so nearly the case, both in England and Ireland, that, for practical purposes generally, and for any present purpose absolutely, the assumption is strictly correct. The idea that there are vast quantities of waste land that can be brought into profitable cultivation, is one of those *ignes fatui* so easily lighted by agitators and so absolutely deceptive to unsuspecting eyes.

In both England and Ireland, about three fourths of the entire area are under cultivation now, and this is nearly as large a proportion as can, in fact, be utilized in any country of considerable extent. Lakes and mountains, towns, roads, and rivers must necessarily be abstracted, and they seldom occupy much less than the remaining fourth. In Belgium, where every acre is laid hold of eagerly, the quantity thus abstracted has been reduced nearly to one-eighth, but this is in a very small country, and the conditions are exceptional. It is, of course, easy to point out unproductive spaces that look large to the passer-by, but, for national purposes, a thousand, or a hundred thousand, acres make no difference, except to a few individuals. In a country overflowing for generations with people whose living depends on the possession of a piece of ground, every really available spot has been seized, of necessity, and land is only left waste when the cost of cultivating it is greater than its value. There are, in Ireland, a million and a half acres of bog, which, at some unknown cost, it is probably within the power of man to convert into farming land. But if this could be done at once, by magic, without costing a farthing, it would only give the bare means of living to half a million people. We know that, in fact, it would take a generation in time and an enormous sum in money to get it done; and as the gain to the nation is not the final value of the land, but only the difference between that value and the cost of getting it, the number of persons who could really be provided for by this means dwindles down, possibly to nothing, and assuredly to something very different from half a million.

Equally deceptive is the idea that present help of an effective kind can be given to Ireland by what is called De-

veloping the Resources and Stimulating the Industries of the country. These phrases are dear to the hearts of agitators, for they offer a boundless hope to the poor and discontented, without the trouble of examining its foundations. What are the Resources of Ireland, and how will you develop them? What are its Industries, and how will you stimulate them? What, in actual figures, are the results that can be calculated on; and when, in actual time, are they likely to be realized? The value of the proposal depends wholly on the answers to these four questions. Let us see what kind of answers can be given.

The natural resources of Ireland are nearly limited to her fisheries, her harbors, and her land. There are no forests to cut down; few minerals of special value to dig up. The land may be made to produce somewhat more than it does; the fishing may be increased; the harbors may attract more shipping.

But the people already employed upon the land are more numerous than the best cultivation will maintain in comfort. While they remain so, the utmost that any land could do would only slightly relieve their poverty.

The Fisheries of Ireland have declined greatly in the last forty years. The main reason, of course, is that they have not been profitable. If they can be made so, many villages on the coast will be the better for it; but in a national sense the benefit cannot possibly be great. The wholesale value of all the fish consumed in Great Britain is about £12,000,000 a year, and this represents the product of all the fisheries, not only round the whole British coast, but from many foreign seas as well. The utmost that Ireland could add to this could only be a small proportion of this value, and the field is altogether too limited for its profits to affect the nation generally.

As to Irish harbors, their business may increase, but it is impossible that anything important can be looked for here till some special cause arises. And that it should arise is so unlikely that even its probable nature cannot be suggested.

The manufacturing industries of Ireland may, doubtless, grow in future

years; but what is there to make them grow, and how can they be stimulated? Why have they not grown before? The field has been completely open for many years to any one who liked to try it. Political disturbance is, of course, unfavorable to such attempts, and socialistic doctrines concerning property are not less so. But it is only very recently that public dishonesty has been sanctioned by any British Government, and there have been long periods of sufficient quiet in Ireland to carry commercial capital there, if there was any chance of its profitable employment. But men of business know that business will not pay in the face of great local disadvantages; and it is the *most* favorable positions, not the *least* favorable, that are necessarily chosen. Who thinks of bringing the cotton trade to Kent or the iron trade to Lincoln? Ireland is obviously in the wrong place for extensive manufactures under modern conditions of trade; and the disadvantage of position is, for more things, made absolutely fatal by the fact that she has not got, and cannot get, a natural supply of cheap fuel on the spot.

The decay of former manufactures in Ireland is spoken of in that vague and useless way which characterizes the general treatment of Irish affairs. What, in real figures, did these manufactures ever amount to? where were they situated, and where are the ruins of the deserted mills? The plain truth is that, with the single exception of the Ulster linen trade, Ireland has never manufactured anything in sufficient quantity to be of real national importance. Fifty years ago, some 12,000 persons were employed in woollen manufactures; the present number is probably less; but what are 12,000 in a population of five millions? The Irish mines employ just 1,650 persons at the present time, after all the stimulus that mining underwent some fifteen years ago.

To suppose it possible under these circumstances that Ireland can be extricated from poverty by "stimulating" her industries, is to shut our eyes to fact, and only open them to imagination. And if we ask what kind of stimulus could really be applied, the common answer is protective duties. But protective duties do not add anything to

the income of a nation ; they only compel its inhabitants to spend less of that income in the employment of foreign labor, and more of it consequently at home. That in itself is an advantage, if it can be had for nothing. But then it cannot be had for nothing. It is impossible for Ireland to shut out the produce of other countries, and to retain, at the same time, the present markets for her own. It would be equally impossible to persuade the Irish agricultural classes that they ought to pay higher prices for their manufactured goods, in order to give employment to more factory hands.

The Rent question is held before the Irish themselves as one of their great resources ; but the poor peasantry do not know what it really means. To reduce rents, or to abolish them, adds nothing to the income of a country. It only takes part of it from one set of peoples, and gives it to another set. There might be something in this, if the Irish difficulty lay in the distribution of the national income, and not in its insufficiency ; but it lies, instead of this, in the fact that the income is totally insufficient, in whatever way you distribute it. The only way in which it can be increased through any operation upon rent, is by keeping more of the whole rental in Ireland, and sending less abroad as the income of absentees. As far as this can be done it is a gain to the country, and to change non-resident for resident proprietors is the obvious means. But what can this gain amount to ? The total rental of farming land in Ireland is about £10,000,000 a year. The greater part of this is already spent in Ireland. The great majority of the owners are already resident there ; the absentees themselves are obliged to spend part of their rents in Ireland, in the payment of agents and overseers, and the unavoidable costs of ownership. The proportion that actually leaves Ireland to be spent elsewhere is necessarily a small proportion, and cannot, at the utmost, exceed one or two millions out of the ten. But a million a year only provides the barest living for a hundred thousand persons. The average expenditure of the working classes generally, in the United Kingdom, exceeds fifteen pounds per head

per annum, and tolerable comfort cannot be got, even in Ireland, for less than ten pounds per head ; and as the extreme result of keeping the whole rental in the country could not really be obtained, we may see at once how small, in a national sense, the utmost benefit from this source must be.

The plain answer to our four questions is, therefore, that Ireland has no resources or industries which it is possible to develop to a sufficient extent, or with sufficient rapidity, to produce the income which her present population requires.

Now common-sense admits at once that practical improvement in any of these things is not to be neglected merely because the benefits to be got by it can never be large. If we can make only a few people happier, we ought, of course, to do it, and it is in no disparagement of efforts in this direction that I lay bare the fact of their total insufficiency. But we are dealing with discontented millions, not with a few individuals ; and we cannot satisfy the many by conferring benefits on a few. That every little helps is true in general ; but, when a serious work has to be done, it is infinitely more important to remember that where much is indispensable, a little will not do. If you have to build a house, every brick helps in the building ; but if there is only one brick at your disposal, you must build with something else, or give up the undertaking.

What, then, is the real remedy ? Clearly there is only one. If an income cannot be made sufficient for those who have to live on it, the only sensible course is to reduce their number.

When Lord Salisbury, with a kindly wisdom which his enemies could not understand, pointed out the truth that the emigration of a million persons from Ireland would put an end at once to the economic difficulties of the agriculturists by giving sufficient land and full occupation to all the rest, he was met with only scorn and anger, as if malice, and not benevolence, had prompted the suggestion. But the thing itself is the simplest of arithmetical truths. The number of persons employed on the land of England and Wales is equal to

forty-five for every thousand acres cultivated. In Ireland the number is sixty-five. All the work that the land requires is done in England by the forty-five persons. A smaller number could do it in Ireland, because the proportion of pasture-land is half as much again. It follows that one-third of the Irish agriculturists would have nothing to do if the rest were fully employed. There is a clear waste of one-third of the working hours. But this earth will not yield comfort to any nation in which one-third of the working hours are wasted. To put sixty-five persons to work on a piece of ground the full produce of which can be got by the ordinary labor of forty-five is to condemn them to inevitable poverty. Nor is poverty, even, the end of the mischief; the want of full employment leads to habits either of idleness or of slow and easy-going work, instead of that sharp activity which makes the most of time and seizes every chance. The first condition of prosperity in any industry is that the men employed should be fully employed; not worked beyond their strength, but able to use it all effectually. You cannot bring fresh land to the people, but it is within your power to take the people to fresh land. They are not enemies to be got rid of, they are children to be provided for; the patrimony at home is too small for their necessities, but there are endless acres abroad waiting for willing hands to reap their harvests, and it is pure fatuity, unless it is something worse, to keep them half-starved at home, or to advise

them to stay there under delusive hopes that cannot be fulfilled.

Ireland, at the present time, with her existing resources, is able to support four million inhabitants, and no more, in general comfort, and it is impossible by any means to alter this fact in any short period of years. If the island is ever able to support a larger number, this can only be in the distant future; and to make even this reasonably probable the first thing necessary is that the number should be first reduced to the limit which its present state requires. It is prosperity, not poverty, that leads to fresh developments of trade.

This is the grave truth underlying the whole question of Irish discontent. You may keep the people quiet by fancy legislation from time to time, gratifying some popular whim or flattering some popular delusion; but you will never make them permanently happy by these means, because measures of this kind make no difference in the real income of the country, and leave the people just as poor as before.

I cannot here discuss the method by which the Irish could be induced to lessen their number sufficiently to cure their own distress. If it is a question of money, it is worth to England, as well as Ireland, almost anything that it could cost. But what is wanted is some kindly and far-seeing system that will not only bring the population to the proper number now, but will prevent it from increasing again except as the means of living increase.—*National Review*.

THOUGHTS ABOUT THE COMETS.

IN the era preceding that in which man first appeared upon this earth, immense volcanoes on the western shores of Greenland poured from their craters vast masses of basaltic lava. But the eruptive powers of these mighty volcanoes were capable of ejecting more than mere streams of glowing lava. Great masses of rock were flung to enormous heights, and, falling, sank deeply into the still plastic streams of lava on the volcano's slopes. These rock masses came from deeper down in the

earth's bowels than the basaltic lava, and were hurled to heights of many miles, or they would not have sunk so deeply as they did in the basaltic lava currents.

Perhaps the reader begins by this time to think that the title of this article has somehow been misplaced. What connection, he may well ask, can there conceivably be between the volcanoes of millions of years ago and two comets now visible in our skies? Our object here is to show that a very close connec-

tion may be traced, though it may not perhaps admit of being absolutely proved to exist, between these seemingly so diverse subjects—the comets of to-day and the terrestrial volcanoes of long-past ages.

The great masses of matter which had been flung forth from the volcano of Ovifak, on the western shores of Greenland, remained for ages buried beneath vast heaps of ashes and dust poured forth from a volcanic fissure. But later ages undid the work of burial. The wearing action of rain and wind and storm gradually cleared away the masses of *débris* under which the rocks had lain, and left them on a shore-line, to be beaten by the sea-waves and swept by the fierce storms which rage upon that dreary coast. At length it so chanced that a well-known scientific traveller—Nordenskjöld—cast his scientific eye upon them. He recognized in them meteoric masses which had fallen upon our earth from interplanetary space, and, moved by this mistaken idea, he determined to convey them to some museum, where they would be regarded as among the most remarkable of those bodies which come to our earth from without. This was done; and for a long time "Nordenskjöld's meteorite," as it was called, did duty for an *aérolite*. It precisely resembled the iron meteorites in structure and at first in appearance. It rusted and crumbled away more rapidly than they do, but that was by many ascribed to its long residence on the shores of Greenland, and the consequent injury which its constitution had sustained. It was unhesitatingly held to be a meteorite. Photographs of its vast mass, with Nordenskjöld beside it, to show what a monster it really is, did duty in books and lectures as illustrating the importance of the bodies cheerfully described by Humboldt as "extra-telluric masses, telling us of the constitution of outside matter, and enabling us to touch and handle what must be regarded as pocket-planets."

But at last suspicion began to be so far roused that inquiry was made at the spot where the great "meteorite" had been found. The basaltic lava in the midst of which it had been imbedded was examined. The result was unpleasant for those who had in some degree

pinned their faith on the extra-terrestrial character of Nordenskjöld's treasure-trove. The supposed meteorite was found to be of the same structure as the basaltic mass—only rather more so. The basaltic lava of Ovifak is remarkable among volcanic ejections for the large amount of iron present in it; the Nordenskjöld mass is simply the same lava with a little more iron—precisely the difference we should expect to find between lava poured forth from deep beneath the vent of a crater and volcanic masses ejected from deeper down yet.

Since then, no one has doubted that the mass brought to Europe by Nordenskjöld (the name is pronounced "Nordenshiöld") is a product of volcanic eruption. If Vesuvius even now can eject matter to a height of four miles in her more violent throes, as instantaneous photographs taken during the great eruption of 1872 show, we need not greatly wonder if the much mightier eruptions of the Tertiary era ejected larger masses to much greater heights.

But this has naturally suggested the idea that other bodies supposed to be meteorites may really have come originally from the interior of the earth, having been ejected during long-past volcanic throes; for the identity of structure noticed in the Greenland basaltic mass and a class of iron meteorites remains as a striking and noteworthy fact, even though that mass has been rejected from among meteorites.

Once started, this idea has been found fruitful in associated suggestions. At first it seemed contradicted by the observed fact that multitudes of meteoric visitors have certainly not been ejected from any such volcanoes as we have now upon the earth, for they have fallen with velocities such as no eruptive energies known to us could have imparted. But then there is no reason for regarding the volcanic forces of the earth, now in staid middle life, or even those which she possessed millions of years ago, when life was as yet only beginning on her surface, as comparable with the expulsive energies she may have possessed when in the vigor of youth. Still less can we compare the forces now existing with those the earth had when she was in that sunlike stage

through which every large mass within the solar system must have passed. If Vesuvius can expel matter to a height of four or five miles, and the great volcanoes of the Tertiary era could eject matter twice or thrice as high, to what heights may not the Secondary, the Primary, the Archæan volcanoes have propelled volcanic bombs in the mighty throes of the earth's fiery youth? And long before the Archæan crust was formed, which geologists regard as the oldest stratum of the earth's outer shell, our globe possessed energies still more tremendous.

Along quite a different line Stanislas Meunier, in France, and Tschermak, in Russia, had been led to the same idea respecting meteoric masses. They saw that, regarding meteorites as merely casual visitors from outer space, the number of these bodies must be inconceivably large. Our earth travelling round the sun may be compared to a marble circling round the dome of St. Paul's, ten or twelve miles away. The region actually swept by the earth's globe in her circuit is the merest thread of space compared with the vast volume of a globe which should inclose the whole solar system. If across this mere threadlike ring so many myriads of meteorites have come, what must be the number within the whole domain of the sun, extending far beyond the region where cold Neptune pursues his gloomy course?

But perhaps the reader may ask how the ejection of the meteors from the earth in past ages—millions of years ago—would help in this difficulty: the earth cannot be supposed to have supplied all the millions of millions, or rather the billions of billions of meteorites which at any rate exist, account for them how we may. That, however, is just the idea which the earth-ejection theory would allow us to reject. If in old times the earth possessed power enough to eject bodies from her interior with such velocities that they passed beyond her control, all the bodies so ejected would forever thereafter cross that fine ring of space along which the earth in her course around the sun sweeps year by year. The trouble before had been that not one meteor out of millions of millions would

have a track crossing the earth's, so that she would not have even a chance of encountering one meteor out of millions of millions actually existing. Of those expelled from her own interior in remote times, there would not be one which she would not have a chance of picking up again. Nay, one may say that in the long run she would be bound to pick up every one of them, though that long run might mean millions, or even tens or hundreds of millions of years.

For this reason the theory of Meunier and Tschermak found favor in the eyes of astronomers.

But if we are to recognize in our earth a power of ejecting meteoric masses in far-off times into far-off space, in such sort in fact that, but for the help of the sun, the earth would never have been able to draw these children of hers back again, we must recognize a similar power in other worlds also. In particular the giant planets must have possessed corresponding ejective energies. What is sauce for the terrene goose should be sauce also for the Jovian or Saturnian gander. Of course, a volcano in Jupiter or Saturn in the old sunlike stage of each planet's career would have had to be far more energetic to get away with a flight of ejected bodies so that they should not at once fall back again, than the terrestrial volcanoes recognized by Tschermak and Meunier. To bring the matter down to figures, a terrestrial volcano would have had to start its bombs with a velocity of at least seven miles per second—probably ten miles per second to get over the effects of friction in the air; while, on the other hand, Jupiter's volcanoes would have had to give a velocity of forty miles a second without counting the effects of friction, and perhaps fifty miles per second, taking those effects into account. But there is no difficulty here. One might as reasonably argue that a lion could not be expected to walk as the dog does, because he weighs so much more. If Jupiter and Saturn needed more strength for their volcanic work, they had more strength. All the volcanic energies of a planet are due to the attractive power of the planet's mass, working on the crust, crumpling it up, contorting, dislocating, upheaving (by down drawing), and generating heat by all this mechani-

cal action. The earth seems strong at such work when we look at the great mountain ranges on her surface, and consider the work of her volcanoes now and still more in past ages. But Jupiter is three hundred times as strong, and Saturn one hundred times. If there is any truth in the theory that our earth was able to eject bodies beyond her own control, there can be little doubt that Jupiter and Saturn—nay, every planet large or small within the solar system, possessed similar power during the same fiery stages of their respective careers.

Whether this be so or not, it is certain that there are meteor streams which cross or approach the paths of the giant planets, just as certain meteor streams cross or approach the path of our earth; for some of the meteor streams which are thus associated with the giants of the solar system cross also the track of our earth. This can only be regarded, of course, as a mere coincidence; for, however ingeniously the astronomer may strive to explain the existence of a meteor stream crossing *one* planet's track, he cannot possibly explain how (otherwise than by chance medley, so to speak) a flight of meteors came to cross the tracks of two planets. Any theory associating a meteor stream with one planet must of necessity show that the origin of the stream was independent of every other planet. Vesuvius and Etna may each be in eruption, and a volcanic bomb shot out from Vesuvius might, if it were shot far enough, fall upon Etna; but assuredly any explanation of the course of that missile which assigned Vesuvius as its parent would clear Etna of all suspicion of having had anything to do with it, except as having been casually saluted by it.

But this illustration will serve also to illustrate the next step in our reasoning. If, while Vesuvius was in eruption, and Etna at rest, many volcanic missiles fell on Etna, an observer stationed on this mountain would learn that Vesuvius was very busily at work indeed, for he would perceive that immense numbers of missiles must be ejected from Vesuvius, to give even one a fair chance of falling on Etna. And in like manner, since several meteor streams which cross our earth's track are undoubtedly associated in some way or other with the

giant planets, and as to give even one a fair chance of thus crossing the earth's track there must be millions of the kind, we learn that there are millions of meteor streams crossing or passing very near to the tracks of Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter.

We have then precisely the same reason for judging that the giant planets once ejected many millions of meteor flights, as we have found for recognizing a volcanic power of the same effective kind in our own earth.

But this brings us nearer to the subject of our essay, at least as indicated by its title, than we have hitherto been; for all those meteor streams which, crossing our earth's track, are really associated with the giant planets, are associated also with comets. We may indeed say that they are comets. A comet has been shown to be in reality a flight of meteors, aggregated somewhat closely together, and travelling around the sun on nearly the same paths. Slight differences in the rate at which these bodies travel cause some to lag slightly behind the main body, while others (this is too often overlooked) get in advance. Thus there is a trailing out both ways; and in the course of time—a few hundreds of thousands, or it may be a few millions of years, or some trifle of that sort—the meteoric deserters may be found all round the orbit of the leading troop; or, slightly to alter the metaphor, the meteoric truants may be found all round the path of their parent comet. We must not confound this train of meteoric attendants and *avant-couriers* with the comet's tail. One might as reasonably mistake a royal person's trainbearers for the train itself. The tail of a comet lies in quite a different direction, and is manifestly a body (if body, indeed, it can be called) of quite another kind. A comet's tail always makes an angle, sometimes even a right angle, with the comet's track; the meteor stream is always on that track.

It begins to look, then, as though, in saying that the giant comets once ejected in a volcanic fashion meteoric flights, we were in reality saying that they had once ejected comets! And what we have thus said about Jupiter and his fellows we may be said to have

asserted also of the earth, and therefore of her fellows Mars, Mercury, and Venus (only Venus may not, perhaps, be properly called a fellow). Are the meteoric bodies through which the earth passes the remains of long-departed comets, terrestrial in origin, and perhaps very small affairs, but still comets? It will go near to be thought so shortly. After all, it is only a question of degree. To giant planets we may assign large and long-lasting comets, to the earth and the other terrestrial planets small comets, which were very soon dissipated by the divellent action of the sun.

But indeed, even the comets associated with the giant planets do not belong to the premier rank, either for size or for durability. They are mostly but of moderate splendor, and while most of them look as if they had undergone many vicissitudes, one at least has actually been torn apart and dissipated under the very eyes of astronomers. We must find, it would seem, another explanation for those splendid comets which, like Donati's in 1858, and the great comet of 1811, have spread their glorious trains athwart the heavens in such sort as to excite awe and terror among the nations. These cannot have been ejected from planets even of the giant sort. Indeed, we need not reason about the question of possibility. It is certain that these have not been ejected from any of the planets in our solar system, or in any other system. For if they had been ejected from Jupiter, Saturn, or any other of our sun's family, their paths would still cross, or closely approach the path of the parent planet, which is not the case. If, on the other hand, they had been shot out from some planet attending on a distant sun, they would not have been able to leave the domain of that remote sun, but would still be travelling in attendance upon it, with such subordinate fealty to the parent planet as is shown by the members of the various comet families of the giant planets to their respective progenitors.

Yet, if there is any validity in the theory to which we seem to have been led in the case of the meteor streams through which our earth plunges each year, and of the comets which still cross or approach the tracks of the giant

planets, that theory ought to apply in some way, or in some degree, to the long-tailed and resplendent comets which from time to time visit our solar system. If our earth gave birth to small and short-lived comets, and the giant planets gave birth to larger and longer-lived comets, must we not seek for the parents of the largest and most glorious comets in orbs larger by far and fuller of energy and vitality even than the giants Jupiter and Saturn?

We need not be at a loss to find such orbs. There are thousands within our ken, visible each night in our skies. The smallest telescopes used by astronomers reveal hundreds of thousands. The giant telescopes used by the Herschels reveal many millions; and the great telescope of Lord Rosse, with its fine 6-foot mirror (imagine an eye six feet in diameter), would show many hundreds of millions if it could be directed to every part of the heavens in succession. The stars or suns are the orbs we are to look to as the probable parents of the great comets which kings and rulers in old times regarded as special messengers to warn them of war or rebellion, fire or flood, plague, pestilence, or famine.

Of course, if an orb like the sun ejects from its interior the materials for forming a first-class comet, it must send forth that flight of meteors in good style, or else the cometic progeny will return to the bosom of its solar parent "like the prodigious son"—as Launcelot has it—a disappointment and a failure. The ejected matter must start forth at the rate of a few hundreds of miles per second. In our sun's case 380 miles per second would suffice. A noteworthy effort must be made, even by such a giant as a sun, to effect this lively ejection. But that a sun is capable of it, no one who considers the might of our own sun can for a moment question. He is 325,000 times as strong as this little earth on which we live. His vitality is shown by his lustre, which is about equal to the light which would come from two millions of millions of millions of millions of electric burners. It is shown also by his tremendous emission of heat, equal to what would result from burning each second a mass of coal (of the best quality be it understood) 200 miles broad, 200 miles long,

and 200 miles high—that is, eight million cubic miles of coal. This would be about 12,000 millions of millions of tons per second (the whole output of our exceptionally coal-producing country is but about 150 millions of tons *per annum*).

The sun, then, and doubtless every one of his fellow-suns, the stars, has undoubtedly the requisite power, if only it had the will, to eject matter in the required manner. Now, of course, our own sun is not often engaged upon such work as this. Although most active and vigorous, the source, indeed (directly or indirectly), of all life and energy within his system, he works steadily, not fitfully. Yet every now and then he spurts into sudden though local activity of the most amazing kind. In one of these fits he shot out a flight of bodies whose swift motion through the hydrogen atmosphere which enwraps the sun was measured at 200 miles per second, and indicated (as was shown by mathematical computation) a velocity of 450 miles per second, as the missiles left the sun's surface. Since the time (1872) when the sun was first caught in the act of thus ejecting matter away from his own interior forever (because he can never bring back matter which leaves him with a velocity of more than 380 miles per second) he has been detected four or five times at the same lively business. There can be no doubt, then, either about the sun's power to eject matter from his interior as the giant planets and our own earth seem to have done, or about his exerting that power from time to time.

And what the sun can do his fellow-suns can do likewise. In fact, just as our earth is a sample planet, so the sun is a sample star. Now supposing there are 10,000 millions of stars in our galaxy—a most moderate calculation—that each one of them has been in the sun-like state for ten millions of years (our earth actually *tells* us by her crust that the sun has been at work as now for 100 millions of years), and that in ten years on the average only one ejection such as we are considering has taken place, then there would be 10,000,000,000,000,000 star-ejected meteor flights or comets travelling about the interstellar spaces. With so goodly a probable supply we need not wonder if

our solar system is from time to time visited by larger comets, such as these ejections might be supposed to have given birth to in the past.

But a few of the comets which from time to time visit our sun may be regarded as his own children returned to him—not to stay, only to pay a sort of flying visit. The greater number of the comets ejected by him and returning—for want of sufficient velocity at starting—to their old home, would come straight to the warm bosom of their parent, and there rest

Absorbed in never-ending glory
In the heart of the great ruling sun.

But although this would be the usual end of such bodies, and though those paradoxers err who imagine that bodies shot out from the sun could ever circle around him as the planets do, yet it might easily happen that one of these returning comets might miss its aim, if we may so speak. Very moderate perturbation, such as the giant planets are well able to produce, would so affect the movements of the comet that on its return to the sun it would steer clear of his globe, and go back into the depths from which it had returned. In the case of those large comets, like Newton's in 1680, and the comets of 1665, 1843, 1880, and 1882, whose orbits pass very near to the sun's globe, we may fairly imagine this to be the true interpretation. We should in that case have this interesting result—that while the sun, by his overmastering attraction, prevents these comets which were expelled by the giant planets from passing out of the solar system, the giant planets have in some cases prevented these comets which were expelled (hundreds of thousands of years, probably, ago) by the sun from returning to his parent orb, and have so compelled them to remain members of his family. If the comet families of the giant planets are now chiefly ruled by the sun, those comet children of the sun which still belong to the solar family owe their position partly to the giant planets.

The perplexity with which astronomers have viewed the comets of 1665, 1843, 1880, and 1882 may be partly removed by this explanation of the origin of all these bodies. What made them

so mysterious was that they travel on paths which, near the sun, are practically identical; so that, until the close of 1882, the idea was commonly entertained that they were one and the same body which had come back, after gradually diminishing circuits, in 1843 after 178 years' absence, in 1880 after 37 years' absence, and in 1882 after only $2\frac{1}{2}$ years' absence, and might be expected to return in a few months, and perhaps to lash the surface of the sun to intense splendor and heat, destroying thereby all life within the solar system. But the comet of 1882 passed away on such a path that it could be well watched, and we know now certainly that it will not return for several hundreds of years. Now if we suppose that

long, long ago the sun shot out a flight of meteors forming presently a comet, which afterward came to travel on a path passing very close, almost grazing, by the sun's globe, we see that this comet might very well at one of its returns be broken up by the sun's action, as Biela's comet actually was broken up in 1845. Very slight differences in the velocities of these comets, when near the sun, would cause differences of several years in their periods of circuit. One of the comet fragments came back, if this explanation is right, in 1665, another in 1843, another in 1880, and yet another in 1882. There may be more yet to come.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

A SONNET.

BY M. C. GILLINGTON.

WHAT is your woe, or who hath done you wrong,
 Sorrowful surges wailing up the shore?
 "No hope!" ye cry, "Too late! O, nevermore!"—
 A chill despair the burden of your song.
 To stars and flying clouds, the whole night long,
 Ye sob your mournful story o'er and o'er;
 It echoes through the sea-cave's weedy door,
 And gains in anguish as the wind grows strong.

The great Sea-mother, rent with many woes,
 Pours out her heart in unavailing tears
 For all the evils that remorseless Fate
 Has wrought thro' her, these thousand thousand years—
 For those whose name is perished—and for those
 Whose house is left unto them desolate.

—*Spectator.*

THE BULGARIAN SITUATION.

BY AN OLD RESIDENT.

A YEAR ago, in an article written a week before the outbreak at Philippopolis, it was necessary for me to explain and justify the assertion that Turkish life and thought centred in the Balkan Peninsula. Before that article was printed in the October *Contemporary* events had occurred which rendered all such justification unnecessary; and to-

day the world would consider it absurd, in an article on Turkey, to speak of anything but the Balkan States. In this judgment the world is quite right. The fate of Turkey is to be decided in Bulgaria.

The extraordinary crime committed a few weeks ago at Sofia has strongly excited the imagination of Europe, and

made Prince Alexander the hero of the day. It was not possible at first to write or think of these events with calmness, but if we are to understand their real significance we must consider them fairly and without excitement or prejudice. After listening to statements of those directly concerned on both sides I believe that, in brief, what happened at Sofia was this :

A conspiracy was secretly formed against the Prince, three or four months ago, by certain officers in the army who had personal grievances. The leaders were Major Grueff, the Director of the Military School, and Captain Bendereff, of the War Department, both of whom had failed to receive exactly the rewards which they coveted after the Servian war. They were encouraged and aided by the Russian Consulate and by Mr. Zankoff and Bishop Clement, who have long been known to be in the pay of Russia, and who had engaged in similar conspiracies last year. Russian money was freely used, and the most liberal promises made to officers who were solicited to join the conspiracy. Of these, some refused, others hesitated, and quite a number—at least fifty—joined the conspirators. When everything was ready, the Prince's regiment was sent to Slivnitza, and a regiment from Kustdenil, which had been gained over, was marched in the night to Sofia. It disarmed the few troops left at the camp outside the city, and then surrounded the palace and the houses of the leading friends of the Prince. No officers slept in the palace, which was guarded only by a few sentries, and occupied only by the Prince, his younger brother, and the servants. As soon as the officers had entered the palace the soldiers began to fire regular volleys ; the Prince and his brother were roused, and two or three guards prepared to resist. The Prince, however, saw that resistance was useless, and surrendered at once to the officers, who presented their revolvers at his head. Some of these same officers had dined with him in the evening, and left him only a few hours before. He was taken to the Ministry of War from the palace, and there, in the presence of about forty of his officers, he was treated with much indignity, and forced to sign his abdica-

tion. I understand that this paper, such as it was, was found on the person of Major Grueff when he was captured, and returned to the Prince.

Before daylight the Prince was sent under escort to Rahova, put on board his yacht, and taken to Reni, in Russia, a small village on the Danube, just below Galatz. On this journey the Prince was treated like a criminal by most of the officers in charge. Of his treatment in Russia the world knows too much already. Should the Czar ever know the truth of this story, he will no doubt feel that he himself was dishonored by the conduct of his officers. So far we have nothing but a case of the kidnapping of a Prince by a number of his own subjects, aided and directed by Russian officials. It was a new thing in the history of the world, but it was well planned, and there is nothing surprising in the fact that it was successful.

Having disposed of the Prince, neither the rebels nor their Russian associates appeared to have known exactly what to do next. For a day or two, as they controlled the telegraphs, they managed to deceive the people and the army as to what had actually occurred, but they utterly failed to constitute a Government with any life in it. They apparently waited for the arrival of a representative of the Czar to assume the government. They received a telegram from him assuring them that he took Bulgaria under his protection—that he would secure their immediate union with Eastern Roumelia and send his representative to Sofia. I have not seen this telegram, but I make this statement on the authority of a leading conspirator, a Russian officer.

This delay and hesitation was fatal to the cause. The friends of the Prince at Sofia recovered from their surprise, the facts became known in the country, and after two days Colonel Popoff escaped from confinement, and with the troops from Slivnitza took possession of Sofia without firing a shot : the army everywhere declared for the Prince, and the people repudiated the action of the conspirators. For a few days there was some confusion, and one regency was formed in the name of the Prince at Sofia by M. Caraveloff, while another was formed at Timova by M. Stam-

bouloff, the President of the National Assembly; and Colonel Mutkuroff marched from Philippopolis with 12,000 troops to Sofia, in the name of the Prince. There was confusion, but there was unanimity in their determination to reinstate Prince Alexander.

The Prince had meanwhile reached Lemberg, in Austria, where he was received with the greatest honor and enthusiasm, both official and unofficial. He arrived there, utterly exhausted by what he had gone through, to learn that he was still Prince of Bulgaria, and that the people demanded his immediate return. The next day he was on his way back, and in Bulgaria he met with such a reception as he had never had before. The whole nation came to do him honor. Never was enthusiasm more genuine or joy more sincere than that caused by his return. But on his arrival at Sofia he made known his intention of abdicating. He took such measures as he could to harmonize the different parties and secure peace and tranquillity in the country, and then departed amid such scenes of sorrow and affection on the part of the army and the people as will never be forgotten.

Such is in brief the story of the startling events of the last few weeks, the details of which have furnished sensational news for all the papers of Europe and subjects for innumerable editorials.

The whole story will be ancient history before this article can be published, but the consequences of these events will be so momentous that they are worthy of a careful study.

WHAT LED TO THIS CRISIS.

Those acquainted with the course of things in Bulgaria may have been startled at the dramatic form of the crisis, but they saw plainly enough that it must come in some form before this year was over. The Prince himself can have had but little doubt on this point. He must have foreseen that a new effort would be made to drive him out of the country. The first serious attempt was made three years ago by the Russian generals in the Bulgarian Ministry, somewhat on the plan adopted this year. It was frustrated by the officers of the army, and M. Zankoff and the generals had to leave the country. A second attempt

was planned last summer, with this same M. Zankoff as one of the chief conspirators. This was postponed by the revolution in Eastern Roumelia, but came to a head at the time of the Servian invasion, and failed, on account of the victory at Slivnitsa. No one was punished.

At the close of the Conference of Constantinople the people were generally loyal, and Russian influence was at a lower ebb than ever before. It was well understood that but for Russia the union would have been completed, and that through English influence the Turks were inclined to allow the practical consummation of this union under Prince Alexander, in spite of Russian opposition.

Had England maintained her influence at Constantinople, or had the Turks felt strong enough to act for their own interest, the catastrophe of Sofia would not have happened; but when Sir William White left Constantinople both Turks and Bulgarians believed that England, under Gladstone, had abandoned the policy of Lord Salisbury. There was no such change of policy, but it happened that one of the first acts of the Gladstone Government was the recall of Sir William White and the sending to Constantinople of a man worthy of all honor and respect, but utterly ignorant of the East, and unable, with the best intentions, to exert any influence here. It was a blunder which can never be undone: a lost opportunity which will never come back.

Russia saw her chance, and improved it at once. Nelidoff was again supreme at Constantinople, and the Russian propaganda was pushed in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia with new vigor. The plan of operations was very simple. The object was to convince the people that, in spite of all their sacrifices, they had accomplished nothing toward the union; that so long as Prince Alexander remained nothing could be accomplished, but that Russia could give them the complete union at once. It was hoped that this would lead either to a revolution or to anarchy.

The Turks were induced to press their claims for a separate organization of Eastern Roumelia, and to insist upon the immediate meeting of the mixed Commission to revise the Organic Stat.

ute. They did their part of the work so well that it was generally believed that their Commissioner, Gadbau Effendi, had sold himself to Russia. The general attitude of the Porte toward the Prince was hostile.

In Bulgaria, Russia found her tools among two classes of men—the army officers who were discontented because they had not received the rank and honor to which they considered themselves entitled after the Servian war; and the ex-officials who had been turned out of office by Caraveloff and by the revolution in Eastern Roumelia. These last were very numerous, and nothing was done to conciliate them or furnish them with the means of support. To these classes must be added a few others who had personal grievances, real or imaginary, against the existing Government, and a few of the clergy, who were either in Russian pay or influenced by their relations with the Russian Church.

These agents were furnished with large sums of money, which was used very freely, and were stimulated by the most extravagant promises as to the future—which they will very likely have a chance to reflect upon in Siberia.

The apparent result of the agitation carried on by the Russian consulates and these agents, as seen a few weeks before the attack upon the Prince, was this:

The mass of the people, even of those who had accepted Russian money, was thoroughly loyal to the Prince. They loved him and trusted him. On the other hand, they felt no active hostility toward Russia. They were grateful, and wished to live at peace with the people, so many of whom had died in their behalf, and whose graves were scattered over their land. They did not comprehend the hostility of the present Czar to the Prince given to them by his father, nor did they understand how they could be called upon to choose between the two.

In the towns it was different. There were in these two extreme parties, one strongly anti-Russian, and the other boldly and openly advocating revolution, denouncing the Prince and demanding the intervention of Russia, ready for anarchy or anything else to accomplish their purposes. Between

these two parties was to be found the greater part of the intelligent men who desired to sustain the Prince, to be at peace with Russia, and to develop the Bulgarian nation as an independent power. They were patriotic men, opposed to all Russian interference in Bulgaria, but they were disheartened. They generally distrusted the party leaders, feared the results of the Russian propaganda and the hostility of the Turks, and felt that the Prince could not stand alone against the Czar. They felt that the situation was extremely critical, that there was danger of anarchy, and they did not know what to do.

I suspect that the Prince himself was in very much the same state of mind. He trusted the army and most of his officers; he knew that he had the sympathy of the people; but he knew also that any day a few Russian regiments landed at Varna might put an end to his government. They would march to Sofia unopposed. This state of things could not last long. But the hope of the friends of Bulgaria was that these Russian regiments would not be sent, and the Bulgarians, left to themselves for a few months longer, would see the folly of destroying each other in the interest of Russia, and that the sober sense and loyalty of the people would in the end prevail. The Russians also probably saw that this would be the result, and they put their carefully planned plot against the Prince in execution. It was well-timed; it was successful; but it was so base and despicable that it roused the indignation of the whole nation, and they made their choice between the Prince and the Czar at once. Had a Russian regiment landed two weeks ago at Varna it would have had to fight its way, step by step, through the country. As the Czar, when he had the opportunity, expressed no regret at the treatment of the Prince, we are forced, against our inclination, to suppose that he knew what was to be done, and approved it. It is almost incredible.

In brief, the situation as seen by outsiders was this: It was known that Russia was more hostile than ever and more active in her war against the Prince. It was seen that Turkey also had changed her friendly policy. It was obvious that the people generally were disappointed

and discouraged at the result of the revolution. Parties were multiplied and party spirit was more bitter than ever before. The Russian party was bold and blatant, denouncing the Prince and foretelling his immediate overthrow. The Prince himself was discouraged and in doubt as to who could be trusted.

In view of all this it was plain that unless some improvement took place in the public mind the Prince could not maintain his position. Still the loyalty of the masses was a ground of hope, and I did not anticipate any attack upon the person of the Prince.

THE RETURN OF THE PRINCE.

When the Prince reached Lemberg he was called upon to decide at once whether he would listen to the call of his people and return to Bulgaria. It was probably the most trying hour of his life, and it seems to me that his decision was the most self-denying and heroic act in his career. It should be said here at the outset, that he made this decision without the intervention of any European Government, and that he did not make it with any intention of abdicating on his arrival at Sofia. He had the advice of his family; he knew that the result would be doubtful, but he felt bound in honor to make one more effort to save the nation to whose welfare his life had been consecrated.

The official papers of Vienna and Berlin had mildly condemned the Bulgarians for their ingratitude, but they had made no secret of their gratification at the downfall of the Prince. They had said in so many words that his disappearance from the scene was a great relief to Europe, and a guarantee of peace. They said it so unanimously and so immediately that one of the best known ambassadors in Europe (not in Constantinople) expressed to me the opinion that the whole plot had been agreed upon beforehand by the three empires. However this may be, it must have been evident to the Prince at Lemberg that both Austria and Germany had agreed to allow Russia full freedom of action in Bulgaria. He was supported by public opinion in Europe, and might hope that this would have some weight; but when did Bismarck ever respect public opinion? He knew that he had the sym-
 pa-

thy of England, but the English press did not encourage him to hope for anything more. They said plainly that England had no interests to fight for in Bulgaria. How could he decide to return under these circumstances? He had been subjected to every possible insult by the officers of his army and by officials in Russia. He had had little food and no change of clothing, and was in a state of physical prostration. But the people called him. There was a chance that he might save the nation, and the certainty that if he went at once he could prevent anarchy and civil war.

He went, and on reaching Bulgaria he made the one sacrifice which was left for him to make in the interest of Bulgaria—perhaps the hardest of all. He made a last appeal to the honor of his imperial cousin the Czar. No one who understands the political situation can doubt that in making this appeal he acted wisely, and acted solely in the interest of the Bulgarian people. No doubt it would have been more agreeable to him and to his friends if he had been able to ignore the Czar, but even Bismarck dare not do this. No doubt it would have been more in accordance with the treaty of Berlin if he had appealed for aid to the Sultan; but the Sultan had already declined to interfere, and was certainly not less under the influence of the Czar than Austria and Germany. It was a painful necessity, but had the Czar replied in a friendly spirit, had he been touched by the pathos of the situation, it would have been the end of all difficulties in Bulgaria, and a message of peace to all the world. The St. Petersburg papers characterize the Prince's appeal as hypocritical. What shall we say of the reply of the Czar in view of the fact that there has not been a difficulty of any kind in Bulgaria since the arrival of the Prince which has not been directly or indirectly caused by Russian agents? I will not accuse him of hypocrisy. I will simply say, what I have no doubt is true, that the Czar has been deceived, and is absolutely ignorant of the real state of things in Bulgaria.

The Prince did well to return to Bulgaria, and he did well to make a last appeal to the Czar, but when he reached Sofia he found himself and his loyal

people standing alone, confronted by an implacable enemy, and without a friend in the world to lift a hand in their defence. The Prince knows, and every sober-minded Bulgarian knows, that Bulgaria cannot stand alone against Russia. If Europe decrees that Russia shall be supreme in Bulgaria, there is nothing more to be said, and the Prince could do nothing but abdicate. He and the Bulgarian people have saved their own honor. They have vindicated themselves before the world. They are not called upon to resist the decrees of Europe. They must submit as best they can. Had the Prince remained in spite of the brutal decree of the Czar, his position would have been far more difficult than before. After the excitement had passed away, the sober sense of the people would have realized the hopelessness of the conflict with Russia. He could not have put to death all the conspirators. Too many were more or less implicated, and they would have recommenced their work at once. There are not many Bulgarians who could be induced to murder their Prince, but there are plenty of foreign vagabonds in Bulgaria who could have been hired by Russian agents to assassinate him. His life would have been in constant danger.

He might have braved this danger, but there was a still greater difficulty. He did not know to whom he could trust the commands of the army and the government of the country. With the friendship or neutrality of Russia it would have been difficult, in view of the personal animosities of leading men, the bitterness of party spirit, and the treason of so many officials. With the open hostility of Russia, and of Austria and Germany as well, it was impossible.

THE POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THESE EVENTS.

The question whether Prince Alexander, or some other prince, shall rule in Bulgaria, is in itself of little consequence to the world. It chiefly concerns the Bulgarians. But this question has come up in such a way that the fate of all Europe is involved in it. Nothing else can be thought of at Constantinople. One thing is obvious at first sight: all the people of the East, Turks and Christians, have learned a lesson. The only

Power that can seriously help or harm them is Russia. It is a lesson which will not soon be forgotten, and it will bear fruit beyond the borders of the Ottoman Empire. It may not be true, but it will be believed. No one in this part of the world is simple enough to believe that Austria, or Germany, or England, can desire to see Russia established in Bulgaria, and then, as a necessary consequence, in Constantinople. If this should happen, it would be simply because these Powers were not strong enough to prevent it. When people here read the ingenious articles in the *Spectator* and *Nineteenth Century*, proving that England would be rather pleased to see Russia in Constantinople, they simply smile and raise their chins in derision, and the Sultan hastens to write an autograph letter to the Czar, to thank him for the brotherly interest which he has taken in the pacification of the Balkan Peninsula, while at the same time he is spending every penny that he can borrow on increased armaments.

I do not know the mind of Prince Bismarck, and I doubt whether any one else does. I only know the fact that he has brutally sacrificed Prince Alexander and given Bulgaria over to the Czar. We may account for this fact on various theories. We are told, for example, that Germany, Austria, and Russia have agreed upon a division of territory: Russia is to have Bulgaria, Thrace, and Constantinople; Austria is to go to Salonica, and Germany to Trieste; Italy is to have the Tyrol.

I do not hesitate to affirm that no serious statesman in Europe has ever thought of such an arrangement. It would be the end of the Austrian Empire and would give Russia absolute supremacy in Europe. It would be in direct opposition to all the traditions of Europe—traditions which form the basis of all the mutual relations of the great Powers. It would be an absolute and unconditional surrender to Russia, without any genuine compensation. The idea of such a transaction is too absurd to waste time in the discussion of it.

Another theory is that Austria and Germany have consented to allow Russia to control Bulgaria on the express condition that she shall go no further.

Such a condition would be illusory. I remember that an Austrian statesman once said to me: "So long as Bulgaria is a Russian outpost at our back door, we can never have peace; sooner or later we must drive her out." If Russia is in Bulgaria, who is to keep her out of Macedonia? who is to defend Roumania? who is to block the way to Constantinople? If any such agreement has been made, it has been made with a full knowledge on the part of all that it is temporary and deceptive.

Another theory, not complimentary to Bismarck, is that he has determined to sacrifice the future to the present, that he will yield everything to Russia to prevent a Russo-French alliance against Germany, that he will keep the peace and save German unity while he lives: *après moi le deluge*. Bismarck is no doubt something of a cynic, but there is little in his past life to justify such a theory as this. It is not a theory which is believed in Russia. It is rather an Austrian idea, where he is always suspected of sacrificing Austrian interests to his own. All statesmen are to a certain extent opportunists, and all diplomacy is a system of compromises and temporary expedients, without much regard to the future; but no great statesman ever deliberately sacrifices the future of his country to his present convenience. He may draw back, he may temporarily sacrifice certain interests; but it is with the full purpose of striking a more vigorous blow when his time comes.

I suspect that this is the true explanation of the action of Germany and Austria in Bulgaria. They have sacrificed Prince Alexander and the Bulgarians for the moment; they have yielded to Russia for the hour; but with a full appreciation of the fact that this only postpones for a little the inevitable conflict which is at hand. If Russia wins in this great struggle which is just before us, she will go to the Adriatic and rule the old Eastern Empire; if she is beaten, her influence in the Balkan Peninsula will be at an end—she will have neither Bulgaria nor Constantinople. This war must come; it cannot be much longer postponed by Bismarck or any other statesman. It is expected in Russia, in Austria, in Germany, and in Turkey.

Six weeks ago, before the conference at Gastein, it was believed by some of the best-informed men in Vienna that it would come within two months. Now they look forward to the coming spring.

The real question is, whether, in view of this impending and inevitable conflict, it was wise for Austria and Germany to sacrifice Bulgaria to Russia for the moment. Had there been no counter-revolution, had the Prince refused to return, I can see that there would have been an apparent advantage to Austria in allowing events to take their course for the moment. But when the question took its present form it was a mistake to yield to Russia. Had Austria and Germany supported the Prince, England would have joined them, Turkey would have taken courage and thrown off the yoke of Russia. If war had followed, Austria would have had nothing to fear on this side. Roumania and Bulgaria would have been neutral, if not allies.

If Russia has her way, as now seems probable, all these advantages are lost. The war may be postponed, but when it comes the Bulgarians will form the advance-guard of the Russian army, and it is probable that Turkey will remain neutral. The whole East will stand in awe of Russia as never before. The Turks have of late been inclined to look to Germany as a defence against Russia; they think now that Germany and Austria together are too weak even to defend their own interests. For us here this is not a question of Prince Alexander, but of Russian supremacy. If England cannot, and Austria and Germany cannot or will not, do anything to limit it, what can we or the Bulgarians do but submit to it with the best grace possible, until our fate is finally settled in a great European war. I do not mean that the Turks will not fight if Russia invades their territory; they will fight to the death; but in the light of present events, up to that hour of actual invasion they will yield everything.

THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE OF BULGARIA.

I do not anticipate a Russian occupation of Bulgaria, or any serious and immediate change in the government of the country. It will no doubt be the aim of Russia simply to restore the state of

things which existed four years ago, when the army was officered by Russians and counted as a division of the Russian army, when the leading Ministers were Russians, and the Russian Consul at Sofia was a practical dictator, the *alter ego* of the Czar, from whom the Prince received his orders. The union of Eastern Roumelia will be consummated, and the propaganda in Macedonia pushed with new vigor and zeal. Bulgaria will also become the basis of Russian intrigues in Servia, and all possible preparation will be made for the coming war with Austria.

The Bulgarians themselves will be made to realize that they are under Russian rule again. Their army officers will be sent to Russia, and anti-Russians expelled from the country. There will be no attempt made for any length of time to conciliate the people. They will be ruled by force, and be taught by Russian agents to forget the remnants of their gratitude, and to hate Russia as the Poles do. This may not be the plan of the Czar, but it will be simply a continuation of the work of the Bulgarian Commission at St. Petersburg, which is a branch of the Asiatic section, and controls Bulgarian affairs in its own way. The history of Russian influence in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia is worthy of the attention of the Czar himself. At the close of the Russo-Turkish war every Bulgarian was enthusiastically pro-Russian and full of gratitude. The portrait of the Czar was in every house. No foreign influence has been exerted to modify this state of feeling, but little by little it has disappeared, and Russia has come to be regarded as an enemy. The people regret it. They still desire to be in sympathy with Russia. They are naturally grateful, and although Russian writers and Russian agents have told them a thousand times that Russia fought the last war for her own interests and not for theirs, they are loath to believe it.

But the Russian agents in Bulgaria, civil and military, with some honorable exceptions, have treated the Government and the people as if they were Turkomans. They have taken no pains to understand or conciliate them. They have trampled on their rights and outraged their feelings. They have en-

couraged anarchy and done what they could to hinder the progress of the nation. They have descended to every kind of petty intrigue and annoyance. It is not the fault of Prince Alexander or of England, but of the Russians themselves, that they no longer rule the hearts of the people. Possibly they might still be won back to their old allegiance; but there is no chance of it. The Russians will not trouble themselves to attempt it. They will quietly submit to their fate; but they will not be Russianized. Five hundred years of Turkish rule did not destroy their love of their own nationality, and even if they are annexed to Russia, they will remain Bulgarians still.

I do not envy the man who may be chosen to fill the place of Prince Alexander; he will have a hard and thankless task. If he attempts to rule in the interest of Bulgaria, he will be subjected to every insult and thwarted at every step. If he is simply a Russian satrap, he will be hated by the people, and forced to make war upon the national life. But whatever he may be, it is to be hoped that he will not delay his coming. Any Government is better than none, and the overthrow of Prince Alexander has developed an amount of bitter feeling which will make it difficult for any Bulgarian to keep the peace in the country.

If Russia is defeated in the coming war, Bulgaria may still become a nation, and fulfil the destiny for which she is fitted by the character of her people, and Prince Alexander may again return to his place at Sofia. When that day comes it is to be hoped that the Bulgarians will remember that if they had been patient, united, and loyal—if they had all loved their country better than office and rank—they would have escaped the calamities of the past year. It was Russia which inspired the revolution, but it was Bulgarian party spirit, disloyalty, and treason that overthrew the Prince. The people have nobly repudiated it, but it was too late.

ENGLISH POLICY IN THE EAST.

I dismiss as absurd the idea that England can ever desire to see Russia in possession of Constantinople. It is true that she does not want it herself.

I can understand the truth of what the late Mr. Forster once said to me : " If it were a question of giving Constantinople and Asia Minor to Russia, or of our taking it ourselves, I would give it to Russia." But Mr. Forster did not mean that he could see with equanimity any such enormous aggrandizement of Russia, or that he would not resist it. He simply meant to state in the strongest terms the impossibility of England's desiring any such extension of her responsibility.

Russia has chosen to be the enemy of England, and although there is no necessary antagonism between these two countries, England could never tolerate such an extension of Russia in Europe as would make her an irresistible foe ; she is quite strong enough already, and when the time comes England will certainly fight for Constantinople. Her present policy is to maintain the Turks here until it can be transferred to some other hands than those of Russia. The policy of England is in full accord with the sympathies of her people. It is to encourage and develop the various nationalities of what was once European Turkey as friendly and allied independent States. She can do this only by opposing the progress of Russia, and maintaining the Turks at Constantinople until something better can be done. This policy does not grow out of any desire to attack Russia, or any wish to control this part of the world. It is purely a defensive policy, but it is none the less essential to the safety of England and of Europe. We may hate Austria *historically* as much as Mr. Freeman does, but England cannot afford to see that empire subjected to the Czar. It would be better to fight for it.

It will not be easy to win back a controlling influence at Constantinople, to induce the Turks to govern wisely and justly, or to persuade them to resist the demands of Russia ; they have seen too much of the power of Russia during the last few weeks ; but the effort must be made and pressed with firmness and wisdom.

In regard to the immediate questions raised by events in Bulgaria, England will wish to act in the interest of the Bulgarians without passion or prejudice.

I believe it will be her true policy to continue to favor the union of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, and not to throw any obstacles in the way of the choice of a new Prince. It is expected here that the opposite course will be taken, but I can see no advantage in it either for England, Bulgaria, or Turkey. The sooner Bulgaria is quiet the better it will be for all concerned. If England had maintained her position here, and induced Turkey to allow the union to be consummated quietly, Prince Alexander might have been saved. It is too late now to do anything for him, and a united Russian Bulgaria is not what England desired ; but the union will still be an advantage to the Bulgarians, and less open to dangerous intrigues than under the present arrangement. If Russia, Austria, and Germany agree upon a Prince, there can be no possible advantage in any opposition on the part of England.

There will be no English intrigues in Bulgaria itself against Russian influence. This is a business to which Englishmen are not adapted, and they would fail if they attempted it. They will not attempt it. Russia has now the game in Bulgaria, and there is nothing for England to do but to hold her hand until the blunders of Russia or a European war reopen this question. Then England may even fight for Bulgaria.

We are just now in the midst of the great feast of Courban Beiram. It was at the time of this feast last year that we were startled by the news of the revolution at Philippopolis. It has been a year of constant excitement and as trying to the Turkish Government as a year of actual war.

We look forward to the new year as likely to be more trying still. The crisis for which we have been waiting for almost two hundred years seems to be approaching. The people anticipate it, fear it, and think of but little else. It need not be said that under these circumstances Constantinople is no longer a very bright and cheerful place to live in. The Courban Beiram this year is but a melancholy feast.--*Contemporary Review*.

CONSTANTINOPLE, September 11, 1886.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. E. LYNN LINTON.

ON all sides the woman question bristles with difficulties, and the Higher Education is one of them. The excess of women over men—reaching to not far from a million—makes it impossible for all to be married—Mormonism not being our way out of the wood. At the same time, this paucity of husbands necessitates the power of self-support for those women of the unendowed classes who are left penniless on the death of the bread-winner, and who must work if they would eat. This power of self-support, again, must be based on broad and honorable lines, and must include something that the world really wants and is content to pay for. It must not be a kind of well-masked charity if it is to serve the daughters of the professional class—women who are emphatically gentle, not only by birth, but by that refinement of habit and delicacy of sentiment which give the only true claim to the comprehensive term of lady. These women must be able to do something which shall not lower their social status and which shall give them a decent income. They must keep in line with their fathers and brothers, and be as well-considered as they. Certainly, they have always had the office of teachers; but all cannot be school mistresses or governesses, and the continual addition made to the number of candidates for work demands, and has already opened, other avenues and fresh careers. And—but on this no one can help save women themselves—as teachers and governesses they are not generally treated as on an equality with their employers, and are made to feel that to gain money, even by their brains, lowers their social status and reduces them perilously near to the level of the servants. As authoresses or artists they may hold their own; the glamour of “fame” and “genius” gilding over the fact that they make their incomes and do not draw them, and have nothing capitalized—not even their own reputations.

Of late years this question of woman's

work has passed into another phase, and the crux now is, not so much how they can be provided with work adequately remunerated, but how they can fit themselves for doing it without damage to their health and those interests of the race and society which are bound up with their well-being. This is the real difficulty, both of the Higher Education and of the general circumstances surrounding the self-support of women. For the strain is severe, and must be, if they are to successfully compete with men—undeniably the stronger, both in mind and body, in intellectual grasp and staying power, in the faculty of origination, the capacity for sustained effort, and in patient perseverance under arduous and it may be distasteful labor. But the dream and the chief endeavor of women now is to do the same work as men alone have hitherto done;—which means that the weaker shall come into direct competition with the stronger—the result being surely a foregone conclusion. This is the natural consequence of the degradation by women themselves of their own more fitting work; so that a female doctor, for the present, holds a higher social position than does the resident governess, while a telegraph-girl may be a lady, but a shop-girl cannot.

For well-paid intellectual work a good education is naturally of the first necessity, and the base on which all the rest is founded. Wherefore, the Higher Education has been organized more as a practical equipment than as an outcome of the purely intellectual desire of women to learn where they have nothing to gain by it. For all this, many girls go to Girton and Newnham who do not mean to practically profit by their education—girls who want to escape from the narrow limits of the home, and who yearn after the quasi-independence of college life—girls to whom the unknown is emphatically the magnificent, and who desire novelty before all things; with the remnant of the purely studious—those who love learning for its own sake only, independent of gain,

kudos, freedom or novelty. But these are the women who would have studied as ardently, and with less strain, in their own homes; who would have taken a longer time over their education, and would not have hurt their health and drained their vital energies by doing in two or three years what should have taken five or six; who would have gathered with more deliberation, not spurred by emulation nor driven by competition; and who, with energy superadded to their love of knowledge, would have made the Mrs. Somervilles or Caroline Herschels, the Miss Burneys or Harriet Martineaus, of history. But such women are not many; voluntary devotion, irrespective of self-interest, to art, literature, science, philosophy, being one of the rarest accidents in the history of women—as, indeed, must needs be if they are to fulfil the natural functions of their sex.

Three important points come into this question of the Higher Education of women. These are (1) the wisdom or unwisdom for a father of limited means and uncapitalized income to send to college, at great expense, girls who may marry, and so render the whole outlay of no avail; (2) the effect which this Higher Education has on the woman and the individual; (3) the physical results on her health and strength, especially in relation to her probable maternity.

To give a good education to a boy is to lay the foundations, not only for a successful individual life, but also those for a well-conditioned family. It is the only thing a man can do who has no fortune to leave his son, and is, in fact, a fortune under another form. With a good education, and brains to profit by it, nothing is impossible. From the Prime Minister to the Lord Chancellor, from the Archbishop of York to the leader of the House of Commons, a clever lad, well educated, has all professional possibilities before him—as the French private has the marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack. But to go to the like expense for the education of a daughter is by no means the same investment, nor can it be made to produce the same return. Where the man's education enables him to provide for his family, a woman's may be entirely thrown away for all remunerative results to herself

and others. Indeed, it may be hurtful rather than beneficial. At the best—taking things by their rule and not by their exceptions—it is helpful to herself only; for the women of the professional class, like those of the laboring, support only themselves. For which cause, we may say parenthetically, they are able to undercut the men, and can afford to work for less than can those who have wives and children to support. And this is the reason—again parenthetically—why men try to keep them out of certain trades; seeing in them not so much honest competitors for so much work, as the ultimate destroyers of the home and the family itself. In the education, too, of his sons a father discriminates and determines according to their future. The boy intended for commerce he does not usually send to college; nor is stress laid on Latin or Greek or art or literature at school. For the one destined to the law or the church he stipulates for a sound classical training, and ultimately sends him to the university. For the artist he does not demand science; for the engineer he does not demand music—and so on. Almost all boys who have their own way to make are educated with a distinct reference to their future work; and wise men agree on the folly of wasting time and force on useless acquirements, with corresponding neglect of those which are useful. But how can girls be educated in this special manner? What professions are open to them as to men? The medical alone of the three learned, public opinion not yet being ripe for barristers in petticoats or for women preachers regularly ordained and beneficed; while the army and navy are still more closely shut against those ambitious amazons who think there should be no barriers against them in the barrack-yard or on the quarter-deck, and that what any individual woman can do she should be allowed to do, general rules of prohibition notwithstanding. The Higher Education gives us better teachers, more accurate writers, and our scantling of medical women. But if a girl is not to be one of these three things, the money spent on her college career will be emphatically wasted, so far as relates to the wise employment of funds in reference to a remunerative future.

And then there is always that chance of marriage, which knocks the whole thing to pieces; save in those exceptional cases where two students unite their brains as well as their fortunes, and the masculine M.A. marries the feminine, for the better perfecting of philosophic literature. Even in this rare instance the fact of marriage nullifies the good of the education; and, after a father has spent on his daughter's education the same amount of money as would have secured the fortune of a capable son, it cannot give him retrospective satisfaction to see her married to some one who will make her the mother of a family, where nothing that she has gained at so much cost will tell. Her knowledge of Greek and German will not help her to understand the management of a nursery; nor will her ability to solve all the problems of Euclid teach her to solve that ass's bridge of domestic economy—the coordination of expenditure with means, and the best way of extracting the square root of refinement out of that appalling *x* of insufficiency.

To justify the cost of her education a woman ought to devote herself to its use, else does it come under the head of waste; and to devote herself to its use she ought to make herself celibate by philosophy and for the utilization of her material, as nuns are celibate by religion and for the saving of their souls. As things are, it is a running with the hare of self-support and hunting with the hounds of matrimony—a kind of trusting to chance and waiting on the chapter of accidents, which deprives this Higher Education of anything like noble stability in results, making it a mere cast of the die which may draw a prize or throw blank. But very few women would elect to renounce their hope of marriage and maternity for the sake of utilizing their education, or would voluntarily subordinate their individual desire to that vague thing, the good of society. On this point I shall have something to say further on. Yet this self-dedication would be the best answer to those who object to the Higher Education for the daughters of struggling professional men, because of the large chance there is of its ultimate uselessness. It would give, too, a social pur-

pose, a moral dignity, a philosophic purity, and a personal earnestness to the whole scheme which would make it solid and organic, instead of, as now, loose and accidental.

So far as we have yet gone, has this Higher Education had a supremely beneficial effect on the character of women themselves? As intelligences, yes; as women, doubtful. We are not now taking the individual women who have been to Girton or Newnham, but the whole class of the quite modern advanced women. These are the direct product of the movement which has not only given us female doctors and superior teachers, but female orators, female politicians, and female censors all round—women who claim for themselves the leadership of life on the ground of a superior morality and clearer insight than have men. In dealing with the woman question, we can never forget the prominent characteristics of the sex—their moral vanity, coupled with their love of domination. The great mass of women think they know better than they can be taught; and on all moral questions claim the highest direction and the noblest spiritual enlightenment. Judging from sentiment and feeling, they refuse the testimony of facts; the logic of history has no lesson for them, nor has any unwelcome science its rights or its truths. They are Anglo-Israelites, but not the products of evolution; and ghosts are real where germs are imaginary. This sentiment, this feeling, is like some other things, a good servant but a bad master. When backed by religious faith it stops at no superstition; when backed by moral conviction, it is a tyranny under which the free energies of life are rendered impossible; when backed by a little knowledge, it assumes infallibility. Scarcely a week passes without some letter in the papers, wherein an imperfectly-educated woman attacks a master in his profession, on the ground of her sentiment as superior to his facts—her spiritual enlightenment the Aaron's rod which swallows up his inferior little serpents of scientific truths. This restless desire to shoot with all bows—Ulysses', Nestor's, whose one will—may be, and probably is, the first effervescence of a ferment which will

work itself clear by time and use. It is to be hoped so; for the pretensions to supremacy, by reason of their superiority, of women in these later times is not one of the most satisfactory results of the emancipation movement. And they cannot be too often reminded that the Higher Education, with all that this includes, is not meant to supersede their beautiful qualities, but only to strengthen their weak intellectual places and supply their mental deficiencies.

It would not be for the good of the world were the sentiment and tenderness of women to be lost in their philosophic calmness. But as little is it for the advantage of society when that sentiment rules rather than influences, shapes rather than modifies. That old adage about two riding on horseback together, when one must ride behind, is getting a new illustration. Hitherto the man was in front. It was thought that he was the better fitted to both discern the dangers ahead and receive the first brunt of such blows as might be about, while the woman crouched behind the shield of his broad body; and in return for that protection left the reins in his hands and did not meddle with the whip—or if she did, then was she censured while he was ridiculed. Now, things are changing; and on all sides women are seeking to dispossess the men of their places to take them for themselves. In the home and out of the home woman's main desire is for recognized leadership, so that man shall live by their rule. The bed of Procrustes was no myth; we have it in full working activity at this present time.

We come now to the third and most important point, the physical results of the educational strain in relation to maternity. On this head we will take Dr. Withers-Moore as our guide, in his speech made at the British Association on the 11th of August. The pith of his position is in this sentence, "Bacon's mother (intellectual as she was) could not have produced the *Novum Organum*, but she, perhaps she alone, could and did produce Bacon." The same may be said of Goethe's mother. She could not have written *Faust*, but she formed and moulded and influenced the man who did. In almost all the histories of great men it is the mother, not the

father, whose influence and teaching are directly traceable; and it is a remark as trite as the thing is common, that great men do not often produce great sons, but almost all great men have had notable mothers. As the "Oxford tutor," quoted by Dr. Withers-Moore, said: "A man's fate depends on the nursing—on the mother, not the father. The father has commonly little to do with the boy till the bent is given and the foundation of character laid. All depends on the mother." And this means not only her moral influence, but the actual shaping and moulding force of her physical condition reacting on his. Following this are the opinions of experts and philosophers who have given time and thought to the subject; and in all the authorities quoted—fourteen in number—there is the same note of warning against over-study in girls who are one day to be mothers. It is an unwelcome doctrine to those who desire above all things to be put on an absolute equality with men; who desire to do man's special work, while leaving undone their own; who will not recognize the limitations of sex nor the barriers of nature; who shut their eyes to the good of society and the evil which may be done by individuals; and who believe that all who would arrest a movement fraught with danger to the whole, are actuated by private motives of a base kind, and are to be treated as enemies wilfully seeking to injure, rather than as friends earnestly desirous of averting injury. Dr. Withers-Moore's summary of the whole question bearing on the physical condition of women as mothers is this:—

"Excessive work, especially in youth, is ruinous to health, both of mind and body; excessive brain-work more surely so than any other. From the eagerness of woman's nature, competitive brain-work among gifted girls can hardly but be excessive, especially if the competition be against the superior brain weight and brain strength of man. The resulting ruin can be averted—if it be averted at all—only by drawing so largely upon the woman's whole capital stock of vital force and energy as to leave a remainder quite inadequate for maternity. The Laureate's 'sweet girl graduate in her golden hair' will not have in her the fulfilment of his later aspiration—

'May we see, as ages run,
The mother featured in the son.'

The human race will have lost those who

should have been her sons. Bacon, for want of a mother, will not be born. She who should have been his mother will perhaps be a very distinguished collegian. That one truism says it all—women are made and meant to be, not men, but mothers of men. A noble mother, a noble wife—are not these the designations in which we find the highest ideal of noble womanhood? Woman was formed to be man's help-mate, not his rival; heart, not head; sustainer, not leader."

The ideal mother is undoubtedly a woman more placid than nervous in temperament, more energetic than restless in habits, and with more strength of character and general good sense than specialized intellectual acquirements. Strong emotions, strained nerves, excitement, anxiety, absorption, are all hurtful to the unborn child. They tend to bring on premature birth; and if not this, then they create sickly offspring, whom the mother cannot nourish when they are born. And, speaking of this, I may as well state here that the number of women who cannot nurse their own children is yearly increasing in the educated and well-conditioned classes; and that coincident with this special failure is the increase of uterine disease. This I have from one of our most famous specialists. The mental worries and the strain of attention inseparable from professional life, make the worst possible conditions for satisfactory child-bearing; while the anxiety bound up with the interruption to her work, consequent on her health and changed condition, must tell heavily on the nerves and mind of the woman whose professional income counts in the family. Her physical troubles, of themselves quite enough to bear, have thus extra weight; and mind, nerves, work, and condition act and react in a vicious circle all round. Even where her profession is one that does not take her out of doors, and does not involve any great personal fatigue—as literature or art—the anxiety of her work and the interruption which must needs result from her state are more disastrous to the unborn than to herself; and the child suffers as much from the relaxation as from the strain. As one of the wisest and best-trained women I know said to me the other day: "How much of all the grand force and nervous power, the steadiness and courage of Englishmen,

may not be owing to the fact of the home life and protection of women; and how much shall we not lose when the mothers of the race are rendered nervous, irritable, and overstrained by the exciting stimulus of education carried to excess, and the exhausting anxieties of professional competition!"

This does not say that only the "stupid women" are therefore to be wives and mothers. Specialized education does not necessarily create companionable nor even sensible women; else, by parity of reasoning, would all professional men be personally charming and delightful, which undoubtedly they all are not. A girl may be a sound Grecian, a brilliant mathematician, a sharp critic, a faultless grammarian, yet be wanting in all that personal tact and temper, clear observation, ready sympathy, and noble self-control which make a companionable wife and a valuable mother. Nor is unprofessional or unspecialized instruction necessarily synonymous with idleness and ignorance; while a good all-round education is like to prove more serviceable in the home and in society than one or two supreme accomplishments. Many of us make the mistake of confounding education with acquirements, and of running together mental development and intellectual specialization. The women of whom we are most proud in our own history were not remarkable for special intellectual acquirements so much as for general character and the harmonious working of will and morality. The Lady Fanshawe and Elizabeth Frys, the Mary Carpenters and Florence Nightingales, whose names are practically immortal, were not noted for their learning, but they were none the less women whose mark in history is indelible, and the good they did lives after them, and will never die. And taking one of the, at least, partially learned ladies of the past—is it her Latinity and her bookishness that we admire so much in Lady Jane Grey? or is it her modesty, her gentleness, her saintly patience, her devotion?—in a word, is it her education or her character?—the intellectual philosopher, or the sweet and lovely and noble woman?

Modern men want intelligent companions in their wives. But the race

demands in its turn healthy, wise, and noble mothers of vigorous children. Only a few of the less worthy men desire simply an upper servant for domestic use, or a mistress for personal pleasure, or both in one, with whom they, the husbands, feel no true comradeship. But do the mass of men want the specialized companionship of a like education? Does not human nature rather desire a change—the relaxation of differences?—and do specialists want to be always talking to their wives of literature, art, science, medicine, law—whatever may be their own assigned work? Would they not rather forget the shop, even though that shop be the library or the studio, and pass into a fresh intellectual atmosphere when they lay aside their MSS. or fling down their brushes? We must always remember, too, that the conduct and management of the house and family belong to women; and that if the wife and mother does not actively superintend those departments which the fitness of things has apportioned to her, subordinates must—subordinates who will not put into their work either the love or the conscience of the wife, whose interests are identical with her husband's—of the mother, with whom reason and instinct, education and affection, create that half-divine power to which most great men have owed the chief part of their greatness.

Not going all the length of the Turkish idea that women are born into the world only to be the wives and mothers of men—as mothers of women simply keeping up the supply; and that for themselves they are of no account outside their usefulness to, and relations with, men—it is yet undeniably better that they should be unnoted as individuals and perfect as mothers, rather than famous in their own persons and the mothers of abortive and unsatisfactory children. In this lies the soul of the controversy; for the whole question is contained in the relative importance of individual rights and social duties—freedom for self-development in such direction as may suit ourselves, or subordinating our personal desires to the general and unindividualized good.

We are in the midst of one of the great revolutions of the world. The old faiths are losing their hold and the

new are not yet rooted; the old organization of society is crumbling to pieces and we have not even founded, still less created, the new. In this revolution, naturally one of the most prominent facts is the universal claim for individual freedom, outside the elemental laws which hold the foundations together, made by every one alike. We preach the doctrine of rights everywhere, that of duties straggles in where it can; and the one crying need of the world at this moment is for some wise and powerful organizer who shall recombine these scattered elements and reconstruct the shattered edifice. Women, who always outstrip their leaders, are more disorganized, because at this time they are even more individualized than are men. Scarcely one among them takes into account the general good. Even in those questions where they have made themselves the leaders, individual victories are of greater value than general policy, and they would always subordinate the practical welfare of the majority to the sentimental rights of the minority. An individual sorrow moves them where the massed results of a general law leave them cold. This characteristic is perfectly sound and righteous in those to whom have been confided the care of the family and the arrangement of details. Women ought to be individual, not for themselves, but for others; and in that individualism there ought to be the injustice inseparable from devotion. An altruistic mother who would sacrifice her one child for the sake of her neighbor's two, does not exactly fulfil our ideas of maternal care; on the other hand, a mother who would rather her son was disgraced as a coward than that he should run the dangers of courage—or the partisan of her own sex who would sacrifice twenty men to save one woman inconvenience or displeasure, is as little fit to be the leader of large movements involving many and varied interests, as is that other to be a mother. In their own persons women carry out to a very remarkable degree this principle of individualism, the general good notwithstanding. Speak to an ordinary woman of the evil economic effects of her actions, and you speak a foreign language. She sees only the individual loss or gain of the transaction,

and a public or social duty to creatures unknown and unseen does not count. In the cruel vicissitudes of fashion and the ruin of thousands brought about by simple change of material—in the selfish greed for bargains, no matter at whose cost obtained—in the complete ignoring of and indifference to all the results to others of her own example, a woman of the ordinary type is essentially individual and unsocial. In America—whence, however, we have received so many grand and noble impulses—this female individualism, with its corresponding indifference to the public good or to public duty, is even more pronounced than here; and the right of woman to her own development, though that should include what is called “the painless extinction of man,” is the very heart and soul of the new creed.

Women, seeking to rule, have forgotten how to obey. Wishing to reorganize society according to their own desires, they have at the same time thrown off all sense of discipline in their own lives; and the former feminine virtues of devotion, patience, self-suppression, and obedience are flung aside as so much tarnished finery of a decayed and dishonored idol. The ordinary woman cannot be got to see that she is not only herself but also a member of society and part of an organization; and that she owes, as a duty to the community, the subordination of her individualism to that organization. She understands this only in religious communities, where she obeys her director as one divinely commissioned. Outside religious discipline she refuses obedience to general principles. Society has grown so large and its disorganization is so complete, that, she says to herself, her own example does not count. She is but a fractional part of a grain added to a ton weight; and by the law of psycho-dynamics she is undiscerned and without influence. It was all very well in small communities, like those of Greece for instance, or when the one grand lady of the village was the mirror for all to dress by. Then, the individual example was of value; but now—who cares for one out of the tens of thousands crowded in London? and what duty has she to the community comparable to that which she owes herself?

And this brings us round once more to the subject-matter of this paper:—the effect on the community of the Higher Education of Women, in its good and evil results on mothers and their offspring, and their own indifference to these results.

It is impossible not to sympathize with a bright girl anxious to go on with her education, and petitioning for leave to study higher matters than have been taught her at her school. It is as impossible not to feel a sense of indignation at the injustice when parents say frankly, the education of their girls does not count with them; and, so long as these know how to read and write and can play the piano and are able to dance and perhaps to sew, there is nothing more necessary. We do battle then for the right of the individual to know, to learn, to perfect itself to the utmost of its ability, irrespective of sex. But if we are wise we stop short of such strain as would hurt the health and damage the reproductive energies, if marriage is to come into one of the chances of the future. A girl is something more than an individual; she is the potential mother of a race; and the last is greater and more important than the first. Let her learn by all means. Let her store her mind and add to her knowledge, but always with quietness and self-control—always under restrictions bounded by her sex and its future possible function. Or, if she disregards these restrictions, and goes in for competitive examinations, with their exhausting strain and feverish excitement—if she takes up a profession where she will have to compete with men and suffer all the pain and anxiety of the unequal struggle—let her then dedicate herself from the beginning as the Vestal of Knowledge, and forego the exercise of that function the perfection of which her own self-improvement has destroyed. We cannot combine opposites nor reconcile conflicting conditions. If the mental strain consequent on this higher education does waste the physical energies, and if the gain of the individual is loss to the race, then must that gain be sacrificed or isolated.

Of course it all depends on that If; and of this experts are the only trustworthy judges. We must be guided by

the better know'edge of specialists and those who have studied in all its bearings a subject of which we know only one side, and that side the one turned to our own desire. If one examiner* reports: "That of the boys 29 per cent., and of the girls 41 per cent., were found to be in a sickly state of health;" if another,† in confirmation says, "That 11.6 per cent. of boys and girls in the St. Petersburg schools suffer from headache," we must suppose there is something to be taken note of in the opposition of most medical men to this Higher Education of Women. For we must put out of court, as unworthy of serious consideration, that old well-worn accusation of man's opposition to woman's advancement from jealousy, tyranny, the desire of domination, and the preference of slaves and mistresses over companions and wives. We must accept it as part of all sane argument that people desire the best—ideas as to what is the best differing according to the point of view; as now in this very question under consideration, where the individual gain clashes with the good of the community, and the personal advantage of the woman hurts her usefulness as a mother. We must acknowledge, too, that experts know better than the unlearned; and that in matters of health and the wisest rules for physical well-being, medical men are safer guides than girls ambitious for their own distinction, or women ambitious for their sex—holders, too, of the doctrine of absolute equality in mental strength with men, and of free trade in all employments and careers.

A great deal of the difficulty surrounding the question of woman's employment could be got over by women themselves. If, instead of degrading their own more natural work by the social ostracism of the workers, they would raise it by respect and honor, large fields of productive usefulness would be opened and much cause for heart-burning would cease. The greater democracy of the present age

makes it possible for great ladies to earn money. Even a queen throws her books into the market, and sells them all the same as others. A generation or so ago no lady could have made money, save by the two methods of painting and writing—both done within the sacred seclusion of the four walls of home. Actresses were what we call in the north "chancey." Some were thoroughly respectable and came to good ends and high positions; but the bulk were best left alone by women who wished to keep alive anything like veneration for virtue. Now, however, we have opened all gateways, and made it possible for ladies of condition, repute, and birth to do what they will in the way of money-making and still retain both character and position. A princess opens a milliner's shop; a lady of rank is a cowkeeper and profits by her dairy-farm; women of title go on the stage; ladies of gentle birth and breeding are storekeepers and horse-breeders. But as yet these are only the showy—we had almost said theatrical—and quasi-romantic vanguard; and what we want is a stable condition of self-support for women whose inherited position is not of that high class which no work can degrade, but who, ladies as they are, stand or fall according to the arbitrary estimation of their work.

In this, we repeat, no one can help women save women. Certain tailors and certain shopkeepers are received in London society as among its favorite and most honored guests. Do we meet with a milliner, a lady shopkeeper? Do we not all know milliners and dress-makers who are well-educated, pleasant-mannered, honorable ladies; yet would the countesses and dames for whom they devise their dainty costumes agree to meet them on equal terms at balls and dinners? Why not? Surely it cannot be on the ground of making their own money. The highest ladies in the land do not disdain to turn an honest penny if they can; and where, pray, is the essential difference between the clergyman's daughter who sells mantles or laces in a shop for her living, and the young duchess who sells pin-cushions and button-holes at a bazaar for her vanity, masked as charity? Here, if we will, the principle of indi-

* Dr. Hertel, speaking of over-pressure in the high schools of Denmark.

† Professor J. N. Bystroff. Both quoted by Dr. Withers-Moore in his speech at the British Association.

vidualism would work with advantage. If we could get rid of all caste feeling, and judge of people by themselves and not by their work—if we would allow that a milliner could be a lady, and a shop-girl on a level with her sister the governess, and both on an equality with their brother the clergyman and their aunt the physician's wife—we should have done more for the question of the employment of women than we have done by the establishment of colleges and the creation of educational standards, the attainments of which are inimical to the best interests of society because hurtful to women themselves. We must do what we can in

this life, not always what we would ; and the general interests of society are to be considered before those of a special section, by whose advancement will come about the corresponding degeneracy of the majority.

In these two propositions, then, we think the whole thing lies—in voluntary celibacy for those who overtax their vital energies by an intellectual strain that hurts the offspring ; and in the honoring of those lighter and easier methods of making money which have hitherto condemned a woman to social ostracism, and denied her the status she deserves and has inherited.—*Fortnightly Review*.

WOMEN OF INDIAN HISTORY.

BY H. G. KEENE.

THE Indian Tableaux that were exhibited in Piccadilly last year, at Prince's Hall, together with the exertions of the National Indian Association, have been the means of calling our attention to one side of female life in the East ; the subordination, seclusion, and half-effaced individuality of the sex. But there is another side of the shield which presents a contrast, almost startling in its completeness, caused no doubt by the reaction of human nature against the artificial repression to which the crude supremacy of masculine strength is not ashamed to resort. The paradoxical result has been that in Western lands, where woman (though she will not perhaps allow it) has really been able to take her own part, the sex has kept to its own natural sphere, while in the East it has been otherwise. The times and places where women have been most hidden and their claims most ignored have produced the most vigorous of the sex. Semiramis and Deborah are only familiar types of female humanity which has been not uncommon in all parts of the Oriental world and in all stages of its history. And this, in spite of the position assigned to physical disadvantage by the cynical frankness of apparent superiority.

Most of all—but this part of the

matter is less surprising—have remarkable women been produced among the Aryan races. The dawn of Indian social history is the invasion of the country by Bactrians who honored women, and it has followed that the Peninsula has always been the home of strong female characters.

Before the British nation was dreamed of, before the Arabian Prophet had imposed on the Eastern world his strange travesty of Christianity, there lived in Northern India a grand race of white people who resembled the ancient Germans as described by Tacitus. Originating—like them—from a common source in Central Asia, the Vedic Aryans had spread over the fertile plains of the land now known as "Hindustan," and had imposed upon the savage aborigines their pure and wholesome usages. Whether in towns or in rural hamlets, they set up their homesteads—which they called by the still familiar name of "dama," *domus*—and lighted on their hearths and altars the sacred fire—"agni," *ignis*—generated (like the Celtic need fire) by the friction of a wooden churn. Over this home presided two beings ; the father, king and priest in his family, and the mother, his vice-gerent while he went abroad on his daily duties. In the dawn of this society (as revealed in the

oldest songs of the *Veda*) we find the wife free, equal in rights and capacity—though with a separate sphere of her own, like Lucretia—the help-mate of man. As in ancient Germany and in ancient Rome, monogamy was the original rule: if a second wife was introduced, it was only in deference to the imperious necessity for an heir, and when the first wife was childless. Even so, the first remained “the housewife,” the associate being regarded as Hagar was elsewhere. When the husband died the housewife was not, in those days, expected to throw herself on his pyre and perish in the flames that consumed his body. The chief ceremonies—in early Vedic times—were the washing and dressing of the corpse, and its adornment with arms and armor. When the last moment approached these decorations were withdrawn; a barrier was raised between the living and the dead, the dead being abandoned by all his surviving friends, of whom the widow was the last to leave. After her offerings had been laid upon the bier it was lowered reverently into the grave, by those on whom the duty devolved, amid pious wishes that the earth might lie upon it lightly. The grave was then covered in, and the dead left in peace with a last farewell prayer. The widow went back to her old home to be tended by her son, its new lord.

These were the honors due to woman in ancient Hindustan. But the Aryans mingled with the heathen and learned their ways. As in the case of their cousins, in ancient Greece, the wife degenerated into a household drudge, doomed to toil for her lord in life, and perish on his funeral pile. The softening influences that man craves at the hands of enlightened woman had to be sought away from home in the haunts of unshackled adventuresses, as was the case in the Athens of Aspasia. In one of the earliest, and best, of the Hindu dramas, the *Toy Cart*, we have an instance of this kind. Charudatta, a Timon of the Brahmins, having spent his substance in hospitality and munificence, has (unlike the Greek spendthrift) maintained the gentle frankness of his original disposition. His virtues have endeared him to a beauty of the city; and he, though a family man,

openly returns the disinterested admiration. Vasanta—such is the lady's name—has another lover, the brother-in-law of the Raja. The mingled art and originality of the author are exhausted on this truly comic character, a combination of the pedant, the libertine, and the dandy; Don Juan made ludicrous; a man at once egotistic, cowardly, cruel, and forever vainly aiming at the distinctions of a scholar and a wit. Flying from the unwelcome pursuit of this frivolous wooer, Vasanta finds herself misled into a garden where she falls into his arms. In a frenzy at her steady rejection of his addresses he strangles the poor girl, and then goes to the police and falsely charges the hero with the murder. But when the police go to the garden the body is not to be found. For all that, the helpless Charudatta is found guilty of the murder; but on his way to execution he is rescued by his supposed victim, who has recovered from the murderous attack, and who hurries to the spot accompanied by her lover's wife and child. The absurd villain is dismissed with a word of contempt; and the curtain falls on the two ladies encircling Charudatta in an ecstasy of Mormonistic sisterhood. The situation may be strange, but the pathos is true.

Such was woman in the early and middle history of Hindustan. But in the twelfth century the Muslims appeared. The old gay freedom fled; the faithful female friend who, in spite of an equivocal position, was sweet and womanly, had to fall behind the oppressive shade of the *parda*.

In a drama of that day we find none but male characters; the ladies all concealed from the pursuit of the conqueror. “A little boy of five,” reports the agent of a Minister, “ran out into the Banker's court-yard while I was talking. Cries of ‘He is gone out,’ in female tones proceeded from within; and a woman came to the door, laid hold of the child, and drew him in. She showed herself with caution, so that little more of her could be seen but a pair of lovely arms.” That is all that is seen of woman in the whole drama.

Accordingly, the next Hindu beauty of whom we have to take notice is found in a Mussulman household: I mean the

celebrated poetess, Rupmati, the favorite consort of Báẓ Bahádur, governor of Málwa. When besieged in Sárangpur by a bastard of the Imperial family, Adham Khán, the chief sallied forth, leaving Rupmati and the rest of his family in the palace under the charge of a trusted servant. To this man he is said to have given strict orders that, if news came of his death or flight, all the ladies were to be immediately put to death, in order to prevent their falling into the power of the Mughals. The battle going against him, Bahádur fled southward. As soon as the tidings were brought to the servant he began with cruel fidelity to carry out his master's stern behest. As he was still at his grim work of blood the enemy arrived and interrupted the unfinished massacre. Rupmati, being informed of Adham Khán's arrival, caused him to be admitted to her presence. But when he entered the apartment she had taken a quick and potent drug, and was already stretched on her couch, faithful in death* to him who had been unable to protect her.

Heroic energy, however, was not confined to the Hindus. Among Muslim ladies, we may notice Sultána Razia, the daughter of the Turkish King of Dehli, Shamsuddin Altimsh. She succeeded her elder brother on his death, in A.D. 1236, but was deposed and imprisoned after a reign of just three years. She made her escape from the fort where she had been placed; and, raising a force, advanced upon Dehli. Her brother, Bahrám, encountered her, and she was slain in the engagement that ensued.

Another royal lady was Sultána Ruquia, of whom there would be very little to record but for her connection with one of the best known of all the women of Indian history. Ruquia was the granddaughter of the celebrated Mughal hero, Sultán Bábar, and married to her first cousin, the Emperor Akbar. As a member of the family, and the earliest in point of time, she was the chief of the Imperial consorts;

and in that capacity it fell to her lot to protect and provide for the famous Mihr-un-Nissa, known to readers of history as the Empress Nur-Jahán. It is to this lady's extraordinary adventures that we must now turn.

Mirza Ghaiás, her father, was a Mughal—or Persian Turk—who came to India in search of fortune, bringing with him a beautiful female child. Obtaining a post at Court—where men of his race were usually welcomed by Akbar when they had anything in them—Ghaiás was enabled to place his daughter under the Empress's immediate protection in the Palace at Lahore. Here her budding charms and talents did not fail to attract the attention of the Heir Apparent (then known as Sultán Selim, afterward Emperor by the title of Jahángir), a purple-born idler, unaccustomed to be denied. The Empress—who was not the young man's mother—persuaded the Emperor that it would be to his credit to withdraw the girl from probable danger. Akbar accordingly gave her in marriage to a young Turkman noble, of high lineage and great renown, named Ali Quli Beg, but better known as "Sher Afgan" (Lion-killer), from his having encountered and slain a lion in single combat. The young couple then took their departure to Bengal, where a post of honor and profit awaited the bridegroom. Years rolled on; and on Akbar's death the heir succeeded with the title of Jahángir. What ensued has been dressed up by tradition as a tale of the nature of that of Uriah the Hittite; but a little analysis seems to show that the suspicious events only amount to a coincidence. Jahángir was not the kind of man to brood for years over a hopeless passion; but it so happened that, soon after his accession, it became necessary to send an agent from the Court to inquire into alleged maladministration on the part of Sher Afgan. On the arrival of this man Sher Afgan rode forth to meet him, and, losing his temper, assassinated him in the first interview. He was cut down by the escort, and his widow went back to her august friend the Empress-Mother. Here she remained for some years, living a retired and a quiet life.

The ladies of that court were an exception to all preconceived notions of

* See *Peepul Leaves*; poems written in India. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1879. Also *Kaiser Akbar*, von Noer (Prince Frederic of Schleswig-Holstein). Leiden. 1880.

Eastern ladies. They were not "black," nor even, as a rule, brunettes. Nor did they observe the complete seclusion usual among Muhamadan ladies. Sir Thomas Roe, the Ambassador of James I. of England, encountered the Empress Nur Jahán in Durbar. The Spanish friar Manrique, in the following reign, met a number of the Princesses at a dinner-party, and found them blonde and "rutilous." * It may, therefore, be understood that members of the Imperial family would have many opportunities of being smitten by the fair ladies of the Harem, meeting them on what would almost be a European footing. Especially might this happen with a woman like Mihr-un-Nissa; no longer young, but lovely, intelligent, well-educated, ambitious, and mindful of days when she had caused confusion in Imperial bosoms. "On a New Year's festival," says a native historian, "she attracted the desire and affection of the Emperor, and was soon made his favorite consort, by the title of Nur Jahán Begam. For some time she sat in the *jharauka* (audience-balcony), where the officers came to receive her orders. Coins were struck bearing her name, as did also the great seal fixed to imperial patents. By degrees she became supreme in the Empire; the Emperor used to say that she was capable of conducting all affairs, and that all that he wanted was a joint and a bottle of wine to keep himself merry."

This extraordinary woman was an artist and a patron of the arts of poetry, painting, and embroidery. Having attained the mature age of thirty-four when she was espoused by the Emperor, she was evidently indebted to other than merely physical attractions for her good fortune. Nor did she, on the whole, abuse it. "In the hour of her greatness," goes on the same historian (writing many years after the death of the royal couple), "she won golden opinions from all sorts of people, being just and beneficent to all. She is believed to have provided, out of her private purse, dowries for the marriage of as many as five hundred portionless damsels. She likewise brought forward in the public

service her very able brother, Asaf Khán, and also the brilliant Pathán general, Muhábat Khán, by both of whom, however, her patronage was but ill-requited."

The Empress appeared in a somewhat less favorable light to an Englishman. Sir T. Roe, the envoy already mentioned, appears to have had a good deal of trouble in satisfying her love of political intriguing and of having presents made her. But these are faults for which a lady, and an Eastern lady especially, ought not to be too severely blamed. What is, on the contrary, to be entered to her credit is her consideration for others (as shown in our second extract) and her extraordinary personal courage. A time came when the increasing infirmity and indolence of the never very energetic monarch had thrown a monopoly of administration into the hands of the Empress. This was viewed with dislike by Muhábat Khán, the warlike Pathán; and he succeeded in overthrowing the system by force. In a battle in the Punjab he obtained possession of the person of the Empress, though not before the heroic woman had led her guards against him. An eye-witness relates that a person sitting in her howdah was wounded, and that the elephant she rode received several sabre-cuts on its trunk in this action. The Emperor had already been captured; and the successful soldier—in an unlucky hour for himself—let the royal couple live in the same tent. The Empress soon availed herself of her opportunities. She appealed to the loyalty of a Rajput guard by whom her husband was surrounded; and ultimately succeeded in bringing him off in triumph, while Muhábat fled in disgrace to the Deccan.

The end—as often happens in the most successful lives—was gloomy. In 1627 the Emperor died. Nur Jahán had married her daughter (by her former husband) to one of the Princes, and endeavored to put her son-in-law on the vacant throne. But Muhábat, marching up from the Deccan with the eldest Prince—afterward the Emperor Sháh Jahán—Asaf Khán turned against his sister and her *protégé*. The latter was forthwith slain, and Nur Jahán sent into honorable confinement. She accepted

* See translation of his curious description in *Turks in India*, p. 128 ff.

her position, wore weeds—the white robes of a Mughal widow—for nineteen years, and died in A.D. 1646, when she was buried by the side of her husband at Lahore. Their monument is still to be seen. Her life as wife of the Emperor had lasted about sixteen years; and as she was thirty-four at its commencement she must have died in her seventieth year: which showed a strong vitality in view of the events she had witnessed and the labors she had endured. Among other instances of her personal courage, we may note that the Emperor records in his Memoirs that once, when he took her out tiger-hunting, their elephant was charged by a tiger whom she shot with one discharge of her husband's arquebus. No simple feat with the fire-arms of those days.

Another heroic lady of those days was the Sultána of Ahmadnagar, named Chánd Bibi, who defended that city with heroic resolution against the Mughals, under Mirza Murád, son of the great Akbar, and obtained favorable terms. In a second siege she was less fortunate; and, failing to inspire her followers with a portion of her own undaunted spirit, was murdered by them in the year 1599 as a preliminary to the surrender of the place, to which she would not agree.

Nor were the Hindu ladies of the Middle Ages inferior in courage to their Muslim sisters. Durgavati, daughter of the Prince of Mahoba, made a love-match with a neighboring Rája; and, on his death, undertook the regency of the State, on behalf of her infant son, and administered with success for fifteen years. Asaf Khán, the Imperial Viceroy of the adjoining provinces of Allahabad, invaded her dominions in A.D. 1564, with 12,000 regular infantry, a train of artillery, and 6,000 mounted men-at-arms. He was met by Durgavati at the head of her troops; and an action ensued in which she was defeated. She was wounded in the eye by an arrow, and her son—a youth of eighteen by this time—was severely wounded and sent to the rear. At this moment the heroine received another wound as she directed the retreat from her elephant, with her face to the foe. Seeing her troops giving way on all sides before the

pressure of the conquerors, she—in the spirit of Saul with his armor-bearer—snatched a dagger from her attendant and stabbed herself to death. The strange structure near Jabalpur, known as the *Madan Mahal*, is her monument to this day; it stands on a single gigantic boulder on the Narbada bank, and is a familiar object to visitors to the celebrated "Marble Rocks," of whom few, probably, are aware of her romantic story.

In modern times there have been many other distinguished Indian ladies, the best known being, perhaps, Joanna Nobilis, commonly called "Begam Samru," or Sombre. Every one knows something of this lady, from the accounts of Heber, Sleeman, Baillie Fraser, and other travellers. She was of Arab extraction, and succeeded to the little principality of Sardhana on the death of Walter Reinhardt, in May 1778. The story of this man would bear relating, but not in this place. Suffice it here to say that he was entitled to the designation of the Last of the Condottieri, being a soldier of fortune of the school of the Middle Ages of Europe, who rose from the ranks to be a general and a prince. The Begam was his slave, not his wife, as is plain from the fact that his lawful wife, and the mother of his children, long survived him. Being a Christian, he could not have got a priest to consecrate a bigamous union with the Church's rites. The territory, being a military fief, did not in such lawless times necessarily devolve on the heirs-at-law. Reinhardt left a son, but the slave-girl was able and astute; and having obtained recognition from the Emperor at Dehli, she assumed command of the brigade and administered the affairs of the fief. Three years later she availed herself of the occasion of the baptism of Aloysius, her step-son, to be herself baptized. The first scene in which she appeared conspicuously as a public character was in the spring of 1788, when she accompanied the Emperor Sháh Alam in an expedition into Rájputána, taking with her a contingent of troops under the well-known Irish adventurer, George Thomas. On the 5th of April the Sardhana force was the means of saving the Emperor from a very critical position before the walls of

Gokalgarh, a fort in the Rewári country. This place was occupied by a contumacious chief, whom it was considered requisite to coerce, but who made a vigorous sortie against the Imperialists on the morning in question. The besiegers were thrown into utter confusion, the attack upon them being a complete surprise. The rebels had penetrated to the very tents of the Sovereign, when the Begam and Thomas appeared at the head of three battalions and a field-piece, manned by European gunners. Deploying, with the gun in his centre, Thomas opened fire with grape and musketry, and with such immediate effect that the attack was arrested and time afforded for the Mughal cavalry to form and charge. The result was the repulse of the garrison and the capture of the fort. In the Durbar that ensued the Emperor embraced the Begam as his daughter, and bestowed on her a patent, with the title of "Zebunnissa" (the Glory of the Sex). Colonel Skinner related that he had often seen her leading her troops through the tumult and carnage of battle.

At this time she was—according to Thomas—a plump and lively brunette, fair for a native, and with large and sparkling eyes. She spoke Persian as well as Hindustáni, and conducted her business with assiduity, receiving reports and issuing her orders behind a curtain, as long as her native employés were present. In social intercourse with Christians, however, she assumed her place at table, only taking care to be served by maid-servants, and to have all male native attendants excluded from the room.

Four years later Thomas had left the service and gone to shift for himself. The Begam, who by this time was over thirty-five years of age, had entrusted her forces to a new commander, a Frenchman named Levassoult, whom she afterward married. Unfortunately for the husband the wedding was private, only witnessed by two of his countrymen, MM. Bernier and Saleur. Scandal arose, of which the stepson, Aloysius, took advantage; and a mutiny arose in his interest before which the Begam and Colonel Levassoult were obliged to fly. They left Sardhana on

an October morning in 1795, intending to seek refuge with the British brigade under General McGowan, then quartered at Anupshahr on the Ganges. The lady was in her palanquin, the husband armed rode by her on horseback; and they had with them their portable property, cash and jewels, to the value of some twenty thousand pounds. This being known determined the course of events. Some of the soldiers started to pursue and plunder the fugitives. They were soon overtaken; the Begam was wounded—or, as some suppose, wounded herself—and the unhappy Levassoult, believing that she was slain, put a pistol to his temple and shot himself dead. The Begam, who had escaped with a flesh-wound, was taken back to Sardhana and kept three days bound under a gun-carriage, where she was kept alive by the care of a faithful female servant. A reign of terror ensued, but it was swiftly suppressed by Thomas, who came gallantly to the aid of his old mistress. The restoration was complete and final, nor did the Begam ever again yield to the weakness of a *Grande Duchesse*. Colonel Saleur was placed at the head of the Brigade, which he kept in good fighting order until it was rudely abolished by Wellesley and Lake.

On the fall of Dehli in 1803, the Begam at once submitted and repaired to the camp of the victor. As her palanquin was deposited at the door of Lake's tent, the General (who was at dinner) hastened out to receive his distinguished visitor. In a flush of hospitality and post-prandial excitement Lake caught her in his arms as she got out, and gave her a hearty kiss. But the astute lady was equal to the occasion. "See! my children," said she, turning to her astonished attendants, "see how a father receives his repentant daughter."

She was confirmed in her possessions, on both sides of the Jumna: and for the next thirty-three years maintained a medialized rule in her little capital. Here she kept up great state. Every night there was a dinner-party, at which, besides her brigadier, her chaplain, and her land-steward, she entertained officers of the neighboring garrison of Meerut. A military band played during the banquet, and the best wines of France

and the Peninsula circulated in the unstinted fashion of those days.

The simple-hearted Heber relates a sensational story of her having buried a slave-girl alive in these times. The true fact out of which this tradition arose is believed to have been that some of her servants having attempted to burn down her house in aid of a scheme of intended plunder, concocted by some of the soldiery, she inflicted corporal punishment upon them from the effects of which one of them died, and was thrown into a dry well. This is Sleeman's account, who knew the place and people well. He testifies that "the Begam's object was to make a strong example. . . . Had she failed she would have lost that respect without which it would have been impossible for her to retain command a month."

In 1834, finding her end approaching, she made preliminary dispositions in regard to her property. By deed-of-gift she transferred the bulk to David Dyce, the son of her manager by a daughter of the late Walter Reinhardt, or "General Sombre" as he was usually called. She sent the Pope a letter, covering a remittance of £13,700, and informing His Holiness that she had built and endowed a Church, of which "she was proud to say that it was admitted to be the finest in India." She added that she had bequeathed a *lakh* of rupees (say, £10 000) for the support of a college at Sardhana, and a similar sum for the support of an Episcopal see which she prayed the Holy Father to constitute there. Another *lakh* was left to the general purposes of the Catholic Church in India; thirty thousand rupees were bestowed on the Cathedral Church at Agra, the interest of half a *lakh* was settled for the relief of the local poor, and the same to the poor of Calcutta, while a third sum of like amount was devoted to charitable purposes in England.

After her death, which occurred two years later, the heir confirmed all these dispositions, and found himself possessed of a residuary estate yielding nearly £20,000 a year. With this fortune he visited England, where he married and died, under circumstances which need not be further stated here. His widow ultimately married again, and is now the wife of Lord Forester. In addition to the Church, Convent, and College, the Begam left a handsome monument of herself in the shape of a Palace which, like them, is still extant in good preservation.

Such were the extraordinary fortunes of this lady, once a friendless slave-girl. In a less precarious state of society we may notice the Baija Bai, wife, and afterward for many years the relict, of Daulat Rao Sindhia, mentioned by several English ladies of this century, including the Hon. Emily Eden, whose letters have been published under the title of *Up the Country*, and form one of the most readable and amusing books ever written about India.

Still more examples crowd upon us. There was the celebrated Sikandar Begam, of Bhopál, well-known for her unswerving loyalty to the Government during the dark days of Fifty-Seven, and now worthily represented by her daughter and successor, Shah Jahán Begam.

Of another complexion was the famous Ráni of Jhánsi. Whether or no she actually betrayed to slaughter the unhappy British officers and their families there is no conclusive evidence. But she heartily threw herself into the rebel cause, and was killed in a lost fight. Her epitaph was pronounced by her conqueror, Lord Strathnairn, who publicly declared her to have been "the best and bravest of the rebel leaders."

—*National Review*.

MUSIC AND MEDICINE.

BY T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.D.

GEORGE ELIOT, in one of her early works, has given a powerful description of a girl taking refuge in music

from her own passion. "Caterina," runs the narrative, went away and sat down to the harpsichord in the sitting-

room. "It seemed as if playing massive chords, bringing out volumes of sound, would be the easiest way of passing the long feverish moments before twelve o'clock. Handel's 'Messiah' stood open on the desk at the chorus 'All we like sheep,' and Caterina threw herself at once into the impetuous intricacies of that magnificent fugue. In her happier moments she could never have played it so well; for now all the passion that made her misery was hushed by a convulsive effort into her music, just as pain gives new force to the clutch of the sinking wrestler, and as terror gives far-sounding intensity to the shriek of the feeble." This is no exaggerated conception of the power of music at times on the human mind; for, as Herbert Spencer remarks, "it arouses dormant sentiments of which we had not conceived the possibility, and do not know the meaning;" or, as Richter says, "tells us of things we have not seen and shall not see." Mr. Darwin, too, has remarked in his "Descent of Man" (1874, p. 571), how "music arouses in us various emotions, but not the more terrible ones of horror, fear, rage, etc. It awakens the gentler feelings of tenderness and love, which readily pass into devotion. In the Chinese annals it is said, 'music hath the power of making heaven descend upon earth.' It likewise stirs up in us the sense of triumph and the glorious ardor for war." Indeed, among the most primitive races we find the same ideas very strongly represented in their social habits; music being regarded as an enchanting influence whereby even evil deities are overpowered and temporarily deprived of their sway over mortals. Hence, it is not surprising that, in semi-civilized countries where it is commonly believed that sickness is produced by evil spirits, one of the ordinary methods of driving these away from the patient should be by the effect of music. As Mr. Buckle,* moreover, has pointed out, we may expect to find this form of superstition in greater force in those communities where medical knowledge happens to be most backward, or where disease is most abundant. In countries, therefore, where both these conditions

are fulfilled, the superstition is supreme. Accordingly, Professor Monier Williams* informs us, describing the *dévil dances* of Southern India, how when pestilences are rife, exceptional measures are taken to entice and draw off the malignant spirits supposed to cause such visitations by inducing them to enter into these wild dances, and so by this means become dissipated. In certain districts, too, Schoolcraft, in his "Indian Tribes," tells how all diseases are treated alike, being referred to one cause—the presence of an evil spirit which must be expelled. This the medicine-man tries to banish by making certain incantations intended to secure the assistance of the spirits he worships, and then he proceeds to make all kinds of frightful noises and gestures. Among the Araucanian Indians,† the hut in which the patient lies is illuminated with a number of torches, in a corner of which is placed a large branch of cinnamon, to which is suspended the magic drum. A band of women then sing aloud and beat upon little drums, during which time the medicine-man, by various gesticulations and contortions, exorcises the evil spirit which is supposed to be the cause of the malady. Occasionally, we are informed, he will suddenly display a spider, a toad, or some other supposed obnoxious animal which he pretends to have extracted from the body of the sufferer. We may note here, that this idea of animal spirits causing disease is by no means uncommon among uncivilized races. Thus with the Northern Californians, snakes and reptiles get most of the blame for sickness, and among the wild tribes of Mexico the animals generally guilty are monstrous ants or worms.‡ Again, the natives of Brazil imagine that disease is produced by the spirit of some animal entering the body of the patient, in revenge for some wrong.§ Accordingly, the chief of the tribe, who acts as physician, asks the patient if he has offended a tortoise, deer, or other animal. Once more, the Abipones of Paraguay believe that if any

* *Indian Wisdom.*

† See *The Araucanians*, by E. R. Smith, 1855, 235; Engel's *Musical Myths and Facts*, ii. 91.

‡ Bancroft's *Native Races*, i. 640.

§ See Dorman's *Primitive Superstitions*, 54.

* *History of Civilisation*, 1867, ii. 477.

one happens to give the flesh of a tortoise, stag, or boar to dogs, it is an indignity to these animals, and that punishment will overtake him.* The Indian tribes in Columbia and Vancouver Island have a curious method of curing disease by music, an interesting account of which is given by R. C. Mayne in his "Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island" (1862, p. 261):—"Toward night the doctor came, bringing with him his own and another family to assist in the ceremony. After they had eaten supper, the centre of the lodge was cleared and fresh sand strewed upon it. A bright fire of dry wood was then kindled, and a brilliant light kept up by occasionally throwing oil upon it. I considered this a species of incense offered, as the same light would have been produced by a quantity of pitch-knots which were lying in the corner. The patient, well wrapped in blankets, was laid on her back with her head a little elevated, and her hands crossed on her breast. The doctor knelt at her feet, and commenced singing a song, the subject of which was an address to the dead, asking them why they had come to take his friend and mother, and asking them to go away and leave her. The rest of the people then sang the chorus in a low, mournful chant, keeping time by knocking on the roof with long wands they held. As the performance proceeded, the doctor became more and more excited, singing violently and loudly, with great gesticulation, and occasionally making passes with his hand over the face and person of the patient, similar to those made by mesmeric manipulators." It should be observed, too, that among most uncivilized communities these musical ceremonies have a close resemblance. Thus, among the Mapuches, where disease is attributed to an evil spirit, the medicine-man makes himself as horrible-looking as he can, beating a drum and working himself into a frenzy until he falls to the ground with his breast jerking convulsively. At this stage of the proceedings, a body of young men outside the hut begin yelling and running round the hut with lighted torches. If this does not frighten the evil spirit away, then the illness is at-

tributed to witchcraft.* Similarly, the Abipones place "an immense drum which makes a loud bellowing near a sick person's head to frighten away the evil spirit." In Burmah, when severe illness of any kind has baffled the greatest skill, it is customary to abandon all further medical treatment, the patient's complaint being supposed to be caused by an evil spirit which must be driven away before any hope of recovery can be expected. This is accomplished by means of music and dancing, during which certain mystic rites are performed.† Among the New England Indians music and singing are much employed, and are regarded as possessing a magic influence over disease. Among the tribes of the North-West, writes Mr. Dorman,‡ the medicine-men in their practice generally begin by singing, accompanying it with rattles or something that will make a great noise. They get more excited as time passes, if quieter methods do not succeed. According to Mr. Swan,§ one of the most violent of their doctors around Shoalwater Bay was always called when the others failed, whose operations he thus describes:—"Old John came bringing with him his family of some half-dozen persons, who aided him in the cure by attacking the roof with long poles. Old John sat at the patient's feet with his head covered up with a blanket for some time. All at once he threw off his blanket and commenced to sing and throw himself about in the most excited manner, rattling large scallop-shells, the chorus in the mean time keeping up their pounding on the roof, and also on a couple of tin pans and a brass kettle. He soon mesmerized his patient till she was asleep, when he pounced upon her breast with his whole weight and scraped his hands together as if he had caught something, which he tried to blow through his hands into the coals." Of course we have the same idea here of illness being caused by some kind of evil spirit which must be banished.

To give one further illustration of

* See Wood's *Uncivilized Races*, ii. 562; Dorman's *Primitive Superstitions*, 55.

† Winter's *Six Months in British Burmah*, 1858, 161.

‡ *Primitive Superstitions*, 356.

§ *Wash. Ter.* 176.

* See Schoolcraft's *Indian Tribes*.

these music cures, we are informed by Abbé Huc in his interesting volume on "Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China" (1844, vol. i. p. 76), how on one occasion when a certain lady was attacked with an intermittent fever, she was informed by the doctor that a demon of considerable rank was present, and that no time must be lost in expelling it. Eight more doctors were forthwith called in, who constructed of dried herbs a puppet, which was termed the "Demon of Intermittent Fevers," and placed in the patient's tent. They then ranged themselves in a semicircle round the upper portion of the tent with cymbals, bells, tambourines, and other musical instruments, while the members of the family assembled, completed the circle. At a given signal the music struck up, at the conclusion of which the chief doctor opened his book of exorcisms, and after abusing the puppet with fierce invectives, he struck up "a tremendously noisy chorus in hurried, dashing tones; all the instruments here set to work." In addition to this, every one made as much noise as possible, the proceedings terminating by the burning of the herb figure.

It has been stated that idiots appear to most advantage when under the influence of music, and that there are very few cases which are unaffected thereby.* Thus we are told how a new life is infused into these unfortunate persons by the harmony of sweet sounds: "all exhibit pleasure; some move their bodies in time to the air which is played, others sing after their own fashion; some even of the most torpid when looking on for some time as some of their less apathetic companions dance, suddenly become animated, start up, and dance in their own way. Mr. Plott in his 'History of Staffordshire,' relates the case of an idiot who, chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck; the clock being spoiled by accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was entire." Indeed, in men-

tal cases, music from the earliest period has been considered highly efficacious, and it is recorded how both Pythagoras and Xenocrates cured maniacs by melodious sounds. Coming down to modern times, much has been written on the subject, and experiments of various kinds made with more or less success. Music, as a remedy for insanity, is alluded to by Shakespeare in "Richard II." (Act v. scene 5), where the king says:

This music mads me: let it sound no more;
For though it help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.

And again referring to music as soothing the spirits and inducing sleep, we may quote the touching passage in "Henry IV." (Act iv. scene 5) where the king says:

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favorable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
Wor. Call for music in the other room.

Ariel, too, it may be remembered in "The Tempest" (Act ii. scene 1) enters playing solemn music to produce this effect. Once more, music as a cure for madness is perhaps alluded to in "King Lear" (Act iv. scene 7) where the physician of King Lear says: "Louder the musick there!"* Mr. Singer,† however, speaking of this passage, says: "Shakespeare considered soft music favorable to sleep. Lear, we may suppose, had been thus composed to rest; and now the physician desires louder music to be played, for the purpose of awakening him." So in "Pericles," Cerimon, to recover Thaisa who had been thrown into the sea, says:

The rough and woeful musick that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy" (1881, p. 367), has given an elaborate account of the medical qualities of music, and speaking of its influence on the mind, says: "Besides that excellent power it hath to expel many other diseases, it is a sovereign remedy against despair and melancholy, and will drive away the devil himself." M.

* See Chambers's Journal, 1857, p. 377-379; and D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.

* Halliwell Phillips, Handbook Index to Shakespeare, 1866, p. 333.

† Shakespeare's Works, 1875, ix. 461.

Burette was of opinion, too, that music has the power of affecting the whole nervous system so "as to give a temporary relief in certain diseases, and even a temporary cure." Among some of the well-known modern instances of music as a cure for mental complaints, may be mentioned the remarkable case of Farinelli on Philip of Spain. It is related that this monarch was in such a deplorable state of despondency that he even refused to be shaved or to appear in public. Accordingly, when all other remedies failed, the Queen resolved to try the effects of music, and arranged for Farinelli to sing in a room adjoining the King's chamber.

At the Queen's request he sang two of his best airs, which so overpowered the King that he ordered Farinelli to be brought into his presence, when he promised to grant him any reasonable request he might make. In the most respectful manner Farinelli begged of the King to allow himself to be shaved and attended by his domestics, to which he assented. Before many days had passed, the voice of Farinelli accomplished what no medicine had succeeded in doing—the restoration of the King's health.* Again, Jacques Bonnet,† in his "*Histoire de la Musique et de ses Effets*" (Amsterdam, 1725), tells us how, when at the Hague in the year 1688, he was entertained by one of his friends then in the service of the Prince of Orange, with the performance of three first-rate musicians. This was the remedy, he informed him, which his master employed to get rid of melancholy whenever he was therewith oppressed. Cases of this kind are very numerous, and form an interesting chapter in the history of medicine in bygone years.

Thus music is reported to have exercised a remarkable influence over the Flemish painter, Hugo Van der Goes, who, toward the close of a laborious life, entered the Convent of Rooden Clooster, a *rouge cloître* near Brussels, and spent there the last of his days.

* Millingen's *Curiosities of Medical Experience*.

† See *Medica Musica: or a Mechanical Essay on the Effects of Singing, Musick, and Dancing on Human Bodies*, by Richard Browne, 1729.

The cause of his determination "to take the frock" remained a secret, but the stories of his demeanor and conduct, chronicled in the annals of the monastery, show that he was frequently assailed with doubts as to the prospect of his salvation in the next world; and that these doubts at last drove him mad. Numbers of people of rank, the Archduke Maximilian among the rest, constantly came to see him and admire his pictures; and through their intercession he obtained permission to frequent the guest-room and join the strangers' diners. Five or six years after he professed he went with his brother Nicholas and others to Cologne, and on his return he was seized with such a hot fit that but for his friends he would have laid violent hands on himself. He was brought back with difficulty to Brussels, and there the prior, who had been sent for, endeavored to soothe his passion with the sound of music; but for a time nothing would quiet him, and he labored long under the delusion that he was a "son of perdition."*

The case is related of a man in Yorkshire who, some years ago, after severe misfortunes, lost his senses, and was placed in a lunatic asylum. There, in a short time, the use of the violin gradually restored him to his intellect; and at the end of six weeks after the experiment, on hearing the inmates of the establishment passing by, he said, "Good morning, gentlemen. I am quite well, and shall be most happy to accompany you."

Again, Madame de la Marche, on hearing one day of her husband's inconstancy, was so deeply mortified that she made several attempts to destroy herself—in fact she went mad. Although attended by physicians, she obtained but little relief and remained incurable, till one day a monk chanced to be begging alms in the neighborhood where Madame de la Marche lived. He heard of the lady's state, and suggested the experiment of music at the hands of some skilful performer. This was speedily arranged, and with so much success that in less than three months the violent symptoms began to diminish,

* *The Early Flemish Painters*, by J. A. Crowe and G. B. Caval-Caselle, 1872, p. 163, 165.

and ultimately Madame de la Marche was restored to health both of body and mind.*

We are also told of a woman who was once prevented starving herself to death by the intervention of music. It seems that for many months she had been laid up with an illness which threw her into such a desponding state that she conceived the notion of starving herself to death. She was, however, prevailed upon to see a representation of a musical piece entitled the "Serva Padrona." At its conclusion she found herself decidedly better, and quickly renouncing her melancholy resolution, was entirely restored to health by witnessing one or two more representations of the same composition.†

Among some of the many other strange causes produced through the agency of music may be noticed the recovery of the voice, the following account of which we quote from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1803: "In the beginning of December, 1801, Elizabeth Sellers, a scholar in the Girls' Charity school at Sheffield, aged thirteen, lost her voice; so that she was unable to express herself on any occasion otherwise than by a whisper. She, however, enjoyed very good health, and went through several employments of the school, such as knitting, sewing, spinning on the high and low wheel, etc., without any indulgence. Read audibly, she could not, and her infirmity resisted without intermission all medical assistance, till in the evening of March, 1803, she, hearing some of her schoolfellows singing a hymn in which she wished to join, went up to one, Sarah Milner, and whisperingly begged that she would shout down her throat. Milner at first was shocked at the proposal, and refused to comply with her request. But, at length, through her repeated solicitations, she consented, and shouted down her throat with all her might, upon which Sellers immediately gained her voice, and to the astonishment of the whole school, wept and sang as if she had been almost in a state of mental derangement, and has continued in possession of her voice

ever since." Without enumerating further instances of this class of musical cures—for they are of frequent occurrence—it may be safely asserted that they form an important subject for psychological research. Indeed, in past years music as a medical agency was regarded with more or less scepticism, and many of the remarkable remedies reported to have been effected by this means are occasionally discarded as savoring of superstition and ignorance—and hence did not meet with the attention they deserved.

Perhaps few maladies have been more closely connected with music than that which in the fifteenth century, under the name of Tarantism, made its first appearance in Apulia, and thence spread over the other provinces of Italy, where, during the two following centuries, it prevailed as a great epidemic.* This strange disorder was popularly supposed to be caused by the bite of the Tarantula (*Lycosa tarantula*), a species of ground-spider common in Apulia;† but this explanation has long ago been discarded by medical science as throwing no light upon the nature of the disease in question, especially as the bite of the said insect does not produce the alarming effects once attributed to it. Anyhow, the fear of this insect was so general from the highly superstitious and exaggerated reports spread about it that, as Professor Hecker remarks, "its bite was in all probability much oftener imagined, or the sting of some other kind of insect mistaken for it, than actually received." The earliest account of this disease is in a work of Nicholas Perotti, a man of learning, born in 1430, who writing of it, says: "hic majorum nostrorum temporibus in Italia visus non fuit, nunc frequens in Apulia visitur."‡ According to Perotti, those who suffered from the mischievous effects of this venomous spider generally fell into a stage of melancholy—a condition which, in many cases, was "united with so great a sensibility to

* Hecker's *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, translated by E. G. Babington, 1859, pp. 101-2.

† It is one of the largest of European spiders, of a somewhat elongated shape, with rather long legs.

‡ *Cornucopiæ Latine Lingua*: Basil, 1563.

* Crowest, *Musical Anecdotes*, 1878, ii. 195-6.

† Ibid. pp. 251-2.

music that at the very first tones of their favorite melodies, they sprang up, shouting for joy, and danced on without intermission until they sank to the ground exhausted and almost lifeless." * Thus a case is recorded of a young man in a secluded village in the kingdom of Naples, who when seized with a violent attack of Tarantism, danced during a paroxysm of his disorder "with astonishing vehemence, and violently leaped like a madman, keeping time, however, with the music that was played for him. But as soon as it ceased he fell to the ground in a state of syncope, from which he recovered when the musicians recommenced." On this account, the influence of music as a medical agency was considered so infallible that a class of songs and tunes was composed, designated "Tarantella," to be specially employed in the cure of those suffering from this epidemic. These, it may be remembered, have lingered long after the extinction of the malady, and may still be heard in the wilder districts of Italy.

There were different kinds of Tarantella, so arranged "as to represent even the idiosyncrasies of the mind as expressed in the countenance." Thus, as Prof. Hecker tells us, one kind of tune was called "Panno Torso," a lively impassioned style of music; another, known as "Panno Verde," was suited to the milder excitement of the senses; whereas a sixth had the appropriate designation of "Spallata," as if it were only fit to be played to dancers who were lame in the shoulder. For those, again, who loved water love songs were selected "which were sung to corresponding music, such persons delighting to hear of gushing springs and rushing cascades and springs." Slow music had the curious effect of making the tarantate feel as if they were being crushed; false notes simply tortured them; while if they disliked any particular melody, they generally "indicated their displeasure by violent gestures expressive of aversion." † Among

further peculiarities of this enchanting influence is the startling fact that persons who throughout life have never manifested any taste for music now acquired "an extremely refined sense of hearing, as if they had been initiated into the profoundest secrets of the musical art." Nor was this all, for even the deaf and hard of hearing were, for the time, equally under the same mesmeric influence, listening with an enthusiastic eagerness to the inspiring strains. In short, "against the effects of Tarantism neither youth nor age afforded any protection, so that even old men of ninety threw aside their crutches at the sound of the Tarantella, and, as if some magic potion, restorative of youth and vigor, were flowing through their veins, joined the most extravagant dancers." We even read, too, of a philosophic bishop, Jo. Baptist Quinzato, Bishop of Ialingo, who allowed himself by way of a joke to be bitten by a tarantula, but could obtain a cure only through the influence of the tarantella, compelled to dance under its power as fast and furiously as the peasantry.* Dr. Martinus Kähler, a Swedish physician, who visited Apulia in the year 1756, for the purpose of investigating the history of this complaint, came to the conclusion that it was a peculiar form of hypochondria with hysteria, to which "the inhabitants of the island of Taranto are especially subject on account of their mode of living, and from their food consisting entirely of green vegetables, oysters, and periwinkles. Be this as it may, the complaint is, according to medical opinion, curable by means of music and dancing." †

Lastly, it should be noticed that music has been stated to produce undue excitement bordering on madness. Thus Butler, in his "Principles of Music," ‡ tells an old story of the power of music over the human mind. It appears that a musician of Eneus, king of Denmark—who reigned about the year 1130—having given out that he was able by his art to drive men "into what affections he listed, even into anger and fury, and

* *Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, 104. *See Madden's *Illusions and Fanaticisms*, 1857, i. 415.

† Hecker's *Epidemics*, p. 114. See Kircher, *de Arte Magica*; Hawkins, *History of Music*. Epiphani. Ferdinand. *Centum historiae seu Observationes et Casus Medici*: Venet. 1621, p. 259.

* See Engel's *Musical Myths and Facts*, ii. 102.

† Ibid. p. 103.

‡ See Hawkins's *History of Music*, 1853, ii. 493.

being required by the king to put his skill into practice, played so upon his harp that his auditors began first to be moved, and at last he sent the king into such a frantic mood that in a rage he fell upon his most trusty friends, and, for lack of weapon, slew some of them with his fist, which, when he came to himself, he did much lament." Again, the story runs that on the occasion of the marriage of Henry III.'s favorite, the Duc de Joyeuse, to Mademoiselle de Vaudemont, the king's favorite musician, Claude le Jeune, caused a spirited air to be sung which, to quote the words of the old chronicler, "so animated a gentleman who was present that he clapped his hand on his sword and swore that it was impossible for him to refrain from fighting with the first person he met; upon which Claude caused another air to be performed, of a soothing kind, which immediately restored him to his natural temperament."* In modern times, it may be remembered what a wonderful effect, amounting almost to inspiration, music

had upon Philpot Curran, who at the latter part of the last century gained an eminent reputation at the bar. Thus it is related how on the day before making any important speech he was in the habit of assisting his imagination by running carelessly for hours over the strings of his violoncello, this being the manner in which he prepared himself for many of his most important cases.* In truth, the beneficial effects of music have been universally acknowledged in medical treatment; and, after all, this is not surprising when we recollect that "no other is so capable of easily moving a man to tears of grief, of exciting him in a moment to cheerfulness, of inspiring him with courage, and of making him forget his real or imaginary troubles and anxieties."† It was, indeed, on account of its wondrous influence in soothing the ills to which flesh is heir that made Luther speak of music as "one of the most beautiful and glorious gifts of God to which Satan is a bitter enemy."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

CANKERS OF A CALM WORLD.

THE WORLD'S DEAD-LOCK.

MOST of us know by heart the maxim that that people is happy whose annals are uneventful. According to this, when many peoples have but commonplace annals there must be widespread happiness; and if the whole world should fall into a jog-trot pace, felicity must be well-nigh universal. The sentiment or doctrine underlying the axiom no doubt is, that when nations have nothing to leave on record, they have been enjoying an even sunshine of prosperity; because sorrows or quarrels would certainly have led to events, and events would have furnished striking annals.

Now these ideas concerning recordless peoples, looked at in the light of passing events, would seem to have been formed at times when the world was much disturbed, and thoughtful persons

were sighing after quiet days which should yield only blank registers of their passage, not at times which were unchecked by incident. In proof of what is here said, we have only to look around, at our own land, at neighboring countries, at the world, to regard the widespread dearth of events that obtains, and to take stock of the amount of happiness as demonstrated by prevailing contentment. We are not particularly happy in Great Britain. We have a good deal of political friction. Beyond politics proper there is a deplorable prevalence of envy and jealousy, and of coveting and desiring other men's goods, and there is an already low and a decreasing demand for labor, skilled and unskilled. If we look across St. George's Channel we find simply a pandemonium—a fearful blot upon the

* See Crowest, *Musical Anecdotes*, i. 139-140.

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* *The Georgian Era*, 1832, ii. 311-312.

† Engel's *Musical Myths and Facts*, ii. 84.

age. Across the English Channel, though there certainly may not be much to record, there is not happiness, not contentment. The present distribution of property does not appear to give satisfaction in France, or the Low Countries, or in Switzerland; and we hear from many points of turbulence and pitiful poverty. Looking eastward at the European empires, we find no evidence of tranquillity or satisfied well-doing. We know only too sensibly the trouble, likely to become chronic, which buzzes like a hornet in the northwest of India. Possibly things may be more promising in Japan and the Celestial Empire; but if we look to the setting instead of the rising sun, we find trouble showing itself among the people of the United States in a form quite new to them. They have been accustomed to look at contentions between capital and labor as peculiarities of the Old—the besotted Old—World. They do not half welcome the struggle among themselves, nor the extensive ravages, out-harassing by much the contracted European ebullitions, which promise to become naturalized on that side of the Atlantic. So then, although the world may not be making history, mankind scarcely appear to have found very real contentment.

The truth is, that the population of the world is continually increasing; and when a generation may happen to do little besides sustain itself on the ancient ways, the additional mouths find some difficulty in getting filled. The mouths not being filled, the owners of them are apt to become troublesome. In former days, the supernumeraries would certainly have put in their claim to a share of the world's goods. They would have joined in some war which they found going on ready for their needs; or they would perhaps have originated a war, seizing on something to satisfy their requirements, or perishing in the attempt to do so—such methods having been considered legitimate as well as natural till recently. We have cried down war now; but it so happened that just when we began to accept the doctrine of the wickedness of arms, we found enough, and more than enough, of peaceful work for all our hands. Forty years ago we began to

dig, not without success, for gold; we began the construction of railways; we built ships innumerable; we laid cables and stretched telegraph wires; and we made—that is, Europeans (chiefly Frenchmen) and Egyptians made—a canal, one of the wonders of the age, which revolutionized commerce and intercommunication. There were a big war or two also to occupy the wilder spirits, notwithstanding the discredit which began to be attached to strifes; and so the mouths, increase as they might, hardly came in excess.

Now all is different. We have pretty nearly done with constructing railways and telegraphs; the digging for gold and emigration appear to have got out of favor; there are ships enough and sailors too many for our needs. A projected large work, the Manchester Ship-Canal, has been postponed, because the public will not heartily promote it. The Panama Canal seems likely to come to a standstill for a similar reason. The world, in fact, is doing nothing. It may be doubted whether or not this is a subject for congratulation, although it may be, for the present, a cause of our having nothing to record.

All conditions of communities, when they become excessive in degree, have the tendency to correct themselves: calms as well as disturbances carry their remedies with them. Without doubt, the world will get to work again sooner or later, and do more than recover its equilibrium. But there are signs that the recovery may be long delayed. For the world would seem to be poorer than it was ten or twelve years ago. It does not fancy the investment of money in great enterprises; add to this that there is a tired aspect in most quarters—a disposition to hold back from extensive undertakings. And somehow opinion has run into grooves which are decidedly opposed to invasions, wars, and other heroic methods of dispelling stagnation; so that these, although they may be eventually forced upon us in spite of opinion, will probably be long retarded. What, then, is likely to be the fortunes of our race if the torpor which has begun should be long drawn out?

Although we probably do enough for the supply of our daily needs, yet we

are putting nothing to the exchangers—a state of things which generally argues loss of substance, and which, regard being had to the additional mouths appearing every year upon the globe, must indicate that we grow poorer. We have a lively idea of growing rich, because the time is not so long past when we were attaining to prosperity by leaps and bounds; but to conceive a general impoverishment requires an effort of the imagination. The downward slide, though it will not depress each individual in regular proportion—nay, though some exceptional smart men may contrive to acquire wealth while their fellows are declining—must affect communities according to some rule. Rich men, rich companies, land-owners, ship-owners, will all feel the change; but the wealthier classes will, in the early years of the calm, have to give up little more than luxuries and indulgences. A decline, however, in these things must lead to a fearful falling off in many industries, and must throw thousands out of work. We have heard already the bitter cry of the unemployed; and if we have no other annals to write, *that* will be the leading entry in our coming registers.

In old days, as we know, tribes or peoples whose daily bread ran short, overran countries where sustenance was more abundant, and changed the face of the world. Invasions and raids on smaller scales were continually being made all over the globe, urged on by the great *Venter*, the master of arts: the history of our own islands depicts plenty of these. After migratory invasions became somewhat inconvenient, and therefore ceased to be the fashion and were pronounced to be immoral, a good deal of redistribution of property was effected by wars more or less justifiable. The wars of the first French Republic were made chiefly for plunder. They are set down now to the greed and ambition of wicked men. No doubt the leaders in those transactions were very unscrupulous and very covetous; but for all that, were not the wars a necessity? The wealth of France had been exhausted by the extravagance of monarchs; and the Republic, which began by proclaiming universal fraternity and goodwill toward men, soon found it

necessary to lay the greater part of Europe under contribution.

As long as we held that the big wars could "make ambition virtue," things took their natural course, and the equipoise of the world maintained itself through the instrumentality of invasions and hostilities which men were so far from condemning, that they pronounced the leaders in them to be illustrious, and allowed his share of honor and praise to the humblest soldier. "What! a young knave and beg!" says Sir John Falstaff. "Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than rebellion can tell how to make it." This speech, as we fancy, gives a fair idea of the estimation in which fighting, as a business, was held by a large portion of the civilized world in the days of Shakespeare. There were then no "peace at any price" men; and a dinner seized at the sword's-point was not considered a dishonorable meal. But it is by no means in accordance with the taste of these present times that men should resort to violence and robbery, whether to get their dinners or to supply any other natural want. Our disposition is an excellent one so far as it regards plunder and wrong; but before it can ward off these evils it must take a practical shape, and find some work for idle hands to do. Honest occupation must be found, or we shall have incision as Pistol put it—we shall imbrue.

Evidently what we are striving for is to keep what little wealth we have left wrapped carefully in napkins, and at the same time to preach down all encouragement of the robber and adventurer. We may as well attempt to serve God and Mammon. To quote Falstaff again, "Young men must live;" and at present we believe they are inclined to live honestly and peaceably if they can. But those who have got capital in hand must give them something to do; the world must rouse itself to a little enterprise.

It may be replied to us that this call upon capital is all very fine, but that capital does not keep itself locked up

without pressing reason. The tendency of money to turn itself and to collect more money in its revolutions is proverbial. When, therefore, its wheels become locked, it is not likely to be from idleness or indifference; it is more probably because the circumstances of the time are unfavorable to its free rotation. The spirit of Socialism which is abroad, and which leads workmen to oppose their employers and impede business, is a leading obstacle to enterprise. Of course the Socialists do not see this, or they would not resort to practices calculated to paralyze and starve their own order. They are only for screwing more out of employers, while in effect they seriously contract employment itself. Capitalists cannot choose but be cautious and backward when they know that the very hands by which their work must be done are banded together to injure and impoverish them. Again, it is not Socialist workmen only who thus depress their calling. Men in a position to know better than they—men really philanthropic, or else quick to avail themselves of patent follies—assist most banefully the efforts of the workman to hurt himself. Legislators and leading men do not tire of shackling and weighting employers in the apparent interests of the workmen, but certainly not in their real interests. For, if the law shows itself to be the oppressor rather than the protector of the employer of labor, it unquestionably furnishes an inducement for reducing employment to its lowest terms. "Even if that be so," says the humanitarian—"even if the sky is to fall, justice must be done. We must see to the protection of those who are unable to protect themselves; we *must* interfere. Can we stand by and see poor workmen's lives, limbs, or health sacrificed in the service of rich employers, and not insist on penalties or compensations? Forbid it, heaven!" This benevolent argument, however, contains two very important errors. The first is, that the dangers and hardships of a service are not entirely understood and considered when the bargain is made between employer and employed; the second, that to make his service safe, easy, and pleasant to the employed, should be the first thing aimed at.

If we consider for a while, we must be convinced that the laborers and servants in any calling know the risks of that calling quite as well as the employers. There may be exceptions to this when some new agent—as electricity—has to be dealt with; or when large systems—such as those of railways—have first to be organized. Inexperience or want of prevision on the part of superintendents may in such cases lead to accidents such as no one expected. But in the established callings the risks are perfectly well understood, and workmen make their bargains in full view of the dangers to which they may be exposed. To burden a large employer with the prospect of damages for any accident which may befall a person in his employ while on duty, is to seriously discourage the embarkation of capital in industrial undertakings. Again, all daring, all enterprise will be taken out of our ventures if before all things we are bound to secure perfect immunity for the workman, and to make his duty pleasant to him. The absurdity of attempting this may be apparent if we regard a well-known profession where the danger is extreme. Suppose that in making regulations for an army it were laid down as a first postulate that the men must be exposed to no risk, and must suffer no inconvenience or privation. The absurdity of such a rule is apparent at once. The end for which an army is put into the field cannot possibly be attained except by soldiers undergoing dangers, privations, and sufferings. But the attainment of this end is accepted by the community as compensation for all the casualties of campaigns. Now, if not in degree yet in principle, the same regardlessness of danger must enter into all our enterprises if we are to maintain the character of a high-spirited and progressive people. The end—that is to say, the advancement of the whole community—is so great a gain, that the dangers, or the lives even of individuals, may be hazarded in attaining it. We may rely on it that, once we English begin to make avoidance of hazard our chief study, we shall decline and give place to other races who may believe that success shall cover the multitude of dangers.

It is quite true that there is such a thing as wanton or negligent carelessness, entirely distinct from the generous daring which contributes so largely to success. But this carelessness or foolhardiness is said to be at least as much a fault of workmen as of employers. Study the accounts of appalling accidents, and observe how frequently the evil is due to the men not taking the trouble to use the safeguards which have been provided for them. Converse with foremen and overseers, and learn with what difficulty artificers and laborers are induced to take well-known precautions on which their lives may depend. No doubt employers, too, may often be in fault; and where this is plainly the case, there is justice in making them responsible. But surely all such imposition of responsibility should be impartially made; employers should not be treated as criminals whose nature and delight it is to harass, endanger, and destroy the unfortunate beings who may enter their service and take their wages. Treat them in this way, and, instead of really befriending workmen, you inflict on them a deadly injury, inasmuch as you discourage the employment of capital, from which alone the working class at large can obtain occupation.

We do not undertake to decide the great and burning questions which at the present agitate and alienate employers and employed. We merely state the arguments that come to us from either side, and on the sound answers (argumentative or practical) to which the tranquillity of the world would seem to depend. To come back to the proposition with which we set out, our race cannot remain much longer inert. Either we must find peaceful occupation for our surplus hands, or the said hands will make work that is not peaceful for themselves. It appears to us to be of the utmost importance that some works involving extensive labor should be undertaken with little delay. The way for these would be smoothed if the jealousy with which labor regards capital could be appeased, and if rich men's hoards could be employed in the prosecution of useful and remunerative work. If our view be right, those men must be public enemies (though perhaps not consciously) who foment the bitter feeling

which is already too pronounced between class and class. The present interest of the world demands that there be peace, or at least a truce, between capital and labor, in order that wages and profits may be forthcoming once more. Let us recover the old faculty of creating wealth. Till that has been done, the time will hardly have come for disputing about the wealth's distribution.

We cannot get on long without having something to note; but it may, and must, rest in great measure with ourselves whether we may record the conquest of natural difficulties and the advancement of our kind, or the ferocity and ingenuity with which a portion of us may seize upon the good things of the world, and directly or indirectly make an end of competitors for these prizes.

COST OF PEACE AND WELL-DOING.

From what was said in the foregoing section, it may be seen that to have an entirely quiet world may be a very expensive thing for society, although it is the *summum bonum* of the peace party. Though we do not, when such a calm prevails, require the people's money to maintain ships and armies and munitions of war, we may pay by having multitudes without the means of earning subsistence. We do not say this as wishing in any way to underrate the blessing of peace, but to call attention to the truth that long and profound peace, blissful as it undoubtedly is, may have to be paid for as dearly as war, unless proper steps be taken for giving employment to the population. It is the duty of those who lead opinion to recognize this danger, and on entering upon a time of calm, to advocate zealously such legislative measures and such a condition of public feeling as may best conduce to honest and peaceful enterprise. The commencement of a peace which we desire to render lasting is no time for inflaming jealousies and emulations, nor to let our eye be evil toward our brethren because we have not a foreign enemy to engage our attention.

To take a slight review of the payments which we have to make for doing what is undoubtedly right, let us note the falling off of the public revenue

through decrease in the consumption of wine and spirits. It is a distinct moral and physical gain that ebriety and careless living should be less and less prevalent. Our teachers, orators, and writers have been urgent enough, and have to a great extent succeeded, in detaching us from these baneful practices. But they have never, that we know of, even considered the question, What is to be done to create a revenue after we shall have made the body of the community sober? The question is a harder one than may at first sight appear, and ought to have received earnest attention ere this. The duties in question have (simply as sources of revenue) very peculiar advantages. They are indirect taxes, and yet popular rather than otherwise. The teetotal people inflict them as vindictively as an Indian buries his tomahawk in an enemy's skull, and we all feel a shamefacedness about seeking to reduce the impost. These duties stand, therefore, in the position of fair game; and all the world, sincerely or otherwise, aids and abets the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his exactions through them. There is scarcely any other taxable commodity sufficiently discredited to be readily given up to taxation in place of wines and spirits. On the contrary, attempt to lay a tax on what other commodity we may, the public will rise in indignation and refuse to submit to it. We remember the fate of the match-tax and the sorrows of Mr. Lowe, and cannot imagine that any substitute of the kind for the alcohol duties would be tolerated.

Hitherto the great expedient, when the revenue has fallen short, has been to augment the income-tax; but it is questionable how far beyond the present point the augmentation of it will be permitted. There is already much murmuring against the impost. However true it may be that, though levied upon only some classes of the community, it really presses upon the whole body, such even pressure is certainly not apparent. The popular view is, that this is a most partial tax, that a very large portion of the community escape payment of it altogether, and that other portions escape payment of their fair quota. We have entirely shot past the old doctrine that representation and tax-

ation should coexist in our electors. It was thought to be admirable and incontrovertible when taxation was more extensive than representation; but it seems to have quite lost its force now that representation falls to thousands who are not tax payers. Besides the evil which lies in the unfairness of this method, there is the further ill effect that the masses may force the nation into heavy expenses, to the payment of which they do not directly contribute a farthing; and this must tend to make them reckless. It would certainly be a good thing if we had a Chancellor of the Exchequer gifted with invention and address sufficient to impose a sensible indirect tax. But, if that may not be done, the next best expedient is to make the income-tax a fair and equal burden, and to do away with the privileges now enjoyed by persons with small incomes; or, not to push the change to an extreme, to do away with these privileges where incomes suffice for anything beyond the mere necessities of life. So would the tax be made very much more productive; all would be equally interested in restricting expenditure, and there would be far fewer *sound* arguments against its imposition. A poll-tax, graduated or equal (probably the former would be preferred), might also produce a good return without being severely burdensome. Many minds must have been exercised during the last twelve years by the endeavor to divine how it has happened that Mr. Gladstone, who in 1874 offered to readjust taxation on a sound basis and to dispense with the income-tax, has never, since he returned to power in 1880, made any move in this direction. Though the times may not have been propitious for carrying out his whole scheme, he certainly ought to have done something for our relief after raising expectation so high. His offer cannot be said to have been wholly without result; because he has placed it on record that a minister, conversant with finance, has once seen his way to discontinuing the income-tax, and compensating for it by a readjustment of the general system of imposition. What a minister has once conceived a minister may conceive again; and the attempt to rediscover Mr. Gladstone's design, or to devise something like it, ought not to be given up.

Another instance of our having to pay roundly for new ideas which all men will allow to be philanthropic as well as wise and prudent, is to be found in the new education charges. However desirable it may be that these should be met, the money for meeting them must come from somewhere, and it seems an untoward stroke of fate that the new demand should come at a time when nothing is being done to make money multiply. The school-rate has been made, as we believe, unnecessarily odious by false methods and extreme recklessness on the part of the boards. These faults it is to be hoped that the rate-payers may find means of correcting; meanwhile they intensify the demonstration that the best and most peaceful public institutions cost money, and they call upon us not to go to sleep, but to be up and doing.

Half a century ago our fathers, most generously and humanely disposed, decided to set free all the slaves on our plantations. It was fairly and clearly shown them that this could not be done for nothing. We had not yet advanced to the teaching that the State may honestly deprive any class of citizens of their property without awarding to them compensation; and it was admitted that, if we desired to enjoy the luxury of decreeing emancipation, we must pay a stiff price. To this the United Kingdom consented; the House of Commons came down with its millions, and the benevolent work was carried out. In this case the cost was counted, or thought to have been counted, beforehand; and the nation went about its charitable design with its eyes open. Why we said that the cost was "thought to have been counted" is that the real cost, the ruin of the colonies, was never anticipated or seen to be possible as a consequence of the great act. It was fondly believed that as soon as planters and others should be supplied with a money capital in place of a property in human bodies, they would get labor for wages instead of by coercion, and the work of their estates or businesses would go on the same as before. But if the British Legislature meant this the negroes meant nothing of the sort. The wants, natural and artificial, which force white men to work in cold and temperate climates, did not operate upon blacks

in the tropics; they could supply all the wants that they felt without laboring, or by laboring very little; and so it came to pass that the estimated cost was by far below the real cost, that for years our colonies were in large proportion unproductive, and the national wealth proved to have been immensely and for long decreased through the emancipation of the slaves. We cite this instance, not to take from the greatness of the sentiment which effected the liberation, but to show that even well-doing may be very costly, and that a nation zealous of good works must in no wise neglect the national substance which forms the sinews of good works as well as of war.

It need scarcely be said that, if measures which manifestly are righteous and beneficent cost much, and tend (especially in bad times) to depress us, we ought to be strictly careful about doing sentimental acts, the virtue of which is disputable, while the cost is certainly great. We have of late years indulged ourselves without much caution in acts no doubt intended to be beneficent and generous, but which have proved to be very costly without doing any good. These are without question among the causes of the present hard times. We have not availed ourselves of the opportunities which wise policy or fortune put in our way, and we have in very reckless fashion thrown away our rights and our dependencies. A most miserable retrospect comes into view when we turn back toward our proceedings with regard to the Transvaal. We had acquired, certainly without fraud or injustice, this territory, and might most undoubtedly have kept it. Had we kept it, it would have furnished at once an outlet for a certain number of our increasing population, and established valuable trading stations and a theatre for the employment of British capital, while at the same time we should have acquired the power of protecting and improving the condition of those whom we take to be the original inhabitants. We chose to forego those advantages and to make away with the territory. Can we wonder, if we do such ill-advised things, that we have to submit to their natural consequence—a sad array of unemployed workmen at home?

Moreover, it was not only that we

parted with a valuable possession which we might fairly and profitably have kept ; we suffered ourselves to be dispossessed under circumstances the most humiliating and discreditable to us. We tamely accepted defeat, we allowed our troops and our settlers to be murdered without take any vengeance for their deaths, and we endured the almost immediate breach of the convention which was manufactured to be paraded as some result of our poltroonery ; while the Boers at their meetings for business of State publicly insulted us. By this unwise conduct, we, a nation who subsist and have hitherto prospered on our reputation, suffered our reputation to be tarnished, and underwent degradation in the opinion of those who had been accustomed to respect us, and to value our friendship and commercial intercourse. It was not long before we were forced to see the mischiefs which we had created by debasing ourselves ; and the pressure which our people are feeling to-day is no doubt traceable to evils which grew out of that folly.

There can hardly be a dispute as to what animated Arabi Pacha to contend with us on Egyptian soil. It was clearly our pusillanimous behavior in the Transvaal. He calculated on our behaving with equal recreancy in face of his rebellious troops, and opposed us in a manner which has resulted in the heavy expenses which we have had to pay and are still paying for Egyptian wars. The expenses, in fact, resulted from this temerity of Arabi's which we had so unwisely cultivated ; but all of them did not necessarily result from Arabi's attitude. The conduct of our affairs in Egypt was marked by as conspicuous a lack of prudence, and as damning an incapacity, as ever sullied the good name of a nation claiming to be great. Whatever the character or object of our intervention in Egypt may have been—and we declare ourselves utterly unable to say what they were—that intervention cost us millions of money, and is the main cause why we are paying war-taxes to-day in a time of profound peace. Though it be contended that our Egyptian expeditions, however disastrous they may have been, or whatever slaughter they may have involved, were undertaken in the interests of jus-

tice and peace, that argument only helps the demonstration which we are trying to establish—namely, that philanthropic undertakings cost money directly and indirectly.

It is a fair question, when we are discussing our condition, and the many symptoms which seem to point toward change, What ought our Government or our people to do or to refrain from doing under the circumstances ? The answer can be given in only general terms, but with sufficient clearness to be in most cases applicable. Our want is that peaceful occupation should be found for our population, so that they may be contented and prosperous, while keeping on good terms with their neighbors ; also that, until we may have passed the crisis of the inertia which now prevails, we have a care how we impoverish ourselves either by good deeds or bad. To acquire the right to do romantic, even though benevolent, exploits on a large scale, we must first get ourselves above the world—we must have means to spare. And, as a method of bringing back some of our vanished wealth, we should leave no stone unturned to restore confidence between employers and employed ; and we should certainly promote the undertaking of needful and useful works. Our reputation abroad ought to be carefully upheld, and must not be suffered to decline through any mistaken fancies about self-effacement. With a constantly increasing population, we cannot afford to give away territory or to refuse to utilize acquisitions which may have been honestly made. We ought, while the world is quiet, to stimulate emigration to our plantations, and to cultivate a friendly intercourse with all the colonies that we have established. The tendency of the great wave of education which we have set so energetically flowing, is to unsettle the minds of those classes which have hitherto been uneducated, and to create among them a repugnance to manual labor : this tendency, which is a ruinous and absurd one, ought to be counteracted. It is worth some pains to put this right, because the world will never be able to dispense with hard work ; and the object of education, in a general sense, is to inform and elevate the mind, not to pamper and emasculate the body.

Before the fact nobody would have pronounced a calm world as likely to produce widespread discontent ; nevertheless, now that the world is calm, the sounds of discontent come from every quarter. A great deal of this discontent is artificial, and fomented by people who hope to gain thereby. He who wishes well to the commonwealth will at such a time as the present do his best to discountenance unreasonable repining.

PERPLEXING FACTS REGARDING EMPLOYMENT.

We can imagine two schools of anti-quaries having, a century or two hence, some brisk disputing about the condition of British seamen toward the end of this nineteenth century. One side may maintain that sailors were subjected to much suffering through loss of employment, the consequence of the decline of commerce, the proof of which will be obtained from the fact that they were wandering in crowds about the streets of seaport towns, appealing to the authorities against their enforced idleness and their straitened circumstances, holding meetings to protest, claiming the help of the press, and endeavoring to interest philanthropic individuals in their case. On the other hand, it may be maintained, and demonstrated from documents, that so far was the British seaman from adversity at the time stated, that he allowed foreigners to man some of our finest ships, rather than abate one fraction of the wages which he thought to be his due, or than submit himself to the discipline so necessary to be observed on shipboard.

The disputants on both sides would be right. They would probably be quite unable to conceive how they could both be so ; and no marvel either, since we who are living among the circumstances to which they must refer, cannot understand how such contradictory revelations can both be true.

We give to foreigners employment while we let our countrymen starve, is the reproach that is levelled at us ; but when inquiry is made into the matter, it appears that the employer is driven, against his inclination, to seek for mariners in foreign markets, because Britons, first, demand higher wages than

can profitably be paid ; second, are tiresome and unmanageable. But exorbitant demands and wilful conduct are generally the effects of steady prosperity. " Fat and saucy " is a proverbial expression. How can we reconcile sauciness with such misery as not long since our sailors were said to be groaning under ?

The answer is, that our starving seamen would probably be only too glad, while under the pressure of adversity, to take reasonable, or even low wages, and to be obedient, if only on any terms they could get work. But vacant places cannot be found for them in the moment when they find that they must yield to necessity. During a previous state of things foreigners found their way into our vessels, and these cannot be displaced on a sudden. English sailors, blind to the sad consequences of their conduct, persisted in behaving themselves frowardly, until the owners were constrained to look abroad for help ; now that they would be willing to mend their ways, the door is for a time shut against them. Their view of the state of things, no doubt, is that ship-owners are encouraging foreigners to come and take the bread out of their (the sailors') mouths—and this as if the owners' resort to the foreign hands were a mere wanton, malignant practice, adopted to wrong the hard-working, honest, highly skilled British tar. But it is certainly no cruel caprice. The owners are, no doubt, satisfied of the superiority of the Briton as a seaman ; and they would not deprive themselves of his services if he had not himself made the employment of him inconvenient and dangerous. He has had to learn the disagreeable lesson that if he, by ill-advised conduct when engaged, makes himself a thorn in the side of his employer, the latter has in his hands a remedy to which sooner or later, he will have recourse, and the operation of which is a severe infliction, and one not easily or quickly to be remedied. Before, therefore, forlorn Jack sends up to the skies his sad complaint that " no man hath hired " him, let him consider whether, when he was in full work, he troubled himself much about giving satisfaction to the man from whom he derived his wages. If he finds that he, in his rôle of free-born, independent operative, has

been over-exacting, or has allowed himself to lean too much toward swagger and disputation, he should at once make up his mind to moderate his demands and his style. After some perseverance in a reformed course, he will no doubt recover his birthright, and supersede the intrusive foreigner.

We have offered what, from the testimony which we have been able to procure, appears to be the real explanation of the sailors' adversity. At the same time, we are well aware that there are many cases which our explanation will not solve—which proceed so much from prejudice, or obstinacy, or caprice, that it is almost impossible to give a rational account of them. We recollect a time, not very remote, when ladies found it extremely difficult to get maids: at this very time columns of newspapers were filled with complaints of distressed needle-women, dressmakers, and milliners, on whose behalf the charitable public was appealed to. Not a few lookers-on, appreciating the state of things, set forth the facts in the newspapers, and showed how at least a portion of the ill-paid or unemployed might assuage their wants. But preaching was of no use. There was at that time a strong feeling against domestic service, and a great deal of privation was borne rather than take places in ladies' households. It is presumed that the inexorable logic of facts in time wore out the silly sentiment; but, until time had been allowed to bring about his revenges, it was useless to reason with the poor creatures who were suffering.

There is an item in our contradictory state of things which has, we confess, often caused us some perplexity. It is the very frequent employment of Germans as waiters in English hotels and places of entertainment. It certainly seems strange that while there is a very sad cry of the unemployed to be heard here, we should be readily employing foreigners in work which our own people might do as well. To fall back upon Germany for carpet duties when our population was finding harder and more congenial work in making railways and canals, in shipbuilding, in manufactures, and in grand commercial enterprises, was convenient and fair; but now that so many Englishmen want bread,

one does not see why indoor berths should be given to foreigners. We much fear that similar causes must have brought the foreigner into hotels and into ships. During the prosperous period when our revenue was advancing by leaps and bounds, it is to be apprehended that waiters as well as sailors waxed fat and kicked. The German came in as an alternative to impracticable pantlers and drawers, and cannot now be summarily got rid of. This point—the time that it takes to recover lost ground when opportunities have been wantonly neglected—will impress all those workers who are wise. The bad condition which they create for themselves must endure for long after they have repented of their stiff-neckedness, and would be glad to get their old work on reasonable terms.

The number of women who have entered the different fields of labor must be one cause why labor is redundant with us. The gentler sex had an undoubted right to undertake such duties as they could fulfil; but the time they chose—just when employment in many lines was becoming scarce—seems to have been unfortunate. The laborers are many and the harvest is small. We hardly know what to pray for, except that peaceful enterprises may be set going so as to keep idle hands out of mischief. Is this favorable opportunity being seized for manning her Majesty's services with the able-bodied, mature, and respectable? It ought to be; for although our hearts are all toward peace for the present, there are, as we have endeavored to show, influences about which make for war, and which may force us into strife with some suddenness. However smooth the surface of things may look, it would be well to secure for the public service a levy of broad-chested, full-grown, lusty men while they are to be had. If they are not wanted for active service, so much the better; if they are, it will be a grand satisfaction that our ships and battalions are manned with the best.

OUGHT WE NOT TO SPREAD OURSELVES?

It can scarcely be doubted that, if a calm like the present should endure for any time in the world, the attention of this country must be drawn more and

more toward emigration. There are as yet extensive regions, both British and foreign, where settlers are greatly wanted, and where the means of living are assured to healthy energetic persons. It ought to be at the present time a subject of great satisfaction to us that the colonizing disposition and the nautical aptitude of the people of Great Britain in the past, has led to the provision of convenient refuges for the redundant population which must swarm from the parent hive. There is a natural repugnance, not for a moment to be unkindly spoken of, to quitting the shores of the old country and committing household gods to the vicissitudes of a far land. But stronger than this repugnance must be the pressure of over-population—a pressure which in many a former age has precipitated irruptions and expeditions into untried regions. Hopefully or with “longing, lingering looks behind,” some of us must take the plunge into “pastures new.” We have in these days at least the consolation that if we change our locality, we need not go where sentiment, or custom, or the law of the land, differs materially from that under which we have grown up. We may go to the antipodes and yet find a little England.

Ought not, then, the word to be given by those who can influence the many, to spread ourselves, in obedience to the irresistible law? Accurate information might be made available as to the climates, requirements, and modes of life in different new countries; and intending settlers should receive much sympathy and material assistance from those who remain behind. When the difficulties arose last winter about the unemployed, it seemed to us that much greater advantage might have been taken than was taken to stimulate those fitted for the change to emigrate. It can hardly be matter of difficulty in these days to bring to the knowledge of the depressed and unemployed what plantations are most suitable for particular kinds of ability, where artisans' labor is wanted and is likely to succeed, where agricultural, and where good thews and sinews for rough work will be welcomed. There may also be means afforded of procuring information regarding the climate and requirements of any place

to which a workman may be disposed to emigrate. Then, if some of the numerous charitable societies will give a little aid to buy a proper outfit, and to secure that there shall be a small sum in hand on landing, many of those who are enduring a hard time here might be enabled to find comparative prosperity under another sky. We write this, not in ignorance that already means exist for promoting emigration, but under the belief that the means are not made known and the plan of emigration made attractive, among the classes whom we wish to benefit. Lectures on the subject might do much, and notices distributed through clubs and reading-rooms would tend to keep this resource always before men's minds, so that they might at least know of some aid to turn to in troublous times. The more we are able to continue the reign of peace, the more assuredly we shall be compelled to spread ourselves over the earth. But in order to make the migratory movements popular, there should be very few disappointments, very few returns home of settlers who report that their expedition was a mistake, and that others should not follow in their footsteps. And these disappointments might be obviated if, before “taking the plunge,” workmen could be well and soundly guided as to the choice of their new homes, and the indispensable conditions of beginning their new lives.* It is a scandalous thing that, while we possess half-peopled colonies where our tongue is spoken and British law and British ideas prevail, decent men should be left to roam the

* We are exceedingly glad to announce some good news of which we were not aware when the text was written—viz., on and after the 11th October, general information will be procurable at the Emigrants' Information Office, 31 Broadway, Westminster. The Home Government does not assist emigrants, but certain colonies do, and on this subject the latest-known particulars will be communicated at the office above named. Cost and opportunity of proceeding to the different colonies may there be accurately ascertained, together with the rates of wages, prices of provisions, rents, climates, etc. We think the new arrangement likely to prove a great boon to intending emigrants; and we are glad to hear that notice of what is proposed to be done will be sent to workmen's clubs, reading-rooms, institutes, etc. A more detailed notice than we are able to give here will be found in the “Daily News” of 31st August.

streets of our towns by thousands, complaining that, though they don't want charity but only fair employment, the employment is not procurable. It is high time that this subject were receiving anxious attention.

We suppose—we have no doubt—that there are Socialists taking a higher view of their persuasion than that it simply teaches them to agitate and inflame, who now and then survey the results attained by Socialism during the past decade. Those who do so can find very little on which to congratulate themselves and each other. They see employment becoming continually more difficult to procure. Idle hands in the market mean a lowering of wages. Their great aim has been to raise wages. But they have so taken their measures that they have produced, or helped to produce, an aggravation of the complaint which they set themselves to reform. Causes beyond their control have no doubt been at work to create a general depression in business. They nevertheless have, by strikes, by hostile obstruction, by continual agitation and accusation, discouraged capitalists, reduced enterprise, and so thrown hundreds of their fellows out of work—in other words, they have been indirectly instrumental in lowering wages. To all Socialists this must be an unsatisfactory result; but to reflecting Socialists it must suggest grave doubts as to the methods which their body have been using. They cannot, we believe, claim to have benefited the working classes in any degree. We have already granted them the objection that they have been working in very unfavorable times: but then we add that

their proceedings have tended to aggravate, not to diminish, the pressure of the time; and that the workman, left alone, would have borne that pressure far better than he has with all their nursing.

Socialists who do not follow agitation as a trade may reasonably take exception to courses which debar them from, rather than approximate them to, the object they have in view. As to what they should do instead, we, who are not believers in Socialistic doctrines, are wholly unable to advise them. We only point out that so far they have utterly failed. What appears to us the most convincing test of what is fair between capital and labor is the resort to co-operative establishments, which were some years ago in great favor. These institutions cannot fail to show to their members both sides of the question—the workman's side and the master's side, for each member must be both workman and master. They would seem to be the obvious and corrective resource where it is suspected that secret profits can be made out of a business to gorge employers with riches, while the employed are grudging a fair price for their labor. Under the co-operative system the whole profits, whatever they may be, will be known to and will belong to, the workers.

What we wish to impress upon reflecting Socialists is, that up to this present time their efforts have produced no material advantage. They have only made workmen discontented, and bitterly divided classes of the community.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE NEW PAPAL HIERARCHY IN INDIA.

THE Apostolic Letter of "our Most Holy Lord, Leo XIII.," on the establishment of an Episcopal Hierarchy in the East Indies suggests, indirectly at least, matter of interesting reflection to others besides those immediately concerned. The failure of Christian missions which at the close of eighteen centuries have left, on the lowest computation, over two thirds of the human race ignorant of any kind of knowledge

of the Gospel, is a commonplace topic of lamentation to the devout and exultation to the scoffer. And after all reasonable deductions and explanations have been allowed for, it is no doubt a portentous fact. And when he declares, in proof of the triumphant advance of Christianity in India, that there are now "1,600,000 children of the Church in the entire peninsula," the Pope virtually admits that under existing circumstances

it behoves the Church in this respect to be thankful for small mercies. And this becomes the more manifest, when we remember that, according to the received, and possibly authentic tradition—to which His Holiness refers at the beginning of his Brief—the conversion of India was already taken in hand in the Apostolic age, and by one of the Twelve, St. Thomas. “After the Ascension,” we are told, “according to ancient documents, he passed into Ethiopia, Persia, Hyrcania, and finally into the Peninsula beyond the Indies, and after the most difficult journeys and immense labors was the first to bring the light of the Gospel to those peoples.” The Pope was probably thinking of a statement of Sophronius, cited by St. Jerome, which however does not mention India. And he might have gone on to say that, in the time of Xavier, an oratory was still shown on the Malabar coast, near Meliapore, where St. Thomas was said to have worshipped, and a tomb in which his body was believed to have been laid. King John III. of Portugal had a body exhumed from thence and transported to Goa. The Pope does add, in reference no doubt to the so-called “Christians of St. Thomas,” that from that time the Apostle has never wholly ceased to be held in honor there, and that “in later ages, even after the lamentable propagation of errors,” his memory was not forgotten nor the faith he taught altogether obliterated. There is little authentic record however of Indian Christianity for considerably over a thousand years. The Franciscans were during the three centuries preceding the Reformation what the Jesuits afterward became, the chief missionary power of the Roman Church, and early in the fourteenth century they, as well as the rival Order of Dominicans, strove to revive the dormant Christianity of India. But it was not till two centuries later that any serious attempt was made at evangelization on a large scale. That enterprise, we need hardly say, is indelibly associated with the name of the great Jesuit hero, whose title to honor the sturdiest and fiercest of Protestants will hardly care to dispute, St. Francis Xavier. To his apostolic labors Leo XIII. of course refers, though without dwelling on them at any length. Nor is

this the place for doing so. But a word must be said on the career of the devoted missionary to whom more than to any other human agency it is due that his Church is now, three hundred years after his death, in a position to establish an episcopal hierarchy in India.

The idea originated with John III. of Portugal, who determined to plant the Christian faith in the Indian territories which had come under his control, and applied to the Pope to select a fit leader of the mission. The choice fell first on Bobadilla, but he was disabled by illness, and Ignatius Loyola, with the approval of the Pope, then selected Francis Xavier. The choice was fully justified by the event. Xavier landed first at Goa, where he was more scandalized by the utter depravity of the Portuguese settlers than by the natives. Thence, after some months, he went on to Cape Comorin, and he there began the method of procedure which he pursued in all his subsequent missionary work, and has put on record in a letter to his superiors at home. He first made a translation into their own language, with the help of some intelligent natives, of the Catechism, Apostles' Creed, Decalogue, Lord's Prayer, and certain devotional offices of the Church, which he committed to memory. He then made a circuit through the neighboring towns and villages, gathering the people around him at each place by ringing a bell, and repeated these formularies to them again and again till they had learnt them by heart, when they were sent to teach what they had themselves acquired to others; the children naturally proved his aptest scholars. Every Sunday he preached on the texts thus become familiar to them, with the help of an interpreter when necessary, first giving an instruction on the Creed, to each article of which his hearers—especially if candidates for baptism—were required to express their assent. He then explained the Commandments in order, the whole assembly repeating after each a prayer for grace to observe it. Then followed the Lord's Prayer, an epitome of the Christian faith, and an exhortation to live a Christian life; and the service closed with the baptism of the catechumens. He considered the living exhibition of the Christian character the

first great instrument for converting the heathen, and the inculcation of elementary Christian truth the second. So much we learn on his own testimony. The nature and precise extent of his success has been a matter of hot dispute ever since, and the inevitable difficulty in such cases of arriving at any sure conclusion is indefinitely further aggravated on both sides in this case by the zeal of enthusiasts or opponents. The former attribute to him a miraculous gift of tongues, the latter deny, with more conspicuous unreason, that he ever acquired any command of the vernacular speech at all. That he was at best but a moderate linguist may be true, but that after years of devoted labor he knew nothing of the tongues in which he was constantly accustomed to preach and converse would be incredible, even if we had not his own express testimony to the contrary; to miraculous powers Francis did not himself lay claim. The late Sir James Stephen certainly does not overstate the case when he says that, "whatever may have been the ultimate fate of Xavier's missions, or the causes of their decay, it is nothing more than wanton scepticism to doubt that, in his own lifetime, the apparent results were such as to justify his most sanguine anticipations." His extraordinary success indeed might alone, as the same writer intimates, serve to account for the marvellous tales which became current about him; "there is at least one well-authenticated miracle in his story; it is that any mortal man should have sustained such toils as he did, and have sustained them too, not merely with composure, but as if in obedience to some irrepressible exigency of his nature." He is said to have made 700,000 converts, though he died in 1552 at the early age of forty-seven. None who have examined the simple record of his life, especially as depicted by himself, will be disposed to deny that he has been justly styled "the canonized saint, not of Rome only, but of universal Christendom."

Goa, the first scene of the labors of Xavier, was created by Paul IV. into an archbishopric, with various suffragan Sees, and the patronage was conceded to the Portuguese Crown. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the

missionary work was carried on, as the Papal Letter informs us, by the Carmelites, Capuchins, Barnabites, and Oratorians. It appears that from various reasons, which do not greatly concern the general public, some change was thought desirable in the agreement between the Holy See and the Portuguese Government, and this has now been effected by Leo XIII. in accord with the reigning King of Portugal. Hence the Archbishopric of Goa has been raised into a Patriarchate with three suffragan dioceses. All the other Apostolic Vicariates in India have been made into episcopal Sees, while seven of the new dioceses are raised to the dignity of archbishoprics, still, however, as before, under the supervision of Propaganda. In one sense no doubt Francis Xavier, were he still among us, would hail with satisfaction the result of his devoted toils, when he beheld the heathen country to whose conversion he had devoted his life under the jurisdiction of an organized hierarchy of eight archbishops with their suffragans. But on the other hand, if there is any, even approximate, accuracy in the enumeration of seven hundred thousand converts made in the course of his own brief ministry of barely twelve years in India, it would surely be to him matter of bitter disappointment to find, above three centuries after his death, only a little more than double that number of converts claimed by the Head of his Church as a signal evidence of the success of missionary effort in India. That still less has been accomplished by Protestant missions is indeed true enough, but Xavier would hardly have found much consolation in this fresh evidence that the great disruption of Christendom, of which he in his day only witnessed the first beginnings, had *inter alia* gone far to paralyze all efforts for the conversion of the heathen, whether made by those who adhered to the Church of his undoubting affections or those who had left it. It was observed some years ago by an English Protestant civilian in India that far the most successful missionaries there were the Jesuits, and probably he was right. But that only shows how comparatively infinitesimal is the result of three centuries even of Jesuit enterprise. There is no producible authority beyond the

late and certainly apocryphal Greek Acts for the preaching of St. Thomas in India. Still it is not impossible, and there is anyhow reason to believe that the Gospel was preached there at a very early date. But if the first converts could not hold their own, still less did they convert their countrymen. During the Mahometan occupation of India about a sixth of the natives were brought over to the faith of Islam, but it has been the policy of the English Government to discourage rather than to promote proselytism. The step the Pope has just taken may in itself tend to further the work; Anglican missions have certainly been found to take a fresh start since the organization of a foreign

and Colonial episcopate. But as yet the elaborate framework of a hierarchy with its long list of episcopal and archiepiscopal Sees reminds one a little of a certain short-lived university nearer home whose professors outnumbered its students. It would be easy to name English dioceses which contain a larger population than the whole Roman Catholic community of India according to papal reckoning. But in such cases geographical area of course has to be considered as well as numbers. The entire population of Australia is not much over three millions, but it contains dioceses, both Anglican and Roman Catholic, larger than the whole of Great Britain.—*Saturday Review*.

FLATTERY.

DEMOCRACY, Mr. Goldwin Smith has lately reminded us (and we are rather surprised to find that the reminder was necessary), is something more than "a form of government." We might say, with very little exaggeration, that it is rather a form of religion. The twilight of an ideal lingers long, and we hardly yet realize how much is swept away that our fathers thought worthy of reverence; but we already feel in every relation of life the influence of a new code. The moral standard set up by the aim at universal equality alters men's views of the whole hierarchy of duty; for there is hardly any moral difference between men which we may not adequately describe by saying that they differ as to which is the least of two evils, and those who consider inequality as of itself an evil will take a different view of every other. We no longer confront each other as elder and younger, as upper and lower, as members of an organic society; a keen criticism eats away from human relation all that cannot justify itself as part of the relation of any human being to all others, and leaves society a collection of separate individualities endowed with common duties and with equal claims. Respect must be reserved for moral worth; genius and virtue seem defrauded of their due when station is acknowledged with the externals of reverence. Men must stand

on their own merits, and on nothing else. The *Spectator* has never given in its adhesion to that fashionable fatalism which supposes that the moment we discern a general tendency, our duty is to further it. A great democracy, we have always urged, can hardly be more usefully occupied than in considering the temptations of democracy. To eulogize its merits at the present day is as if one should denounce its dangers at the Court of Louis XIV. The better men see the advantages of what they are losing, the less they will lose. Those who think we must accept the loss as we accept the shortening days of autumn, do their utmost to make the change what they think it,—inevitable. We refuse their limitations, and seek to turn attention, on every occasion, to the dangers of that ideal under which it would seem that we and our children are to live and die.

It may not at first sight appear sensible to say that a strong tendency toward flattery is one of these dangers. Obsequious cringing seems impossible toward genius and virtue; and these, under the Democratic ideal, are to be the only objects of reverence. And no doubt, if flattery be necessarily insincere, it cannot be called the temptation of a democratic society. We do not suppose that great wealth will ever fail to infuse the poison into susceptible organisms in its

neighborhood, and the difference of rich and poor is greater now probably than ever before. But on the whole, we should imagine that there is much less insincere flattery in the world than there was; and if that be the only flattery, we need some other name for the profuse, unmeasured, but not hypocritical eulogium which becomes the tendency of generous minds when the formulas of good breeding no longer convey a reminder that praise is an impertinence; and a hierarchy of worth is substituted for a hierarchy of caste. The utterers have no private ends of their own to gain; they express a feeling in which there is no selfishness,—in which often there is, to a certain small extent, willingness for self-sacrifice; but if it appear unjust to describe this utterance by a name associated with the adulation of greed and servile fear, it must be remembered that all intemperate eulogium, in the long-run, does the harm that flattery does; and sins which do the same harm may very well be called by the same name. Toward flattery that is absolutely insincere we are inclined to feel, "*Je crois, entre nous, que vous n'existez pas.*" Unless under the impulse of fear—such fear as can hardly now be said to exist in civilized society—people are not guilty of flattery that has no ground whatever. Our danger is of exaggeration not only in expression, but in feeling; a real idolatry, not an interested pretence. Perhaps, indeed, the decay of conventional religion has as much to do with the tendency we are criticising as the decay of conventional deference. In former days, the Divine monarch was as little a subject of question to the average mind as the earthly one. Christianity used to be a part of the scheme of things that was taken for granted; a man who answered a question as to his religion, as Macaulay did on the hustings, by calling himself a Christian, gave little more of an answer than if he had called himself an Englishman. At the present day, it would mean that he had certain definite convictions, and the Members of Parliament who could say as much are possibly in a minority. The number of those who seek to recall in daily life the precepts of Christianity does not probably greatly vary from age to age. But the

number of those who make a corporate profession of adhesion to those precepts, simply as good citizens and loyal Englishmen, has, we might almost say, sunk to zero. Hence, many who are not at home in the unseen feel the want of an organizing, external worship, and they find this in a sort of ritual of devotion to great men.

Hero-worship is not readily seen to be an evil; and the opposite of hero-worship is an unquestionable evil. The harm done by a carping, grudging estimate is obvious. "We live by admiration, hope, and love," and we lower all vital power when we diminish admiration. Possibly if it were given more freely, there would, in some cases, actually be more to admire, for distrust has a wonderful power of justifying itself, and there is no surer way of making a man despicable than to despise him. We are not equally sure that the way to make a man admirable is to admire him; but we should allow indiscriminate admiration to be no great evil, if it were also impartial. To think a little too well of everybody does no harm, in some cases it even does good. But nobody thinks a little too well of everybody. Indiscriminate praise in one direction always means indiscriminate blame in another; if one person or set of persons can do nothing wrong, another can do nothing right. It will be found invariably that an Ormuzd and an Ahriman emerge together. The habit of hero-worship, indeed, creates a good many Ahrimans to every Ormuzd, for one hero has always many antagonists. Moreover, we do not allow that when a habit is shown to be the characteristic of generous natures a reason is given against pointing out its dangers. Quite the contrary. This is the only kind of temptation that it seems to us worth while to preach against. It is not by words that the evil of cruelty, of arrogance, of the lower passions of our nature, can be made more clear than it is already, unless to an individual conscience by an individual voice. The harm done by the enthusiastic, the generous, the trustful, is not so much out of reach of warning; all may surely recognize, and some might possibly avoid, those temptations which are allowed to assail the good. Perhaps, indeed, we

might make a confession of guilt even easier; flattery is the temptation not only of the good, but, in a peculiar sense, that of the great also. Any reader who reviews his intercourse with men, supposing if there be enough of it, will generally find that the confession of this weakness has proceeded from distinguished lips. "I can no more go to see So-and-so without flattering him," we remember hearing it said by one well-known man of another, "than I could ask him to dinner and give him nothing to eat." The flattered person has been long forgotten. And it is not that great men alone can venture to say that they are tempted to flatter; temptation, in all but its lowest forms, appeals to them more than to ordinary men. Probably every one knows the feeling that he has to supply a kind of tribute as much expected as food by a guest. But none, depend upon it, know it as a great man does. His temptation to respond to appeals for encouragement with words true on his lips and false in the hearer's ears, as we remember it being said on some such occasion, should be judged very leniently. Indeed, we are not inclined to be hard on this kind of flattery in any one. We have no wish whatever to do away with the difference between the way a person naturally speaks of another and the way he speaks to him. It is not flattery to greet a visitor with "I am glad to see you," although it would give a false impression in narrating his visit to say that you were glad to see him. The adjective changes its meaning with the pronoun, though even so it may no doubt be used insincerely. As to that more dubious region where a great poet, for instance, allows himself to discover signs of promise in poor verses, we will only say that the sense of unkindness or slight which the true proportions of sympathy would produce, sometimes does more harm than an exaggeration of sympathy, though it is true also that if everybody were careful to attend to proportion in expressing sympathy, this sense of unkindness would lose its justification. However, we think the flattery of the inferior by the superior should always be judged mercifully, and if flattery were regarded as the tribute to insigni-

ficance (as it ought to be), it would very soon go out of fashion altogether.

The flattery that we deprecate is that which springs from genuine admiration, and is attracted by real greatness. It may be mixed with some less noble feelings; we all like to associate ourselves with what is brilliant, and perhaps the fact that what is roughly called snobbishness has always appeared in the *cortège* of rank, forms its disguise in the neighborhood of genius. But it is honest, unaffected admiration, unchecked by a sense of responsibility, which does the worst harm. The petted heir of a great property, surrounded by inferiors and dependants from his childhood, pampered with the gratification of every whim and the admiration of every achievement, is not so much injured, we verily believe, as a man of genius who is taught to take himself at the valuation of his disciples, and comes to believe in himself. A firm belief in a cause or a principle is as unlike a belief in oneself as one feeling can possibly be to another. We do not mean, though that is true also, that it is wrong to give to a man the trust that should be kept for a principle. A great man should not believe in himself in the same sense that his disciples may rightly believe in him. His belief is, as far as it goes, a reason for theirs; it should never be a reason for itself. And if any one deny that belief can be a reason for itself, he knows but little of the development of thought; nothing is commoner than to mistake liveness of conception for evidence. The belief in plenary inspiration is a perennial danger; every great man needs his sceptical critics, and would gain incalculably by attention to the criticisms that appear to him most frivolous. But the power to do this is rare, and not likely to be allied with genius; and a great man's admirers should fill up his deficiencies and distinguish his inspiration from his fancies, as it is almost impossible that he should do it for himself. No service is greater, but none needs more courage, or earns less gratitude.

A man of genius should be judged rather differently from ordinary men. In some respects he should be judged more leniently, for we should never forget our gratitude for what he has done

in our regret for what he has left undone. But it is a more important truth in our day to remember that a great man should in some respects be judged more severely than other men. To judge a man's standard is almost futile. That is the part of judgment that man does *not* share with the Divine judge. And to judge his conduct by his standard is unquestionably easier with great men than with small ones. "Thou that sayest a man should not steal, dost thou steal?" We may declare war upon one who says that a man should steal, but can hardly judge; or at least, we can judge him only when he refuses to let himself be robbed. What we have to ask of every one is,—Does he carry out his own standard irrespective of the part he and those he cares for take in it? Does it make a difference in his view that it has to be interpreted actively or passively? Does his own conduct mirror his own claim? Is he ready to bear what he is ready to inflict? Surely

we might as well question whether it be easier to read by daylight or candle-light, as whether we see this most clearly under the illumination of genius. One of the chief benefits that great men do their kind is that they force us to recognize what is true of ordinary men. Genius is the momentary flicker of average experience, expanded to fill a life; and the great man exhibits what many a small man feels. It is not flattery to recognize this isolation of the individual with that law which has appealed to him as the mandate of the Divine ruler or the postulate of a world of order, until we allow him to prescribe the limits of that law; but from this temptation genius is as little exempt as ordinary humanity, while its errors here are disastrous to mankind. Nothing that man can do and leave undone is much more important than that the many should, in such a danger, strengthen and guard the one.—*Spectator*.

 PROSE-POEMS.

THE poetry of prose and the poetry of verse must not be compared together. Their laws of expression are different. That the magic of the power of verse is, in its own domain, immensely greater than that of prose, is indisputable. Nevertheless, the poetry of prose has a very real existence. Without aspiring to the peculiar power of verse it has its own perfections; it has its own *curiosa felicitas* of words, its own delectable and haunting melodies. It is true that instances of its perfection are extremely rare. Yet these are sometimes to be found; instances in which a poetic thought is perfectly expressed; so that although verse might say it differently, it could not in that instance say it better, or with more telling power.

Such an instance is the brief but exquisitely beautiful prose-poem which Landor puts into the mouth of Æsop. He, desiring that in the life of Rhodope "The Summer may be calm, the Autumn calmer, and the Winter never come," and being answered with a fond remonstrance, "I must die then earlier?" replies—

"Laodameia died; Helen died; Leda, the beloved of Jupiter, went before. There are no fields of amaranth on this side of the grave; there are no voices, O Rhodope, that are not soon mute, however tuneful; there is no name, with whatever emphasis of passionate love repeated, of which the echo is not faint at last."

What verse, except the rarest, was ever sweeter or took the ear more surely captive? And this of Landor's also may compare with it. It may be called the Depths of Love.

"There is a gloom in deep love, as in deep water: there is a silence in it which suspends the foot, and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface; the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song."

There is not much in our language which can really rival this. Landor himself rarely broke into such singing. In truth, the spirit of his prose was "vowed unto austerity;" it loved the hermit's cell, the vigil, and the scourge of cords, better than the "gorgeous storms of music," and the glow of painted panes. His mind was of that

curious cast, in this resembling Mr. Browning's, which has the gift of turning words to music, and which yet seems careless or disdainful of its power; in consequence of which misfortune we are accustomed to receive from these great men ten volumes of the words of Mercury to one of Apollo's songs. Let us remember, for our comfort, that the rarity of jewels makes them of a richer value, and be thankful even for what we have.

But such fragments of poetic prose are not, in the strictest sense, prose-poems; for a poem is a work of art, designed to stand alone, rounded, complete, and self-sustained. Prose-poems of this finished kind are among the rarest forms which literature has taken in our language. The specimens which we possess are scattered through the works of a few great writers. If we attempt to reckon up the list of them, we shall find the task before us only too brief and easy; for in truth, we possess no more than a few scattered jewels. It will not, alas! take long to count them, though we count as slowly and as gloatingly as a miser tells his hoard.

In such a summary as that proposed, the three Dreams of Landor stand almost at the head, "The Dream of Euthymedes," "The Dream of Petrarca," and, above all, "The Dream of Boccaccio." The last, which is too long for purpose of quotation, and too fine to be disjointed, contains a "Dream within a Dream,"—the scenes which passed before the eyes of Boccaccio when first he drank the waters of forgetfulness from the vase of Fiammetta. One passage may be cited from the introduction to this Dream, as an apt illustration of what prose can do, and of what, except in its last perfection, it cannot do. It is spoken by Petrarca to Boccaccio—

"Poets know the haunts of poets at first sight: and he who loved Laura—O Laura! did I say he who loved thee?—hath whisperings where those feet would wander which have been restless after Fiammetta."

The very spirit of poetry is in these words, and yet they seem to fail of full perfection; they do not fill the soul with music, as does the finest verse; they have not the sweet and haunting charm, for instance, of these,—

"I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if

ye find my beloved, that ye tell him that I am sick of love."

Nothing in Landor's work quite equals this. But then—what does?

Among English authors of prose-poems, three names, after Landor's, stand out pre-eminent, the names of De Quincey, Poe, and Ruskin. Each of these writers is possessed of a power and charm peculiarly his own. Neither has much in common with the others. The change from Landor to De Quincey is immense; from Landor's idiom, brief, self-restrained, even when (too rarely) "musical as is Apollo's lute," to De Quincey's Nile-like overflow, at times in its diffuseness spreading like waste waters, yet rising (at its best) into a movement almost like the "solemn planetary wheelings" of the verse of Milton. Compare a Dream of his with one of Landor's. Both are noble; but the difference is world-wide.

"The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day, a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dire extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom,—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting,—was evolving like a great drama or piece of music. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms: hurrys to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I know not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights; tempest and human faces: and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! And with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! And again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!"

De Quincey's Dreams, it must not be forgotten, though now embedded in the substance of other work, were separately written, and designed to stand alone. The one above given, together with the three from "Suspiria de Profundis"—the "Mater Lacrymarum" above all—

touches the high-water mark of poetic prose. And, like Landor's, De Quincey's highest flights are dreams; a fact which leads one to remark the curious fondness—curious, that is, in extent, though in itself most natural—which minds of great imaginative power have felt for embodying their conceptions in the form of dreams and visions. In all ages has this been the case. In a vision Isaiah saw the Seraph flying with a coal from off the altar. In a vision the Spirit stood before Job. In a vision the author of the Apocalypse saw the woman clothed in scarlet, and Apollyon cast into the pit, and Death on the pale horse. So also in a vision Bunyan saw his pilgrim, journeying through perils. So Novalis saw visions, so Richter dreamed dreams. In a vision (recorded in the only prose-poem he has left us) Lamb saw the Child-Angel—most beautiful of apparitions—who keeps in heaven perpetual childhood, and still goes lame and lovely.

Poe's prose-poems stand apart. In their peculiar characteristics no other writings in the world resemble these. Nor is this wonderful—for what mortal ever resembled their extraordinary creator? His was a cast of mind beyond all other men's unearthly. His spirit set up her abiding house in a strange and weird land. It was a land haunted by shapes of loveliness and by shapes of terror; a land in which were sights and sounds to freeze the blood; but a land which also held in its odd angles the Island of the Fay and the Valley of the Many-colored Grass. His style became, when he so desired, a power which added a deeper color of romance to what was in itself romantic, as sunset wraps some wild land of ruins in its glow of sombre fires. Undoubtedly Poe's finest effort is the piece called "Silence." It is a piece which stands among the finest specimens existing of the power of prose to take poetic tone, the power which loads a sentence with impressiveness. The sweet and limpid music of Landor's "Depths of Love" is far away. The words move forward, in the phrase of Casca, like "a tempest dropping fire." Take any paragraph, at random—

"And, all at once, the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was crimson in color. And mine eyes fell upon a huge gray

rock which stood by the shore of the river, and was lighted by the light of the moon. And the rock was gray and ghastly, and tall—and the rock was gray. Upon its front were characters engraven in the stone; and I walked through the morass of water-lilies, until I came close unto the shore, that I might read the characters upon the stone. But I could not decipher them. And I was going back into the morass when the moon shone with a fuller red, and I turned and looked again upon the rock and upon the characters; and the characters were *Desolation*."

Poe's other work in this direction, prose-poems which may stand in the same rank with "Silence," are "The Island of the Fay," and "Eleanora." But all his poetry, whether prose or verse, is such as has no counterpart elsewhere. Alike at its best and at its weakest it bears the recognized impression of his mind. It breathes in every line its own peculiar fragrance, not to be mistaken—as the honey of Hymettus tasted of the wild thyme.

Mr. Ruskin comes into our category by reason rather of his unrivalled mastery of poetic prose than for any deliberate prose-poem, which, indeed, he has never set himself to write. There are passages without number in his works in which word-painting (to use a phrase which would be hateful were it not so convenient), and even eloquence—two things vastly different from poetry, however often they are confused with it—are made poetical by sheer excess of beauty. This distinction between description which is poetical, and description which, however fine, is merely graphic, is a distinction which, if rigorously applied, at once puts out of court nine tenths of what is generally called poetic prose. An illustration here is far better than any argument, for the distinction is one that must be felt, not argued. Compare, then, together these two descriptions of the same scene—the scene of Turner's picture of "Chryses on the Shore." The first is by a recent critic, the second is Mr. Ruskin's.

"The large picture of Chryses merits attention not only from its fine drawing of rocks, trees, and above all of waves, but also from its departure from the conventional brown landscape-manner of the time. We have here warm and noble color; the golden light of sunset suffuses the whole scene, and turns from blue to green the sea round the path of the sun."

This is a fair instance of the descrip-

tion which is pictorial, but not poetical. Now take the next :

"There the priest is on the beach alone, the sun setting. He prays to it as it descends ; flakes of its sheeted light are borne to him by the melancholy waves, and cast away with sighs upon the sand."

This is a prose-poem. It is a poem both in tone and cadence. Its words have something of the power usually found only in the finest verse. Like that, it steals upon the soul with music, dies off, and leaves it satisfied.

And what is this on Venice ?

"—a ghost upon the sands of the sea, so weak, so quiet, so bereft of all but her loveliness, that we might well doubt, as we watched her faint reflection in the mirage of the lagoon, which was the City and which the Shadow."

Or this on lichens ?

"Unfading as motionless, the worm frets them not, and the Autumn wastes not. Strong in loveliness, they neither blanch in heat, nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills ; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance ! and while the winds of departing Spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and Summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold, far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone ; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years."

Or, as a last example, this on Imagination ?

"Imagination is a pilgrim on the earth, and her home is in heaven. Shut her from the fields of the celestial mountains, bar her from breathing their lofty, sun-warmed air ; and we may as well turn upon her the last bolt of the Tower of Famine, and give the keys to the keeping of the wildest surge that washes Capraja and Gorgona."

Such a passage bears the highest mark of the poetic mind ; the mind of which even the most abstract thought comes forth in form and shape, calls up a train of glorious imageries, as a sultan calls his slaves, and so appears before the eye in visible presentment—rich, impressive, solemn, or gorgeous as the procession of a king. But a consideration of this power, in which no prose writer ever rivalled Mr. Ruskin, would beguile us from our purpose. We must go no more astray. Our design was not to wander in the wild and witching regions

of poetic prose, but to reckon up our stock of strict prose-poems. And in truth, when we descend to the work of weaker writers, it is to find, too often, that the Muse, released from building verse into a finished structure, is apt to prove contented with a heap of rich material. The pilgrim whom she undertakes to guide, far from finding himself ushered into some fair Palace of Art, made beautiful with loving skill, firm-built on its crag-platform, fringed with its golden gallery, a statue poised on every peak, its pictured windows glowing like fixed flames, finds himself perpetually, like Clarence, among the wedges of gold and heaps of pearls, surrounded by waste wrecks of futile treasure.

What, then, of strict prose-poems have we left ?—of the highest rank, that is, what have we ? Hawthorne, to whom some may be disposed to turn, is, at least to certain readers, repellently self-conscious. Coleridge has given us "The Wanderings of Cain" and the "Allegoric Vision ;" Dickens has given us, "A Child's Dream of a Star ;" Christopher North, "The Fairy's Funeral." But these—and such as these are all we have remaining—rank far below the highest. These are no rivals of the power of verse. On the whole, our list of greatest must consist of five names only—Landor, Poe, Lamb, Ruskin, and De Quincey. *Inter viburna cupressi*—these are the cypresses among the vines.

Collections of verse-poems are not rare ; but of prose-poems proper no such collection has as yet been made. And this is strange. It is true that the volume which collected our possessions would, if made, be far from bulky. Yet it is not too much to say that such a volume would contain specimens of the noblest writing in our language. Glowing imagery, rich and varied music, would combine to make its pages "a perpetual feast of nectared sweets." In these would meet together all the lovely and awful creations of the great men at whose writings we have been glancing. There would be Fiammetta, holding the vase of magic water, the lilies gleaming in her hair. There would be the caverns, the warm ocean, the innumerable arches, and the breezy sunshine of the mole of Baiæ ; and the grottoes, forts,

and dells of Naples. There would be the dust of Posilippo, "soft as the feathers in the wings of Sleep;" the form of Love hiding his arrow-barb behind his heels, and Hope, whose face is always shadowed by a colored cloud. There would be the crashing forest and the yellow ghastly marsh beside the river Zaire, with the man trembling on the rock, and the demon hiding among the sighing lilies beneath the crimson moon. There would be the ghostly Island, and the frail canoe, and the fading Fay upon the shadowy waters; and the asphodels,

the red flamingoes, the singing river and the golden clouds of the Valley of the Many-colored Grass. There would be the Babe "who goeth lame and lovely," and the grave of Adah by the river Pison; and there would be our Lady of Tears, with the diadem about her brow, calling by night and day for vanished faces. Well might the slender volume which gathered up such treasures bear for the motto of its title-page this inscription, "INFINITE RICHES IN A NARROW ROOM."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

FAMILIAR TALKS ON SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDIES. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The author publishes in a collected form in this volume a series of parlor lectures given in Baltimore to a class of ladies. She tells us in her preface that she was surprised, in examining the total mass of Shakespearian criticism, to find how little of the same kind of work has been done. She acknowledges her obligations to Hazlitt, Coleridge, Gervinus, Richard Grant White, Christopher North, Mrs. Jameson, Lady Martin, etc., but disclaims meddling with any of the more knotty or serious points of criticism. The object she has in view is merely to bring out obvious points of dramatic interest, and to enable her readers to get a clear idea of the story and the characters. The purpose set forth is one well within the grasp of a thoughtful, cultivated, and appreciative woman, and though she gives us what some of her more austere and cynical critics might denounce as well-threshed straw, in some instances she succeeds in intermingling with it considerable good and wholesome grains of thought and fancy, matter which, if never strikingly original or illuminating, is nevertheless gracefully and cogently put. What more than this can be demanded? Indeed, to write at this time about Shakespeare on any high plane of fresh and brilliant research would require both eminent genius in criticism and the most extensive equipment in scholarship. Mrs. Latimer very modestly forestalls fault-finding in the setting forth of her plan.

The comedies selected are "Winter's Tale," "The Tempest," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Taming of the Shrew," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night,"

"Merchant of Venice," and "Cymbeline." She gives a careful history of each play, the sources whence the story was drawn, an analysis of the plot and characters, and such other things as would interest the reader of average cultivation. Frequent and lengthy extracts from Coleridge, Mrs. Jameson, Lady Martin, and others, give increased interest to the discussion. There are thousands of young ladies throughout the land who will receive this book with no less interest than did those fair students who first listened to the oral lectures. The pabulum, fairly nourishing, is well dressed and nicely served.

BEN JONSON. By John Addington Symonds. (English Worthies, edited by Andrew Lang.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Next to the unapproachable sun and centre of the Elizabethan planetary system, William Shakespeare, no one of the brilliant literary lights which adorned the epoch is more worthy of attention, none filled a more important place than "rare old Ben Jonson." Had there been no Shakespeare, Jonson, as also Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Kit Marlowe, and others would have stood much higher in critical estimation; but they lived too near the refulgent centre. Of all the companion dramatists of the time, Massinger and Jonson suffer least by the comparison, and both these great men are the fathers of plays which, however rarely they are acted, are immortal.

Ben Jonson is specially worthy of study, for he was *sui generis*. Of great scholarly accomplishments, which he wore ponderously and pretentiously, of a brilliant, incisive intellect and the keenest observation, he united a sturdy, combative, and somewhat cynical

temperament with a lofty sense of the dignity and grandeur of the poet's mission. No one of his age more consistently exalted his calling nor bore himself more proudly. In this he differed notably from Shakespeare, who seemed to have given his immortal works to the world in the same careless spirit with which a bird sings, little recking of the piercing sweetness of his own transcendent strain. Jonson, indeed, was conscious of this, and sings with a spirit of half-reproach,

"Sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's Child,
Warbles his native wood note wild,"

as if he recognized with some impatience the careless and easy affluence of his friend's production. "Rare old Ben's" method and ideal were antipodal to this. He seems never to have conceived his characters by synthesis, by the power of pure creative imagination, nor to have evolved these characters, pitched to the key-note of the great issues of life, by an inevitable internal law—the law of their own being. We have, on the other hand, a careful realistic analysis of the follies, crimes, and shortcomings of society, almost terrible at times in its ruthless plainness of speech; characters laboriously built up with a firmness as solid as granite; and a dramatic structure artificial and well-balanced, though oftentimes unable to conceal the machine work and scaffolding with which the building has gone on to completion. Yet this does not argue poverty of imagination. Scattered profusely through these massive plays are strokes of insight, play of fancy, poignant reflection which illuminates as with the lightning flash, poetic outbursts worthy of Shakespeare himself, diamond-bright wit, and satire scathing as fire. But doughty and dazzling as Jonson's harness was, he did not move in it with nimble ease, and many a modern reader will sigh as he so often stumbles over the far-fetched pedantic allusions, the straining after the classical method, and the anxiety of the dramatist to empty all the resources of his vast learning into each separate work.

His conscientiousness as an author is no less evident in the labor he bestowed, sometimes so unfortunately, in the workmanship of his plays, than in his apparent conviction that the highest justification of the dramatic poet is his attitude as teacher or reformer. In pursuance of this Ben Jonson is so logically extreme that his personages sometimes lose all the vitality of flesh and blood, and become mere abstractions of virtue and vice. Yet he

arms these phantoms with such trenchant and sturdy weapons, that we often forget their insubstantiality in the potency of their words.

Ben Jonson, born in 1573, though bred to the trade of bricklaying, yet had in him the blood of a gentleman. His ancestral instincts quickly resented such "base mechanical use," and he seems to have persuaded his bricklaying stepfather to send him to school. He received a scholarship in Westminster school, and was fortunate in the instruction of the great scholar William Camden, who found him a pupil not only of marvellous aptness but burning zeal. Young Jonson here laid the foundation of the scholarship which he so assiduously cultivated in after years, for he seems never to have gone to the University. We next find him soldiering with the forces under Leicester and Sydney in the Low Countries, and after a year or two returned home again, when he speedily becomes a husband and a father. That Jonson shortly after this began to write for the stage is tolerably certain, but it was not till six years subsequently that his first great play (and certainly one of the greatest, as it is the only one which has retained its hold on the acting stage), "Every Man in his Humor," was produced. At the outset Jonson did not belong to the company headed by Shakespeare and Burbage, though later he was associated with it, and found his greater rival one of his warmest friends and patrons. Their connection thereafter was most intimate, and in spite of Jonson's fierce arrogance and almost brutal assumption, we never find it exercised at the expense of his "gentle Shakespeare." Indeed, does he not in one of the noblest panegyrics ever written hail in his great comrade a tragic and comic genius, born "not of an age but for all time," who might compete with "all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth" and with all that had been furnished from their ashes by the feebler poets of a colder clime?

It does not lie within our purpose to follow Ben Jonson in his long and brilliant career. He gave to the world a succession of comedies and tragedies which belong to the glory of his age. His fierce temper and indomitable pugnacity, inspired by a conceit truly colossal, involved him in literary quarrels of the bitterest sort, and his hand was against every one except Shakespeare. His great comedies were "Every Man in his Humor," "Volpone," "The Silent Woman," "Bartholomew Fair," and "The Alchemist;" his great tragedies, "Sejanus" and "Catiline;" but it is in

comedy rather than tragedy that he shines resplendently.

Some passages from Mr. Symonds's brilliant study will convey to our reader not only a clear notion of Jonson's quality as a dramatist and writer, but give some flavor of the pleasant banquet he has before him in the biographer's work. "Without predecessor and without legitimate successor, he stands alone, colossal, iron-jointed, the Behemoth of the drama."

... "Though a careful observer and minute recorder, Jonson rarely touched more than the outside of character. Not penetrating with the clairvoyance of imagination into the groundwork of personality, but constructing individuals from what appears of them on the surface, he was too apt to present one glaring quality to the exclusion of all others. Thus his men and women are the incarnations of abstract qualities rather than living human beings."

... "In this respect the feeblest of the romantic dramatists excelled him. While Jonson made masks, the despised Dekker and Heywood created souls." ... "He starts with character set, formed, well-defined; a master passion in complete empire; the man absorbed in his specific humor. This he unfolds with inexhaustible variety and brilliant wit before our eyes. He creates as many situations and occasions as he can for its display. But it never alters. The strict logic of his powerful understanding, his grasp of common circumstance, the immense resources of his thought and language enabled him to flash rays of light on each facet of the chosen humor," etc., etc. His greatness and defect as a dramatic writer may be summed up in this, that, while in no sense deficient in imagination, his pure intellectuality was so strong that it was never dominated and transfigured by imagination into the highest creative power, as was the case with Shakespeare.

The latter part of Ben Jonson's life, particularly after the accession of King James, a monarch after Jonson's own heart in his love of the Latins and the Greeks, was devoted to duty as a court poet in the writing of Masques and Revels, a species of diversion greatly in vogue. The only parts of these worthy of remembrance are delicious bits of lyrics, which stand them like gems. Many of these are immortal. In his old age the poet became poor and of such invalid health that life became a burden to him, but his old friends proved generous patrons and relieved his needs with unstinting hand. He died in 1637 at the ripe age of eighty-four, Charles I. then being on the

throne. Mr. Symonds in his final summing up says, with great force: "His throne is not with the Olympians, but with the Titans; not with those who share the divine gifts of creative imagination and inevitable instinct, but with those who compel our imagination by their untiring energy and giant strength of intellectual muscle. What we most marvel at in his writings is the prodigious brain-work of the man, the stuff of constant and inexhaustible cerebration they contain."

Mr. Symonds has added to his already brilliant reputation as critic and essayist in this study. His facts have been carefully sifted from contradictory evidence, and his analysis of Jonson as man and poet is a masterpiece of its kind. It is hardly necessary to say that few contemporary writers have greater command of a prose style at once graceful and trenchant.

RICHARD STEELE. By Austin Dobson. (English Worthies. Edited by Andrew Lang.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The days of Queen Anne have a charm to the lover of English literature and history only less than those of Queen Elizabeth. The creative splendor and audacity of the earlier age were lacking, but in their place we have a genial humanity and a distinct striving after perfection of artistic form, which belong to the natural order of literary development. The name of Sir Richard or "Dick" Steele is perhaps a little more obscure in the minds of the general reader than that of Pope, Swift, and Addison, but to the student of the times it is associated with a more warm and hearty regard if it fails to evoke the same high admiration. As a factor in the evolution of social and literary England, this man was one of great importance. He was the father of English journalism, fully as much as Fielding was the father of the English novel.

Steele was born in Dublin, in 1672, of a respectable Irish family, and was educated at the Charterhouse School, and finally at Christ Church, Oxford. Addison, his lifelong friend and literary co-worker, was at both institutions with him, though somewhat his senior. Steele did not finish his University career, but, inspired by the martial enthusiasm of the times (this was during William's reign), enlisted as a gentleman volunteer in the army. It was about this time that he wrote his first production that attracted notice, "The Christian Hero." As Steele was known as a young man of dissipated tendencies, he avowed the reason for the book in the fact that he, knowing his

own weaknesses, aimed to create a perfect ideal of life, which, being continually in his mind, should have influence to restrain and correct his habits. For poor Steele, whose instincts were of the noblest and manliest sort, whose sympathies reached out to all that was purest and best in life, could echo the words of Horace :

"Video meliora proboque, sed deteriora sequor."

The book was a great success, and if Captain Steele did not find his ideal quite the check he had hoped on his roystering tendencies, the way in which he had set it before the world opened the gateway of literary success for him, in spite of his love of the wine-cup, which left him in a lifelong alternation of sinning and repenting.

The attention of all authors of the day was naturally turned to the stage, which had begun to recover from the gross immoralities of Vanbrugh, Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, and others of the earlier school of old English comedy. Steele in his "Funeral, or Grief à la Mode," set an example of the purer drama, and this first play of our author made a distinct hit. It was followed by "The Lying Lover" and "The Tender Husband." Some of the most brilliant players of the age, such as Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Oldfield, Wilks, and Colley Cibber, appeared in them. We cannot linger over this portion of Steele's life, except to say that in his play-writing he displayed the same distinct purpose to set up a higher ideal which animated all his work.

In 1706 he succeeded to a considerable property in the West Indies through the death of his wife, and, as he had been appointed "Gazetteer," or the editor of the Government weekly record of important current events, his finances became comparatively easy, for such an immoderate spendthrift as Steele always was. His second marriage with Mistress Mary Scurlock, his "darling Prue," followed shortly, and with her poor "Dick" led as comfortable a life as matrimony could allow to one so improvident, facile, good-natured, and easily tempted. Mrs. Scurlock probably had the worst of it after all, and her love for the fascinating scapegrace was no doubt as severely tried, as it once had been attracted, by those qualities which, however agreeable in the Benedict are not altogether desirable in the spouse. In spite of the West Indian estate and large earnings, the Steele family soon began a long and hard fight with poverty, and if our hero did not land in the sponging-house and the debtors' jail, it was more by good luck than by

desert. Having said so much of personal detail about Steele, let us now occupy ourselves with his work in literature.

It was his labor over the thin gruel of stuff given to the world by Government authority in the *Gazette*, which then stood for the newspaper, that gave Steele the idea of the *Tatler*. The first number appeared on April 12th, 1709, and was announced as "by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.," published Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; its scope covered accounts of society and amusements, poetry, current learning and literature, and foreign and domestic news. It was full of bright and pungent little essays, some of the type of what is known to-day as the leader or editorial, some of them merely descriptive or satirical. But all were animated by charm of style and freedom of treatment. It was the precursor of the great daily journal of to-day, though distinctly different in so many ways. The *Tatler* was a success from the first, and its studies of social life in many respects compared favorably with the delightful essays afterward contributed by Addison and Steele to the *Spectator*, which succeeded the *Tatler*. It is known, too, that some of the *Tatler* papers were the products of Addison's pen, but Steele fathered nine tenths of the work. Mr. Dobson thus compares the contributions of the two men, a comparison which holds good for their later association on the *Spectator* as well: "What Steele, with his veined humanity and ready sympathy, derived from 'conversation,' to use the eighteenth-century expression for intercourse with the world, he flung upon his paper then and there without much trouble of selection; what Addison perceived in his environment, when, to use Steele's expression, he began 'to look about and like his company,' he carried carefully home to carve into some gem of graceful raillery or refined expression. If Addison delights us by his finish, he repels us by his restraint and absence of fervor. If Steele is careless, he is always frank and genial. Addison's papers are faultless in their art, and in this way achieve an excellence which was far beyond the reach of Steele's quicker and more impulsive action. But for the words which the heart finds when the head is seeking; for phrases glowing with the white-heat of generous emotion; for sentences which throb and tingle with manly pity or courageous indignation, we must turn to the essays of Steele."

The *Tatler* was dropped after little more than a year and was succeeded by the *Spectator*. The latter is, of course, familiar to all

lovers of English literature as one of the landmarks. Steele contributed to it almost as largely as did Addison, and literary students find but little less pleasure in Steele's part than in the charming papers by the other more celebrated name. When the *Spectator* discontinued it was succeeded by the *Guardian*, which was more political in its tone, as by this time Steele had got into the thick of controversy and had among his opponents no less a redoubtable foe than Dean Swift. We cannot follow Steele's relation to the politics of the age, his association with such men as Pope, Swift, Gay, and others, nor attempt to discuss his connection with such public men as Henley and St. John. All this, interesting as it is, must be sought by the reader in the biography.

In his latter years Steele made considerable money as a theatrical manager, but was never entirely out of financial difficulties. It was in these latter years, too, that he wrote the play of "The Conscious Lovers," which furnished a favorite part for Mrs. Abingdon and Peg Woffington. One of the cardinal virtues of Steele was that, in a day when woman was regarded as legitimate prey for man's licentious pursuit, he ever depicts her with the most chivalrous respect and tenderness, and that throughout the whole tenor of his writings, dramatic and social, essay, poem and play, there is a manly sincerity and fervor which go straight to the heart and make us think we would have liked to have known the man. Steele was greatly beloved by his friends, and the modern readers of his writings all include themselves in this term. Mr. Dobson's biographical sketch is an admirable account of his life, and one that deserves to be widely read.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE literary event in France is the publication of a philosophical drama in five acts, by M. Ernest Renan, entitled *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*.

THE new native printing-houses of Constantinople are now bringing out Persian books in a decorated style. Although some copies are sent for sale to Teheran, the chief supply is for the local school of Persian scholarship, in which ladies also indulge. We may mention incidentally that there are now four Turkish ladies publishing poetry, and the works of one of those of the last generation have been collected. The new enterprise of printing Persian books is likely to find customers in the

large and wealthy Persian colonies of Constantinople and Smyrna.

DR. ARNOLD LANG, formerly assistant to Prof. Haeckel, is to be the first Ritter Professor of Philogeny. It will be remembered that Herr Paul von Ritter gave 15,000*l.* to the Jena University for the purpose of investigating the hypotheses of evolution and examining the Darwinian theory. It has been decided that one half of this sum shall be devoted to the maintenance of the above professorship.

It is proposed to hold a meeting of the various scientific societies in Australia and New Zealand in 1888 (the one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the colonies), upon the lines of the British Association meetings, and to form an Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science, with similar aims and objects. The general committee or council will be composed of delegates from the different colonies or colonial scientific societies. The number of delegates from each society or colony is to be proportionate to the number of members from the particular colony or society taking part in the proceedings. If the general committee be established on the basis suggested, viz., one delegate to each hundred members or less, the total number of such representatives would be about twenty-five or thirty, since there are some twenty scientific societies in the Australasian colonies, and the number of members is between 2,500 and 3,000. To the seven sections corresponding to the seven of the British Association there will be three added: H, Medical and Sanitary Science; I, Literature and the Fine Arts; J, Architecture and Engineering.

MR. WADDINGTON's selection of translated sonnets will be published in December in Mr. Walter Scott's series of "Canterbury Poets." It will include a number of hitherto unpublished translations, by Mr. E. Gosse, from the Swedish and Dutch poets; by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, from Salvator Rosa and Mr. Rossetti's father, Gabriele Rossetti; by Mr. Austin Dobson, from Molière and other French poets; by Dr. Garnett, from Italian and Polish; and by Mrs. Edmonds, from modern Greek sonneteers. Mr. J. A. Symonds, Mr. J. J. Aubertin, and Mr. A. Lang are also represented in the selection, which concludes with a translation by the editor of a sonnet by Hugo Grotius.

M. PAUL DU CHAILLU, who for several years has been residing in the North, chiefly Copenhagen, has just finished a work on the wan-

derings, religion, culture, and conquests of the earliest Scandinavians, entitled "The Viking Age."

THE first volume of the letters of Baron Ricasoli has just been published at Florence. Those inserted in this instalment are most of them addressed to his brother Vincenzo, to Raffaello Lambruschini, to G. P. Vieusseux, Vincenzo Salvagnoli, Francesco Cempini, Cosimo Ridolfi, and the Grand Duke Leopold II., who in 1847 sent Ricasoli on an extraordinary mission to obtain the mediation of Carlo Alberto in a dispute with the Duke of Modena, "che in quel tempo provocò serii torbidi nella Lunigiana." The first document is dated 1829; the last is dated "28 maggio 1849," and addressed to his brother, and gives an account of the entry of the Austrians into Florence on the 25th of that month.

"ONE of the few remaining links between us and Shelley's friends—Mr. E. Silsbee, of Boston, Mass.—has been lately in London," says the *Academy*, "and will return for the winter when his trip in Spain is over. Mr. Silsbee was a Shelley devotee from his youth; and the first time he was in Florence he found out Jane Clairmont, so long an inmate of Shelley's house, and by whom Byron had a daughter who died young. Miss Clairmont sold Mr. Silsbee the only two manuscript books of Shelley's which she had; and they are now in safe custody at Harvard till Mr. Silsbee facsimiles them, which we hope he will do soon, either for the Shelley Society, to which he belongs, or his friends and the public. They contain a few unprinted lines of no special importance, some happy emendations of the 'Skylark' still unpublished, and the first draft of some shorter poems, commonplace at first, but lifted into perfectness by many changes of stanza, line, and word by Shelley's pen."

A MONUMENT was unveiled last week at Antwerp to the memory of Henri Conscience.

AN important sale of MSS. and early printed books has taken place at Strasbourg. Among the former are a richly illustrated Psalter of 1250, conjectured to have belonged to Irmingard of Baden, founder of the convent of Lichtental; numerous liturgical works written in South Germany from the thirteenth century to the fifteenth; MSS. of Tauler, Suso, and other mystical and devotional writers. Among the latter is a hitherto unknown Collectarius on vellum, printed in the same type as Joh. Senseschmidt's Missale Bambergense

of 1481. Catalogues may be had from Mr. D. Nutt, who will take charge of commissions.

THE death is announced, at the age of seventy, of the well-known Danish writer Dr. Adolph Steen, Professor of Mathematics at the University of Copenhagen, and a leading politician.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the death of Pushkin will fall on February 10th next year, and it is proposed to celebrate it in Russia by a popular subscription for the purpose of preserving the different houses in which he resided. His memory is also to be honored by the publication of a new edition of his works in Moscow.

THE *Bombay Gazette* is publishing a series of letters from Count Angelo de Gubernatis, descriptive of his recent visit to India. Though Count de Gubernatis had long cherished the wish to "live in the air, the light, the life of India," the principal object of his visit was to collect material for the formation of an oriental museum at Florence, in which he received the cordial co-operation of the wealthy natives of India.

SIR THOMAS WADE, K.C.B., has offered to present to the University of Cambridge the collection of Chinese literature he brought together during his long residence in China, on the condition that so long as his health permits he shall be its curator.

M. LÉON VALLÉE is about to bring out a supplement to his "Bibliographie des Bibliographies," published in 1884. The supplement will extend to about 300 pages.

THE adherents of the "New Philology" held a conference, or, as it was styled, a congress, at Hanover on the 4th inst. to which professors and students resorted from many parts of Germany. They declare that they do not attack the classic school of philology, but that they claim equal attention for the older and the Turanian languages, the study of which in the last thirty years has made much progress, and the philological value of which they consider has not received due appreciation.

ON the occasion of the Courban Bairam the Sultan set free Mr. Aivasli, an Armenian professor, poet, and editor. About four years ago Mr. Aivasli in his journal the *Mamul* (*Press*) indulged in publishing some verses of his which had been recited at a school examination in Cilicia. For these he was tried and found guilty of sedition, being sentenced to

banishment for life to the island of Chios, poets in the East enjoying, like Ovid, the privilege of being banished. Banishment, of course, does not prevent them from writing poetry, and, indeed, they are generally led to write panegyrics on the sovereign. However that may be, the Sultan on the festival pardoned Mr. Aivasli, who had not found Armenian poetry a gainful profession in a Greek Island.

M. JULES SIMON tells in the *Débats* an amusing story of Cousin. For the twelfth volume of Cousin's translation of Plato M. Simon made a version of the "Timæus" which, he hints, appeared without alteration by the nominal translator. Shortly after its publication M. Simon went to see Cousin, and began by inquiring after his health. "Very poorly," Cousin answered; "people will never know what labor that translation of the 'Timæus'—" Then, suddenly checking himself, he said, "Ah, I beg your pardon. You know better than I," and went on composedly to talk of other matters.

THE last number of the *Roushki Viestnik* (*Russian Messenger*) contains an interesting article by Prof. Julian Koulakovski, of Kief, on the present condition of the English universities. The professor visited Oxford and Cambridge during the summer of 1885. He finds many traces of the monastery among us, and thinks that, although England broke away from the Roman Church in the sixteenth century, we have cherished too many of its traditions. He is surprised at the luxury of the rooms of undergraduates, at the meagre amount of knowledge required for a pass degree, and the many signs that the universities have to deal with schoolboys merely. He remarks on the absence of any dissertations, whether for the B.A. or M.A. degree. Concerning the latter he must have been strangely misinformed, for he adds, somewhat naively, "The degree of master of arts is given to those of the bachelors who have remained in their colleges after taking their bachelor's degree, and, according to the testimony of the head of the college, have devoted their time to a course of study."

THE "autobiographical chapter" which will be included in the "Life of Charles Darwin," by his son, is occupied mainly, it is said, with an explanation of the writer's religious opinions. The book will, it is understood, be out before the close of the year.

THE approaching twelfth centenary of St. Cuthbert will be celebrated by the publication

of a mass of literature bearing on the history of the apostle of the north of England. Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, is preparing a new edition of his exhaustive life of the saint; and Mgr. Consitt, of Durham, is engaged on a shorter sketch. Of three or four other similar volumes in course of preparation, the most notable will be that by Father Stevenson, S.J.

THE exhibition at the Public Record Office in connection with the Domesday commemoration will comprise the manuscript of Domesday Book (2 vols.), the Abbreviatio, the Breviate, a copy of the Boldon Book, the Red and Black Books of the Exchequer, the two volumes entitled "Testa de Nevil," early Hundred Rolls, and the Book of Aids of Edward III.; while at the British Museum will be shown the Survey of Lindsey, monastic cartularies containing surveys, the Inquisitio Eliensis, the transcript of the original Domesday return for Cambridge, printed editions of the Survey and translations, and loan contributions from other libraries. The following MSS. have been lent for exhibition: The Winton Domesday and the Liber Niger of Peterborough (the Society of Antiquaries); the two MSS. of the Inquisitio Eliensis (Trinity College, Cambridge); the Domesday Monachorum of Christ Church, Canterbury (Dean and Chapter of Canterbury); the Exon Domesday (Dean and Chapter of Exeter); and the Domesday of St. Paul's (Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's). The Principal Librarian of the British Museum will take charge of any documents that may be sent to him, and the committee will be glad to receive additions.

It is proposed to compile a list of existing works relating to Domesday Book, which will supply brief descriptions of the various Domesday MSS., the titles of all separate works dealing with any portions of Domesday Book, and the titles of all papers and pamphlets on the subject. A bibliography, which is believed to be complete except as to portions of Domesday Book in county histories and the transactions of societies, is at present in the press.

THE next volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which will get down as far as *sia*, will be out in a few weeks. One of the most important articles is, as we have previously said, Shakspeare, by the editor, with a bibliography supplied by Mr. H. R. Tedder. Mr. Matthew Arnold writes upon Sainte-Beuve, Mr. James Sime on Schiller, Mr. Rossetti on Shelley, and Prof. Minto on Sir Walter Scott; Madame Villari on Savonarola, Mr. Saintsbury

on Rousseau, and Mr. J. S. Reid on Ruben. Chief among the art articles is the "Rubens" of M. Hymans, Prof. Middleton contributing an article on "Schools of Painting." Sir E. Bunbury contributes a number of articles on classical geography. Russia is treated of by Prince Kropotkin and Mr. Morfill; while Scotland, as was to be expected in a work published in Edinburgh, requires five writers to do adequate justice to it. Among the scientific articles we may mention, "Rotifera," by Prof. Bourne, of Madras; "Series," by Prof. Cayley; "Seal," by Prof. Flower; and "Schizomycetes," by Prof. Marshall Ward. Semitic languages are dealt with by Prof. Nöldeke, Sir N. Barnaby writes on "Shipbuilding," and the Head Master of Eton on "Ship;" but "Rowing" falls to Mr. E. D. Brickwood, not to Dr. Warre.

MISCELLANY.

DOMESTIC INSTINCTS OF THE PUMA.—The men all went out one day beyond the frontier to form a *cercos*, as it is called, to hunt ostriches and other game. The hunters, numbering about thirty, spread themselves round in a vast ring, and, advancing toward the centre, drove the animals before them. During the excitement of the chase which followed, while they were all engaged in preventing the ostriches, deer, etc., from doubling back and escaping, it was not noticed that one of the hunters had disappeared; his horse, however, returned to its home during the evening, and on the next morning a fresh hunt for the lost man was organized. He was eventually found lying on the ground with a broken leg, where he had been thrown at the beginning of the hunt. He related that about an hour after it had become dark a puma appeared and sat near him, but did not seem to notice him. After a while it became restless, frequently going away and returning, and finally it kept away so long that he thought it had left him for good. About midnight he heard the deep roar of a jaguar and gave himself up for lost. By raising himself on his elbow he was able to see the outline of the beast crouching near him, but its face was turned from him and it appeared to be intently watching some object on which it was about to spring. Presently it crept out of sight, then he heard snarlings and growlings and the sharp yell of a puma, and he knew that the two beasts were fighting. Before morning he saw the jaguar several

times, but the puma renewed the contest with it again and again until morning appeared, after which he saw and heard no more of them. Extraordinary as this story sounds, it did not seem so to me when I heard it, for I had already met with many anecdotes of a similar nature in various parts of the country, some of them vastly more interesting than the one I have just narrated; only I did not get them at first hand and am consequently not able to vouch for their accuracy; but in this case it seemed to me that there was really no room for doubt. All that I had previously heard had compelled me to believe that the puma really does possess a unique instinct of friendliness for man, the origin of which, like that of many other well-known instincts of animals, must remain a mystery. The fact that the puma never makes an unprovoked attack on a human being or eats human flesh, and that it refuses, except in some very rare cases, even to defend itself, does not seem really less wonderful in an animal of its bold and sanguinary temper than that it should follow the traveller in the wilderness, or come near him when he lies sleeping or disabled and even occasionally defend him from its enemy the jaguar. We know that certain sounds, colors, or smells, which are not particularly noticed by most animals, produce an extraordinary effect on some species; and it is possible to believe, I think, that the human form or countenance, or the odor of the human body, may also have the effect on the puma of suspending its predatory instincts and inspiring it with a gentleness toward man, which we are only accustomed to see in our domesticated carnivores or in feral animals toward those of their own species. Wolves, when pressed with hunger, will sometimes devour a fellow-wolf; as a rule, however, rapacious animals will starve to death rather than prey on one of their own kind, nor is it a common thing for them to attack other species possessing instincts similar to their own. The puma, we have seen, violently attacks other large carnivores, not to feed on them, but merely to satisfy its animosity; and, while respecting man, it is, within the tropics, a great hunter and eater of monkeys, which of all animals most resemble men. We can only conclude with Humboldt that there is something mysterious in the hatreds and affections of animals.—*Longman's Magazine*.

AMERICAN PAUPERISM AND AMERICAN CHARITY.—No people are so tender, so generous, so lavish of active sympathy toward the

sick, the bereaved, and the unfortunate. In States which, probably from an instinct under their circumstance just and wise, refuse to recognize the right to subsistence by a legal provision for the poor—whereby the idle and vicious would chiefly benefit—nevertheless paupers by the visitation of God, the aged and infirm, the blind, the deaf and dumb, lunatics and idiots, are amply provided for by public and private charity, with all that can alleviate their lot, or teach them, as far as possible, the means of self-dependence. American charity toward the victims of great natural catastrophe, far more common there than here—communities burned out by a forest fire or ruined by a flood—and yet more the personal sacrifices made, the readiness with which men and women devote their leisure, thought, and energy to the supervision of their public institutions, the succor and nursing of a community stricken by pestilence, the efficient distribution of public subscriptions, are above praise. A careful study of transatlantic examples might put our own boasted lavishness to shame.—*Quarterly Review*.

COMPULSORY ATTENTION TO CHILDREN'S TEETH.—The prevalence of caries of the teeth among so large a majority of the units that comprise civilized communities, and the consequent pain and inconvenience entailed, and, perhaps unconsciously, the absence of those pleasures attending a good digestion which makes up so large a part of individual happiness, have induced the public to interest itself in the pathology and treatment, especially prophylactic, of these organs. Now, if we wish to get at the root of the evil we must commence our treatment with the deciduous teeth. Many patients—nay, even medical practitioners—ask, What is the use of preserving teeth which have only to serve their purpose for a time, and which nature will replace? If a surgeon were asked what is the use of provisional callus in a case of fracture his answer would be readily formulated, and just such an answer is applicable to the teeth. We will run over just a few of the points that may result from disease and its neglect. First, with regard to the child's health. With decayed teeth, and often, in addition, chronic gumboils, the little sufferer is kept awake at night and his digestion affected by inability to masticate his food, and more so by swallowing the fetid discharge from the abscesses. As a consequence the child becomes weak and puny, and so the already developing permanent teeth suffer from

the constitutional disturbance. Supposing each tooth as it becomes the seat of pain is extracted, then the masticatory power is greatly enfeebled, and, moreover, it has been shown that where many deciduous teeth have been removed, especially in the case of the canines, the jaw does not develop as rapidly as it should do, and consequently, when the permanent teeth erupt, some take their position inside and some outside the arch, which irregularity is a potent predisposing cause of caries, apart from its unsightliness. Again, take, for instance, a very common case, that of a second temporary molar extensively decayed. The first permanent molar assumes its due position posterior, and the first bicuspid anterior to it. Both these permanent teeth are frequently found affected on the side corresponding with the deciduous tooth, and the disease is undoubtedly due to the infection from decomposing food harbored by it. Although much more might be said upon this subject, we think that enough has been advanced to show the importance of first teeth with reference to the welfare of their successors, which should, but so often do not, do duty for a lifetime. We believe that nothing short of the periodical examination every six months, and treatment if necessary, of the teeth of children can effectually cope with this evil. At the recent meeting of the British Dental Association, Mr. Fisher, of Dundee, read a very able paper, in which he strongly advocated that dental surgeons should be appointed, with sufficient salaries to insure the possibility of conservative treatment, and not, as heretofore, only extraction, to all public schools, reformatories, industrial and endowed schools, training-ships, etc. He has examined the teeth of a large number of children attending schools, and found that on an average over 75 per cent. required dental treatment: he also mentions the startling fact that the principal manufacturers in London supply 10,000,000 artificial teeth per annum, showing the enormous loss of natural teeth among the community. There is already a move in the direction of Mr. Fisher's suggestion; as we noticed some time ago, the North Surrey District Schools have appointed a dental surgeon at £60 per annum, and since then the District School of Upper Norwood has a dental officer. The Metropolitan and City Police Orphanage has had for some years a dental surgeon.—*Lancet*.

CHANGING RELIGIONS IN RUSSIA.—The story of M. Conradi merits note. He is a Baptist

minister, a citizen of the United States. How this gentleman came to be at Simferopol is not mentioned, but when there lately he converted two Lutherans to his religious views and baptized them. For this offence the Governor promptly arrested him, and—after trial, we presume—passed sentence of imprisonment. The American Minister at St. Petersburg protested, naturally, and naturally also M. Conradi was released, but with an order to leave the country forthwith. The incident is curious, but it has produced results of a valuable character. The Russian Government declares a principle in such matters, long established, doubtless, but not generally known. It forbids conversion under any circumstances; whether a proselyte belong to the Orthodox Church or another is of no consequence. In this case certain Lutherans turned Baptists, a change, one might suppose, vastly indifferent to authorities who could not define the difference betwixt two creeds equally heretical. But it seems to be the law that such questions do not signify. In religion, as in other things, Russia follows the Protective system vigorously. The native article is encouraged, and foreign importations are not merely checked, but prohibited. One must be interested to know whether this rule applies to Pagans or Moslems. In logic it should, but reason is peculiarly subject to an autocrat's control. Even the Holy Synod might hesitate in this era of the world to expel a gentleman who had converted a Tartar or Samovede to Christianity. Yet the theory applies to this case, and since the Orthodox have made a dismal failure of their own missions, they may be urged by jealousy if the case should arise.—*Evening Standard*.

THE METROPOLIS OF NOISE.—“*Tu sei l'impero dell' armonia*,” sings one of the most widely known, if not the most classical, of Neapolitan composers, in chanting the praises of his native city. One can imagine the traveller, when he looks out of his bedroom window the first morning after his arrival, exclaiming, as he recalls this line to memory, “Noise there is plenty, but where is the harmony?” Further, one may think of him remarking, on being told that this screaming, shouting, perpetual hum of hideous noises is the true *armonia* signified by the poet, “Well, if this be harmony, Heaven preserve me from discord!” The Neapolitan delights in “the noise of folly,” for there is nothing serious in his reckless, gay, harlequin soul, and he is always astonished, and often resentful, that strangers

from the saturnine North should object to the strident atmosphere in which he himself rejoices. If you have only just left sober, silent Rome, with its dignified people, in whose mouth the Italian language sounds almost as sonorous as Spanish, and arrive at Naples, the contrast is great enough to persuade you that you must have fallen into another planet, instead of having only travelled ten hours by railway. Porters, octroi officials, omnibus touts, scream at each other in the highest key of their inharmonious voices, and as you are being buffeted about from one to the other, you begin to realize how little use your Italian guide-book phrases will be to you. But a handful of sous here and a half-franc there represents a dialect well understood from one end of the peninsula to the other. So you get under way at last, and arrive at your hotel, where you find that a serenade has been generously provided for you in the shape of a piano-organ a little out of tune. One powerful ruffian is grinding at it with all his might, while two others stand grinning, hat in hand, expectant of the shower of sous from the appreciative hands of the *Sig-nori forestieri*. From morning till night the hubbub goes on. They begin long before you are dressed in the morning, sometimes five of them playing at the same time, all in different keys, all in different time, all out of tune, and all within ear-shot. Then, should it be the season of Advent, the piano-organs will be supplemented by the Pifferari of the Abruzzi, playing that music which is supposed to delight the long-suffering Madonna. Not but what there is something weirdly fascinating in this savage melody, with its melancholy drone and shrill scream, of the pipes, for round it clings something of the indefinable charm of antiquity. Some such as these, in Tempe or the dales of Arcady, might have been the models for the sculptor who worked at that Grecian urn which gave Keats the theme for the loveliest ode in the English language. But then they piped to Pan or Artemis; now they have changed the name of their goddess, but that is all. The people who use the same plough, delight in the same games, play the same instruments that their ancestors did two thousand years before, would hardly bow down before new gods. They also have the highest property of the true musician, in that they are in sympathy with their instrument, whose notes give out truly the humor and passion of the player; while the piano-organ, let the grinder grind his best, will do no more than rattle out its tunes in mechanical monotony. The Pifferaro believes

that the Madonna delights in his musical offering ; if the piano grinder believes likewise that his roaring deluge of notes gives us pleasure, he has at least a strong and living faith. Next to the so-called musician as a producer of noise comes the Neapolitan Jehu. The London cabman, although he may be at times prodigal of words in the settlement of his fare, cannot be accused of touting noisily for custom. The most he ever says is to mutter "Keb?" in a stage aside, when he sees a delicately shod pedestrian on a muddy bit of pavement ; not so his Neapolitan brother. How violently is he agitated, how deeply are his sensibilities outraged at the sight of a lady walking in the streets ! If you start to cross a *piazza* you feel that you become as it were the moving *meta* in a modern chariot race. From each corner a cab starts and bears down upon you at full gallop, and as they draw near, you begin to hope that you may escape the fervid wheels. This you may do if you can keep your head clear in the tempest of noise, for all four chatioteers will be shouting and cracking their whips, and offering their rickety old cabs in a language which they think the stranger must understand. "*Mossìà, voles la vettoir!*" "*Madam, venti francs pour San Maril.*" "*Jannus a Posilip.*" (The Neapolitan form of "Let us go to Posilippo.") But sometimes the cabman refuses to take you, and neither blandishments nor threats of the police will move him. His only answer is "*Aggio già mangiat,*" the equivalent for "Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day." In other words, he has earned enough to give himself a platter of macaroni, and to stuff his skinny horse with a bundle of the curious-looking fodder which passes in these realms for hay ; and, committing you to the care of the next cabman, who, of course, is his brother, he curls up inside his cab and goes to sleep. And now, having done with the horse and his driver, let us consider the case of the humble Zuccariello, the cabbage-vendor's donkey. How plaintively his ears droop as he stands with his nose almost touching the ground, while his master shouts and chaffers with the old woman at the stall over a drink of lemonade. What a paradise to poor Zuccariello would be the life of a Hampstead Heath donkey, even with a double allowance of Bank Holidays ! He has never been groomed ; kicks and blows have been his portion from babyhood, and the only food he gets are those vegetables which even the lazaroni find too "advanced." Surely there cannot be within his meagre little carcass breath

enough for a wheeze, much less for a bray ! But stop a minute. Suddenly round the corner comes Cucumella, the property of Pepino, the man who lets donkeys for strangers to ride. Cucumella is struggling up the hill to Camaldoli, staggering under the weight of the Frau Professor Mèhlsack, the ponderosity of whose body agrees with that of her husband's condition and style. Arrived in front of Zuccariello, Cucumella comes to a dead stop. They are old acquaintances, and immediately our friend of the cabbages is himself again. Elevating his nose, laying back his ears flat, he bursts forth into profuse strains of unpremeditated bray, loud and strident enough to break the drums of all but Neapolitan ears. The windows, being used to Vesuvius's eruptions and occasional earth tremors, stand the shock ; but not so our illusions. Zuccariello has destroyed the last of them.—*Home Chimes.*

THE ANTI-MISSIONARY RIOTS IN CHINA.—

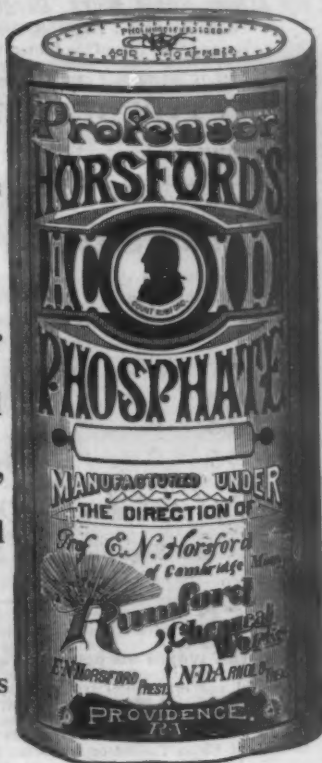
The truth about the origin of the recent anti-missionary riots in Chung-King, on the Yangtze River in China, has (the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* learns from undoubted authority) at length been discovered. Many buildings were destroyed and native Christians murdered, and the missionaries were forced to fly for their lives. It will be remembered that a telegram was received in Paris from the Roman Catholic bishop of the province alleging that the indiscreet conduct of the Protestant missionaries was the cause of the outbreak. This appears now to be wholly incorrect. A Roman Catholic cathedral has lately been built in the city in a most prominent position, as almost all the Roman Catholic edifices in China are. When putting on the roof, the Bishop persisted, in spite of repeated and urgent protests and warnings of the Governor and other local authorities, in using yellow tiles for the purpose. Now yellow is a color sacred in China to the Emperor, and yellow tiles are used in the Imperial palaces in Peking. The result was that popular annoyance, which was smouldering for a long time, broke out during the presence in the city of a large number of young men at one of the provincial examinations. The mob soon reduced the cathedral to a heap of ruins, and the Bishop's house and other missionary residences shared the same fate. The rioters went on to attack Europeans, including Protestant missionaries, who had nothing to do with the offending edifice.

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PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE INTERVENTION OF THE STATE.—The intervention of the State is a distinct departure from the established lines of Liberalism. Liberty is, and always has been, the cry of the capable, the clever, the brave, of the men who were destined to be prosperous. Equality is the demand of the ignorant, the incapable, the foolish and the cowardly. Those who cannot deal with the conditions of the times so as to raise themselves above their fellows desire, and naturally desire, to have the conditions of the time shaped and modified to their incapacities. The experiment has been tried in the trade-unions, where, of course, the foolish were in the majority, and it was resisted as an injury to the many that the few should profit by their skill. We are all familiar with the action which has been taken in that regard. There is one fatal aspect of the question to which reference must be made, and that is the way in which Socialists and Radicals lose sight of the real facts of human nature. Because certain of our best men can be unselfish in a low sense and selfish only in a high one, it is assumed that altruism or self-sacrifice may be made a basis of social relations. Because in the old days art flourished and trade advanced without competition, and because competition nowadays reduces the wages of the laborer to a minimum, the Socialists are opposed to competition, and wish to see an end put to the rivalry which has been the means of bringing about the industrial and commercial prosperity which it is admitted we enjoy. But they lose sight of the fact that the competition has not only reduced wages—it has reduced the price of commodities, and in that way has compensated for the very reduction complained of. Those persons who, like Mr. Morris, would put an end to competition, and who look for better days for art and manufactures when the base rivalry has ceased, ignore, as we have said, the fact that human nature is selfish, and that it is only one man in a hundred who is stimulated to exertion by the higher motives

of self-culture, of duty, of honor, and that these themselves are, after all, only a higher form of the same ambition which in lower quarters we call "greed" or "selfishness." They forget, too, that the workmen owe as much to competition as they suffer from it, and that, as competition amongst laborers lowers, competition amongst capitalists raises, wages. That capital in a country where capital is safe accumulates more rapidly than the means of production, makes capitalists compete with one another, and so raises the price of labor, is a very well-known economical law.—*Westminster Review*.

SLEEP AS A MECHANICAL OPERATION.—A writer on the philosophy of sleep declares that sleep is prevented by an excess of blood in the brain, and proposes, as a remedy, to pump the blood back from the brain by a peculiar method of breathing, for which directions are given as follows: Having assumed the usual posture of repose, the person is to inhale and exhale slowly and steadily long breaths, devoting the whole attention to making the inhalations and exhalations exactly the same length, the length to be much greater than that of ordinary breathing, although not sufficient to disturb the circulation by working the lungs to their utmost capacity. In support of this theory reference is made to the feeling of faintness produced by filling the lungs with all the air they will hold and then expelling it, repeating the operation rapidly three or four times; the resulting faintness is attributed to the withdrawal of blood from the brain, and the same effect, substantially, follows any sudden and extreme emotion. So violent a disturbance of the system, however, is not advised for the purpose here sought, but a steady and gradual diversion of the blood from the brain to the lungs and body.

A DROP OF WATER.—The microscope has shown that a drop of water, though it may appear to the naked eye to be perfectly clear, is swarming with living beings. According to Ehrenburg a cubic inch of water may contain

more than 800,000 millions of these beings, estimating them to occupy one fourth of its space; and a single drop, placed under the microscope, will be seen to hold 500 millions, an amount, perhaps, not so very far from equal to the whole number of human beings on the surface of our globe.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE, whose *Ben Hur* has had a wider circulation and a greater success than any other religious book produced in this generation, has given to a contributor to the *Detroit Journal* some interesting reminiscences. He had completed, he says, the first part of *Ben Hur*, which carries the story down to the birth of Christ, when he chanced to meet Colonel INGERSOLL. At that time the General did not trouble himself to inquire into the truth of religious doctrines, but INGERSOLL'S talk determined him to investigate and decide for himself as to the divinity of Christ. For five years he studied the life of Christ and the history and customs of Judea and the Jews. He had gone but a few steps when he came to the conclusion that Christ was divine. When *Ben Hur* was completed he went to the Holy Land, and spent months in visiting every place referred to, in order to verify his work. Not one word required to be changed.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

From Dawn to Dusk. By HUNTER MAC CULLOCH. Square 16mo, cloth, 134 pages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$1.25.

Once Again. By Mrs. FORRESTER. 12mo, cloth, 320 pages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Vera Nevill. By Mrs. H. LOVETT CAMERON. 12mo, cloth, 344 pages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 25 cents.

Thackeray Handy Edition, The Newcombes. 2 vols., 16mo, half cloth, 864 pages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, per vol., 50 cents.

Microbes, Ferments and Moulds. By E. L. TROUSSERT. 12mo, cloth, 314 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Katy of Catectin. By GEO. A. TOWNSEND. 12mo, cloth, 567 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

The Silence of Dean Maitland. By MAXWELL GRAY. 12mo, paper, 372 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 50 cents.

Dear Life. By J. E. PANTON. 12mo, paper, 207 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 25 cents.

Tale of Sixty Mandarins. By P. V. R. RAJU. 12mo, cloth, 218 pages. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Cassell Nat. Library. Edited by Prof. HENRY MORLEY. The Sorrows of Werter. Price, 10 cents.

The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre. By HENRY M. BAIRD. 2 vols, 8vo, cloth, 983 pages. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price, \$5.00.

Our Arctic Province. By HENRY W. ELLIOTT. 8vo, cloth, 473 pages. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price, \$4.50.

Children Stories of American Progress. By HENRIETTA C. WRIGHT. 12mo, cloth, 333 pages. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

The Buchholz Family. By JULIUS STINDE. 12mo, cloth, 262 pages. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.25.

Chronicle of the Coach. By JOHN D. CHAMPLIN. 12mo, cloth, 298 pages. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.00.

The Age of Electricity. By PARK BENJAMIN, Ph.D. 12mo, cloth, 381 pages. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2.00.

The Making of New England, 1580-1643. By SAMUEL ADAM DRAKE. 12mo, 351 pages. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

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THE BONDAGE OF MORPHINE.

When the medical world was first startled with the discovery of morphia as an anesthetic it was heralded as the greatest boon to a suffering world. Soon it became an important theme in the lecture course of the various medical colleges of the world. Now a graduate, starting into practice, considers himself unequipped without the hypodermic syringe (which is more important than the lancet) and a vial of morphia. But, oh! what a sad picture is the agony, the fearful wreck and utter ruin, in the habit thus formed, making among all classes of society.

The deplorable habit of using morphine, not to relieve pain, but for the pleasurable sensations the narcotic produces, seems to be spreading in France in spite of the warning note uttered by medical men, and the terrible consequences that must follow upon the use, or rather abuse, of the drug. During the hearing of a case at Macon recently, the facts that transpired corroborated the assertion made by doctors as to the alarming tendency which prevails. A chemist residing in that town was prosecuted for selling morphine, without medical authority, to a number of persons, among them being the wife of a doctor, who, quite unknown to her husband, consumed it daily, and in large quantities, by injecting it under the skin. In the course of the trial several physicians came forward to attest that the pernicious habit of morphine injections was spreading greatly—especially among women, to the destruction of their moral and physical health. One of these witnesses—attached to a large hospital at Macon—affirmed that more than a dozen of the day nurses were regularly addicted to the use of morphine, in one shape or another, and habit had become a second nature. It is, however, in Paris—and especially in the fashionable world of Paris—that, if all we hear be true, morphine causes the most serious havoc to mind and body.

One can scarcely realize the sufferings of an opium victim. De Quincy has vividly portrayed it. But who can fitly describe the joy of the rescued victim? Several cases have come under our notice in which the patients have contracted the habit of using morphine while suffering from some painful disease. The following is from an old gentleman, whose name, for an obvious reason, is withheld, and shows what effect Compound Oxygen has in such cases:

April, 1886.
"I have taken the Treatment for about five months, and it has done nobly, in respect to the difficulties for which I ordered it; but it has done better, perhaps, in respect to a matter for which I did not order it.

"I have been a victim of morphine for over thirty years, and with all the efforts I could make to avoid increasing the amount, I had come to taking enormous doses, using on an average one ounce in twenty days, enough to kill probably two hundred men not accustomed to it. Every time I attempted to decrease it I suffered much intolerable pain in my back, and other indescribable misery, as to put a stop to all efforts of this kind. But since taking your Compound Oxygen I have diminished my dose one-half, without the slightest pain or other bad feeling. And I would advise all similar unfortunate to 'go and do likewise.' I would advise this if only on the ground of economy. In the course of a few months you will save more than the cost, besides all the other good it will do you. To those much younger than I am (approaching the venerable age of eighty years); the effect will be much greater and more rapid.

"Thankfully yours,
A. B. C."

The following gratifying letter comes from a lady at Osage Mills, Arkansas:

March 12th, 1885.
"Three weeks to-day since I began the Compound Oxygen Treatment, and it is with pleasure I send this statement. For just ten years I used morphine, often every hour for days, confined to my bed for a week or more, not able to move or speak from the terrible pain in my eyes, temples, and neck; for days could take no nourishment but wine; this time, though suffering, did not go to bed; take a dose of morphine or miss a meal; so much for a beginning. I felt no peculiar sensations on inhaling; did not tire me; first week great improvement; took two walks for the first time in months; cough is better; expectoration less; second week improvement not so noticeable; cough none.

"This end of the third week, I find I have improved very satisfactorily; gained strength; no feeling of utter prostration or heart trouble; complexion clear, some color; face filling out; appetite much better; indigestion

very much better; no chill or fever; seldom any aching of bones; cough better.

"Yes, very much improved, my family all notice the great improvement and my husband is delighted, and I am feeling satisfied; for while three weeks ago I was suffering agony from nervous prostration, indigestion, heart trouble, sore throat, coughing all the time, occasional chills, aching bones, no life, a feeling of utter depression, felt no interest in anything; not able to sit up unless under the influence of morphine; from bed to my easy chair was the utmost I could do; seldom talked to any one, both from debility and a constant tickling in my throat, which made my cough worse if I spoke; could not do the lightest sewing or anything but read to pass the time; now I am able to be all over the house, give directions about household affairs, take walks a quarter of a mile, do various kinds of light sewing, and can laugh and talk. It was a real pleasure to get angry, to find I had life enough in me to be aroused. What more could I expect? On damp days I have that tickling in my throat; cough none; no soreness. If the Compound Oxygen had only relieved me of the fearful heart trouble I would have been satisfied. It was not pain; I cannot describe the feeling. Could not sleep or rest in any position; I felt as if every breath was the last. I say now if I had but one hundred dollars in the world, and knew positively I would receive no further benefit or relief than I have received, I would not hesitate to get the Compound Oxygen.

"You are at liberty to cull anything from this and use my name, also anything I wrote as to my condition of health. I intend to continue the use of the Compound Oxygen, with hopes it will cure me. Was taking as much as ten grains of quinine daily; for chills, morphine daily. Have not taken a dose since I began the Compound Oxygen.

"Mrs. N. B. PEARCE."

"FLEMINGTON, N. J., October 31st.

"You have my unqualified permission to use any information concerning my case that you have, or that I can give you. What it did for me is so remarkable that it is with diffidence I tell the whole truth, except where I am well known.

"The cause of my trouble is, that during the war at the battle of Fredericksburg, a rifle ball went crashing through my spine lengthwise, passing, the surgeons said, as close to the spinal chord as it could and not sever it. Inflammation was only kept down by treatment with ice in Washington for a month afterward.

"By spells, since, and sometimes for about a year together, the suffering has amounted to extreme agony, so great that insanity, it seems, must have been the result had it not been quieted with morphine before I got the Compound Oxygen. The last 'pull' I had (and I had them at intervals of about two years) ended with the use of Compound Oxygen in the summer of 1882.

"The day the Compound Oxygen came I was not able to sit up to have my bed made, so sat up in bed to inhale, and thought as I did so, 'Sold again; this will amount to nothing.'

"However, determined to follow directions, I inhaled again in the evening, and instead of six doses of morphine that evening, as on the evening before, I only took one small dose, and slept more than usual and better. The next night took no morphine and slept good eight hours, and in less than a week I rode out in a carriage no less than three miles, and in less than two weeks walked (on crutches) a quarter of a mile at a time.

"Like most of all who get up feeling 'so good' but whose judgment is as feeble as the body, I would over-do and get down, but I would get up almost as soon. These downs and ups covered a space of perhaps three months, since which time I have not been confined to the bed nor the house for a day; but, of course, an injury so great is a permanent one; of such a nature is the injury, that at times (more likely after a spell of writing) any person standing close to me when I turn my head slowly can hear a grating sound similar to that produced by rubbing a knife on a whetstone. Of course such a grating and tearing of the nerves entering (do they not?) along the spine leaves me in a constantly enfeebled condition, but when the brain feels strained and the nerves sensitive, a few days' use of the Compound Oxygen brings back (has every time so far) an increase of vitality, and all the health that can be put into a body that has been so harshly handled, and much more than you doctors encouraged me to hope for when I asked your advice concerning it. I regard Compound Oxygen as nature's strong right hand for repairing bodily waste and damage.

"Yours truly,
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Like all our chocolate, is prepared with the greatest care, and consists of a superior quality of cocoa and sugar, flavored with pure vanilla bean. Served as a drink, or eaten dry as confectionery, it is a delicious article, and is highly recommended by tourists.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1876.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



PEARLINE

is an article that every house-keeper, rich or poor, should possess. Its superiority to soap for all Washing, Bleaching and Cleansing purposes is established beyond dispute, and those who neglect to test its value are deprived of one of the greatest conveniences of the age. Sold by all grocers, but beware of counterfeits. See that the package bears the name of **JAMES PYLE, New York.**

